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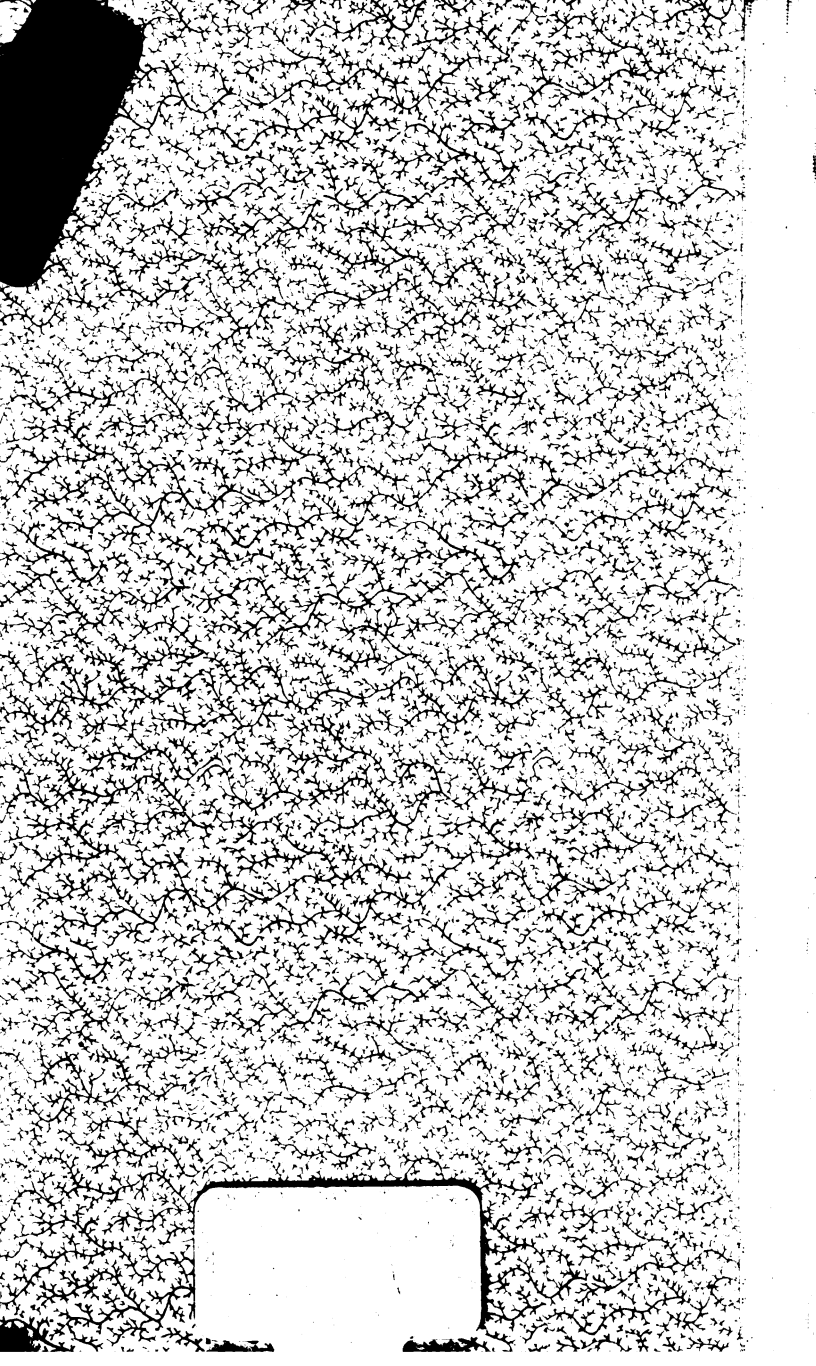
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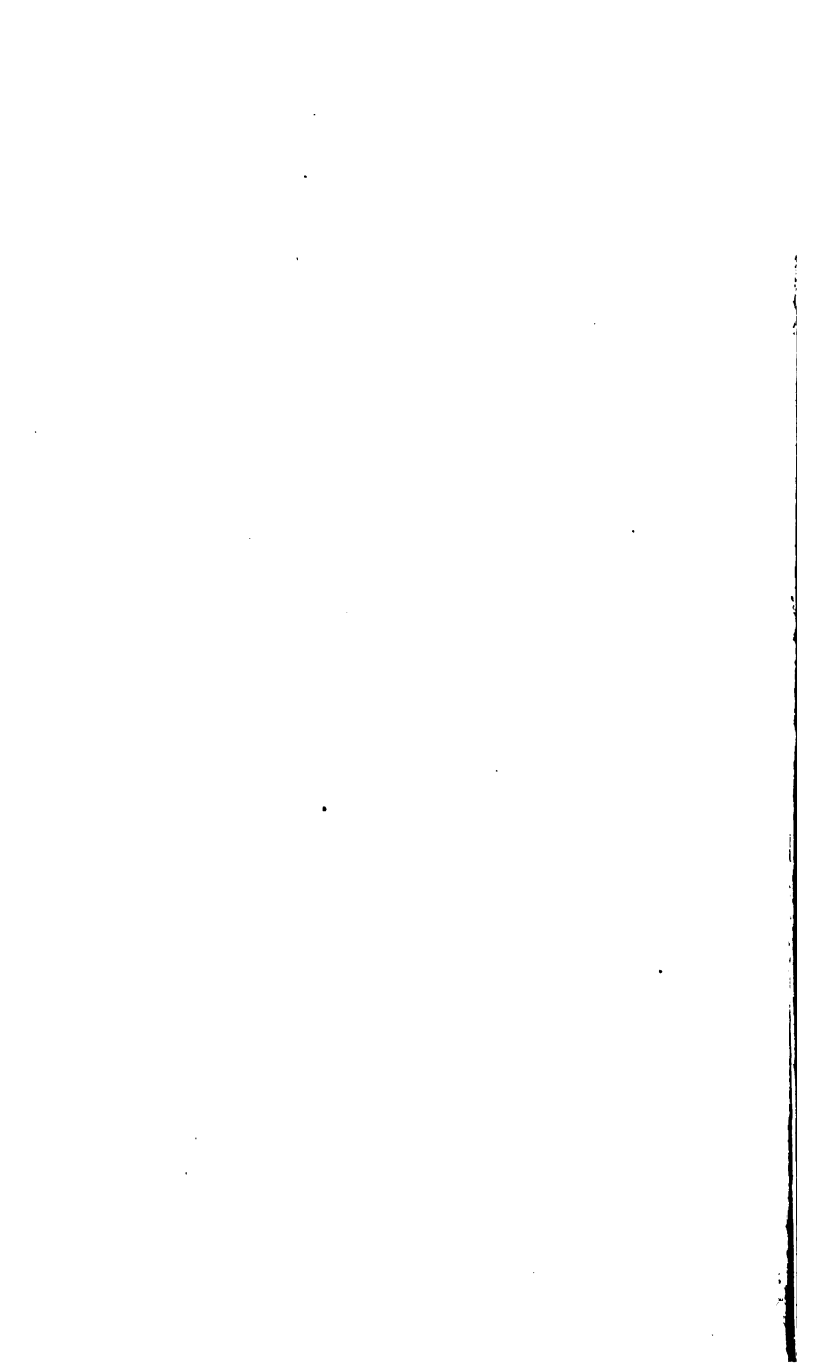
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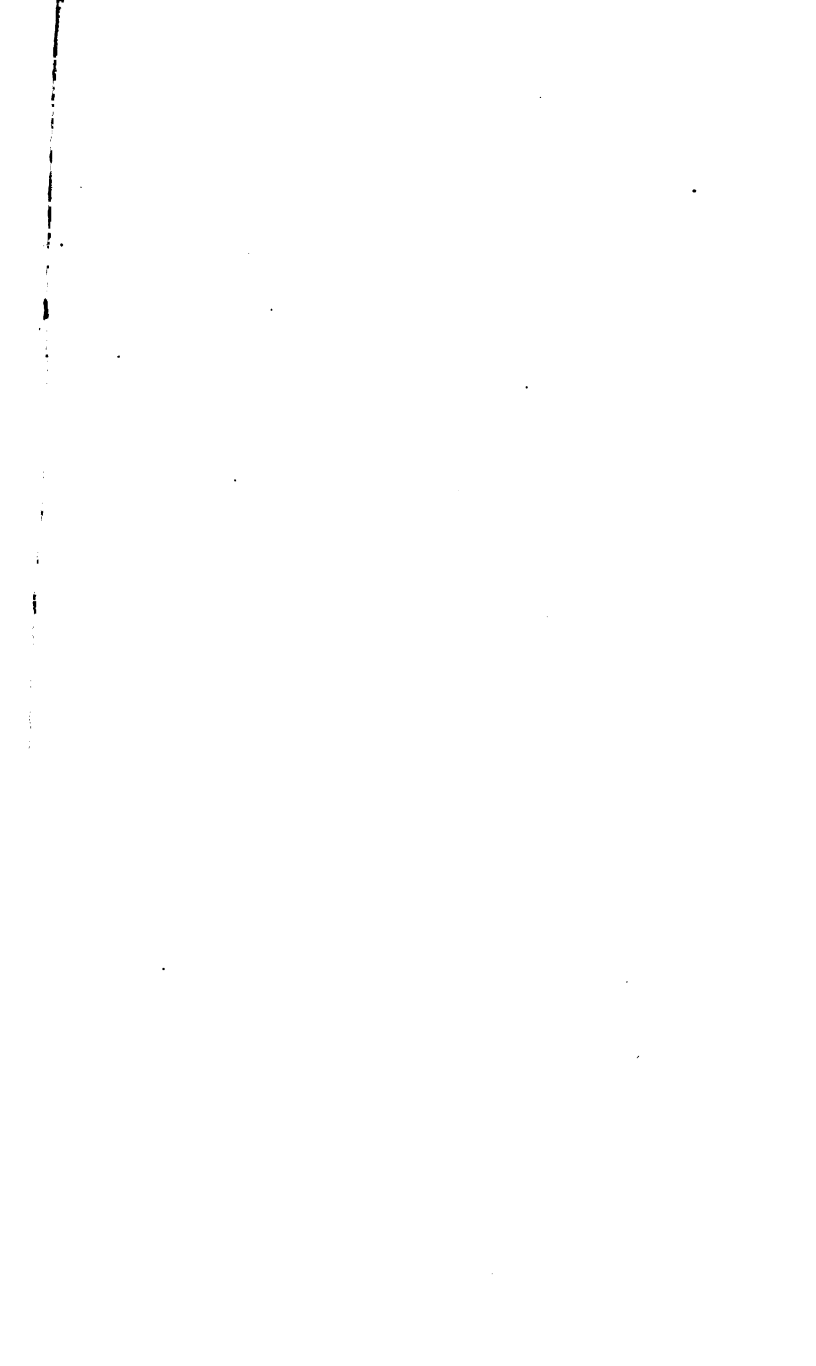


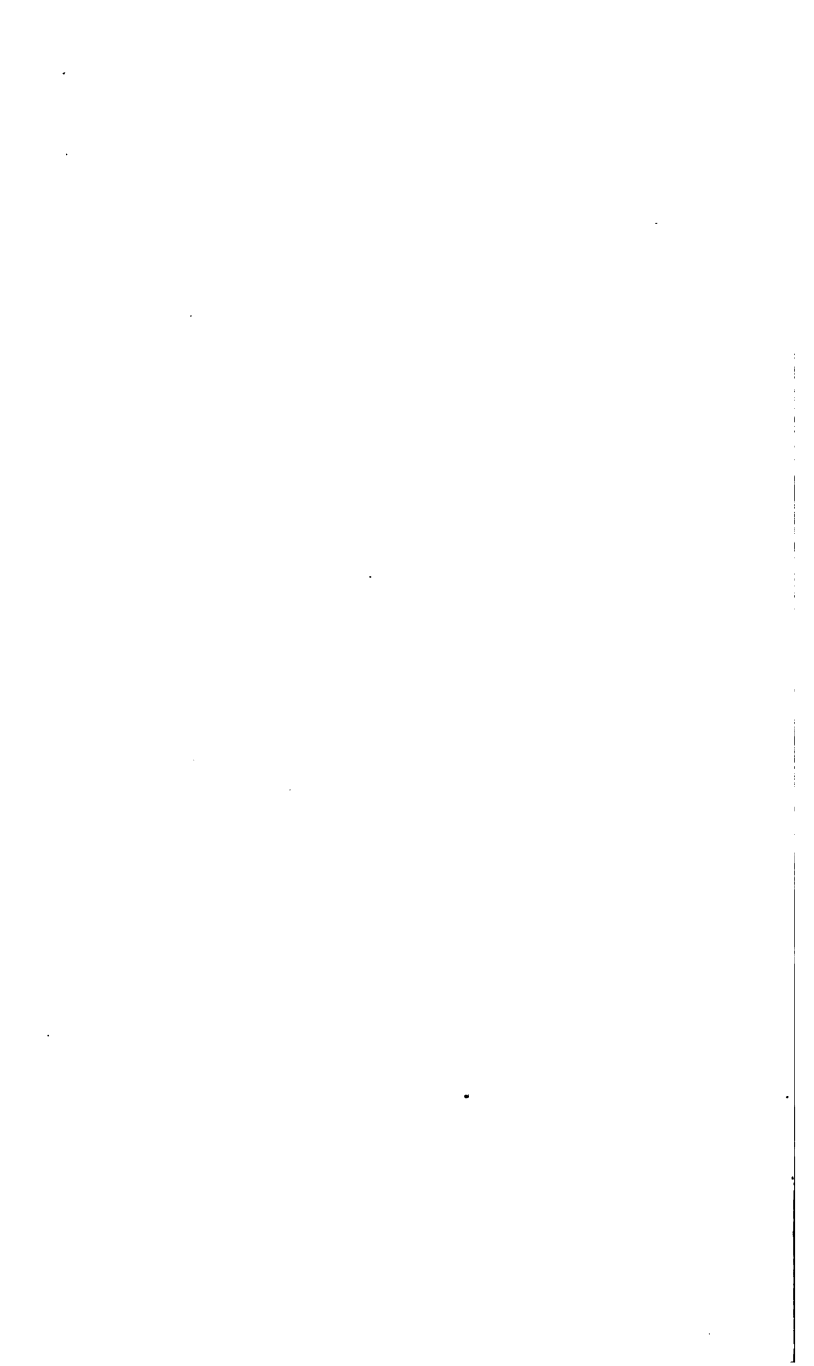


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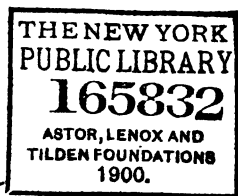
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## PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

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### LETTER XXXIX.

The prison of Socrates—Turkish stirrups and saddles—Plato's Academy—The American missionary school at Athens—The son of Petarches, and nephew of "Mrs. Black of Egina."

ATHENS.—We dismounted at the door of Socrates' prison. A hill between the Areopagus and the sea is crowned with the remains of a showy monument to a Roman proconsul. Just beneath it, the hill forms a low precipice, and in the face of it you see three low entrances to caverns hewn in the solid rock. The farthest to the right was the room of the Athenian guard, and within it is a chamber with a round ceiling, which the sage occupied during the thirty days of his imprisonment. There are marks of an iron door which separated it from the guard-room, and through the bars of this he refused the assistance of his friends to escape, and held those conversations with Crito, Plato, and others, which have made his name immortal. On the day upon which he was doomed to die,

he was removed to the chamber nearest the Acropolis, and here the hemlock was presented to him. A shallower excavation between held an altar to the gods; and after his death, his body was here given to his friends.

Nothing, except some of the touching narrations of Scripture, ever seemed to me so affecting as the history of the death of Socrates. It has been likened (I think, not profanely,) to that of Christ. His virtuous life, his belief in the immortality of the soul, and a future state of reward and punishment, his forgiveness of his enemies, and his godlike death, certainly prove him, in the absence of revealed light, to have walked the "darkling path of human reason" with an almost inspired rectitude. I stood in the chamber which had received his last breath, not without emotion. The rocky walls about me had witnessed his composure as he received the cup from his weeping jailer; the roughly-hewn floor beneath my feet had sustained him, as he walked to and fro, till the poison had chilled his limbs; his last sigh, as he covered his head with his mantle and expired, passed forth by that low portal. It is not easy to be indifferent on spots like these. The spirit of the place is felt. We cannot turn back and touch the brighter links of that "fleshy chain," in which all human beings since the Creation have been bound alike, without feeling, even through the rusty coil of ages, the electric sympathy. Socrates died here! The great human leap into eternity, the inevitable calamity of our race, was here taken more nobly than elsewhere. Whether the effect be to "fright us from the shore," or to nerve us, by the example, to look more steadily before us, a serious thought, almost of course a salutary one, lurks in the very air.

We descended the hill and galloped our small Turkish horses at a stirring pace over the plain. The short stirrup and high-peaked saddle of the country are (at least to men of my length of limb) uncomfortable con-

trivances. With the knees almost up to the chin, one is compelled, of course, to lean far over the horse's head, and it requires all the fulness of Turkish trousers to conceal the awkwardness of the position. We drew rein at the entrance of the "olive-grove." Our horses walked leisurely along the shaded path between the trees, and we arrived in a few minutes at the site of Plato's Academy. The more ethereal portion of my pleasure in seeing it must be in the recollection. The Cephissus was dry, the noon-day sun was hot, and we were glad to stop, with throbbing temples, under a cluster of fig-trees, and eat the delicious fruit, forgetting all the philosophers incontinently. We sat in our saddles, and a Greek woman of great natural beauty, though dressed in rags, bent down the boughs to our reach. The honey from the over-ripe figs dropped upon us as the wind shook the branches. Our dark-eyed and bright-lipped Pomona served us with a grace and cheerfulness that would draw me often to the neighbourhood of the Academy if I lived in Athens. I venture to believe that Phryne herself, in so mean a dress, would scarce have been more attractive. We kissed our hands to her as our spirited horses leaped the hollow with which the trees were encircled, and passing the mound sacred to the Furies, where Œdipus was swallowed up, dashed over the sultry plain once more, and were soon in Athens.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have passed most of my leisure hours here in a scene I certainly did not reckon in anticipation, among the pleasures of a visit to Athens—the American missionary school. We have all been delighted with it, from the commodore to the youngest midshipman. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have been here some four or five years, and have attained their present degree of success in the face of every difficulty. Their whole number of scholars from the commencement has been upwards



of three hundred; at present they have a hundred and thirty, mostly girls.

We found the school in a new and spacious stone building on the site of the ancient "market," where Paul, on his visit to Athens, "disputed daily with those that met with him." A large court-yard, shaded partly with a pomegranate-tree, separates it from the marble portico of the Agora, which is one of the finest remains of antiquity. Mrs. Hill was in the midst of the little Athenians. Two or three serious-looking Greek girls were assisting her in regulating their movements, and the new and admirable system of combined instruction and amusement was going on swimmingly. There were, perhaps, a hundred children on the benches, mostly from three to six or eight years of age; dark-eyed, cheerful little creatures, who looked as if their "birthright of the golden grasshopper" had made them Nature's favourites as certainly as in the days when their ancestor-mothers settled questions of philosophy. They marched and recited, and clapped their sun-burnt hands, and sung hymns, and I thought I never had seen a more gratifying spectacle. I looked around in vain for one who seemed discontented or weary. Mrs. Hill's manner to them was most affectionate. She governs, literally, with a smile.

I selected several little favourites. One was a fine fellow of two to three years, whose name I inquired immediately. He was Plato Petarches, the nephew of the "Maid of Athens," and the son of the second of the three girls so admired by Lord Byron. Another was a girl of six or seven, with a face surpassing, for expressive beauty, that of any child I ever saw. She was a Hydriote by birth, and dressed in the costume of the islands. Her little feet were in Greek slippers; her figure was prettily set off with an open jacket, laced with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and her head was enveloped in a figured handkerchief, folded

gracefully in the style of a turban, and brought under her chin, so as to show suspended a rich metallic fringe. Her face was full, but marked with childish dimples, and her mouth and eyes, as beautiful as ever those expressive features were made, had a retiring seriousness in them, indescribably sweet. She looked as if she had been born in some scene of Turkish devastation, and had brought her mother's heart-ache into the world.

At noon, at the sound of a bell, they marched out, clapping their hands in time to the instructor's voice, and seated themselves in order upon the portico, in front of the school. Here their baskets were given them, and each one produced her dinner and ate it with the utmost propriety. It was really a beautiful scene.

It is to be remembered that here is educated a class of human beings who were else deprived of instruction by the universal custom of their country. The females of Greece are suffered to grow up in ignorance. One who can read and write is rarely found. The school has commenced fortunately at the most favourable moment. The government was in process of change, and an innovation was unnoticed in the confusion that at a later period might have been opposed by the prejudices of custom. The king and the president of the regency, Count Armansberg, visited the school frequently during their stay in Athens, and expressed their thanks to Mrs. Hill warmly. The Countess Armansberg called repeatedly to have the pleasure of sitting in the school-room for an hour. His Majesty, indeed, could hardly find a more useful subject in his realm. Mrs. Hill, with her own personal efforts, has taught more than one hundred children to read the Bible. How few of us can write against our names an equal offset to the claims of human duty?

Circumstances made me acquainted with one or two wealthy persons residing in Athens, and I received

from them a strong impression of Mr. Hill's usefulness and high standing. His house is the hospitable resort of every stranger of intelligence and respectability.

I passed my last evening among the magnificent ruins on the banks of the Ilissus. The next day was occupied in returning visits to the families who had been polite to us, and, with a farewell of unusual regret to our estimable missionary friends, we started on horseback to return by a gloomy sunset to the Piræus. I am looking more for the amusing than the useful, in my rambles about the world; and I confess I should not have gone far out of my way to visit a missionary station any where. But chance has thrown this of Athens across my path, and I record it as a moral spectacle to which no thinking person could be indifferent. I freely say I never have met with an equal number of my fellow-creatures, who seemed to me so indisputably and purely useful. The most cavilling mind must applaud their devoted sense of duty, bearing up against exile from country and friends, privations, trial of patience, and the many, many ills inevitable to such an errand in a foreign land, while even the coldest politician would find in their efforts the best promise for an enlightened renovation of Greece.

Long after the twilight thickened immediately about us, the lofty Acropolis stood up, bathed in a glow of light from the lingering sunset. I turned back to gaze upon it with an enthusiasm I had thought laid on the shelf with my half-forgotten classics. The intrinsic beauty of the ruins of Greece, the loneliness of their situation, and the divine climate in which, to use Byron's expression, they are "buried," invest them with an interest which surrounds no other antiquities in the world. I rode on, repeating to myself Milton's beautiful description:

"Look! on the Egean a city stands  
Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil;

Athens—the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence; native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks or shades.  
 See, there the olive-groves of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.  
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmurs, oft invites  
 To studious musing; there *Lissus* rolls  
 His whispering stream; within the walls there view  
 The schools of ancient sages, his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world!"

## LETTER XL.

The Piræus—The Sacra Via—Ruins of Eleusis—Gigantic medallion  
 —Costume of the Athenian women—The tomb of Themistocles  
 —The temple of Minerva.

PIRÆUS.—With a basket of ham and claret in the stern-sheets, a cool awning over our heads, and twelve men at the oars, such as the coxswain of Themistocles' galley might have sighed for, we pulled away from the ship at an early hour, for Eleusis. The conqueror of Salamis delayed the battle for the ten o'clock breeze; and as Nature (which should be called *he* instead of *she*, for her constancy) still ruffles the *Ægean* at the same hour, we had a calm sea through the strait where once lay the "ships by thousands."

We soon rounded the point, and shot along under the

"Rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis."

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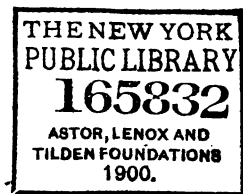
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The prison of Socrates—Turkish stirrups and saddles—Plato's Academy—The American missionary school at Athens—The son of Petarches, and nephew of "Mrs. Black of Egina."

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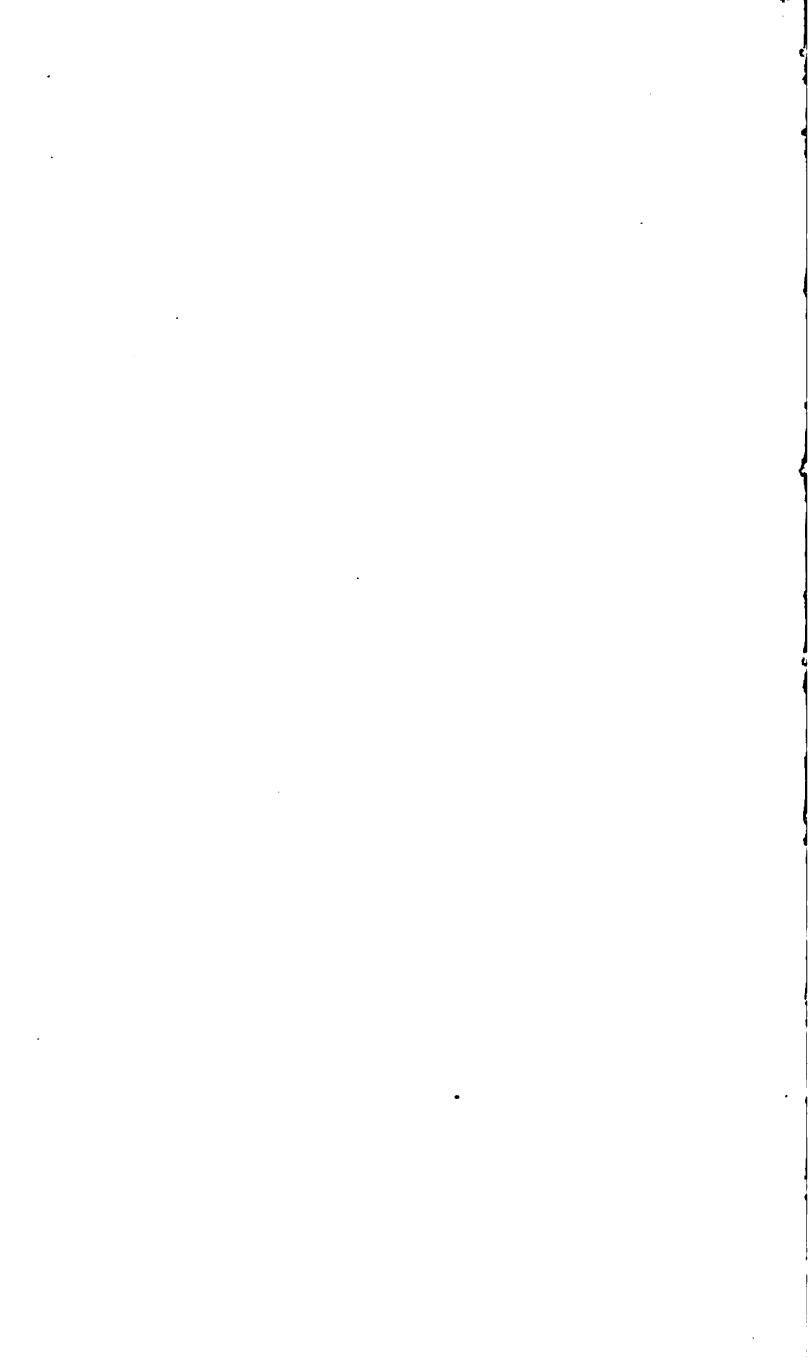
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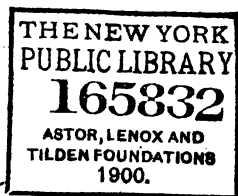
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## PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

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### LETTER XXXIX.

The prison of Socrates—Turkish stirrups and saddles—Plato's Academy—The American missionary school at Athens—The son of Petarches, and nephew of "Mrs. Black of Egina."

ATHENS.—We dismounted at the door of Socrates' prison. A hill between the Areopagus and the sea is crowned with the remains of a showy monument to a Roman proconsul. Just beneath it, the hill forms a low precipice, and in the face of it you see three low entrances to caverns hewn in the solid rock. The farthest to the right was the room of the Athenian guard, and within it is a chamber with a round ceiling, which the sage occupied during the thirty days of his imprisonment. There are marks of an iron door which separated it from the guard-room, and through the bars of this he refused the assistance of his friends to escape, and held those conversations with Crito, Plato, and others, which have made his name immortal. On the day upon which he was doomed to die,

he was removed to the chamber nearest the Acropolis, and here the hemlock was presented to him. A shallower excavation between held an altar to the gods; and after his death, his body was here given to his friends.

Nothing, except some of the touching narrations of Scripture, ever seemed to me so affecting as the history of the death of Socrates. It has been likened (I think, not profanely,) to that of Christ. His virtuous life, his belief in the immortality of the soul, and a future state of reward and punishment, his forgiveness of his enemies, and his godlike death, certainly prove him, in the absence of revealed light, to have walked the "darkling path of human reason" with an almost inspired rectitude. I stood in the chamber which had received his last breath, not without emotion. The rocky walls about me had witnessed his composure as he received the cup from his weeping jailer; the roughly-hewn floor beneath my feet had sustained him, as he walked to and fro, till the poison had chilled his limbs; his last sigh, as he covered his head with his mantle and expired, passed forth by that low portal.

It is not easy to be indifferent on spots like these. The spirit of the place is felt. We cannot turn back and touch the brighter links of that "fleshy chain," in which all human beings since the Creation have been bound alike, without feeling, even through the rusty coil of ages, the electric sympathy. Socrates died here! The great human leap into eternity, the inevitable calamity of our race, was here taken more nobly than elsewhere. Whether the effect be to "fright us from the shore," or to nerve us, by the example, to look more steadily before us, a serious thought, almost of course a salutary one, lurks in the very air.

We descended the hill and galloped our small Turkish horses at a stirring pace over the plain. The short stirrup and high-peaked saddle of the country are (at least to men of my length of limb) uncomfortable con-

trivances. With the knees almost up to the chin, one is compelled, of course, to lean far over the horse's head, and it requires all the fulness of Turkish trousers to conceal the awkwardness of the position. We drew rein at the entrance of the "olive-grove." Our horses walked leisurely along the shaded path between the trees, and we arrived in a few minutes at the site of Plato's Academy. The more ethereal portion of my pleasure in seeing it must be in the recollection. The Cephissus was dry, the noon-day sun was hot, and we were glad to stop, with throbbing temples, under a cluster of fig-trees, and eat the delicious fruit, forgetting all the philosophers incontinently. We sat in our saddles, and a Greek woman of great natural beauty, though dressed in rags, bent down the boughs to our reach. The honey from the over-ripe figs dropped upon us as the wind shook the branches. Our dark-eyed and bright-lipped Pomona served us with a grace and cheerfulness that would draw me often to the neighbourhood of the Academy if I lived in Athens. I venture to believe that Phryne herself, in so mean a dress, would scarce have been more attractive. We kissed our hands to her as our spirited horses leaped the hollow with which the trees were encircled, and passing the mound sacred to the Furies, where OEdipus was swallowed up, dashed over the sultry plain once more, and were soon in Athens.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have passed most of my leisure hours here in a scene I certainly did not reckon in anticipation, among the pleasures of a visit to Athens—the American missionary school. We have all been delighted with it, from the commodore to the youngest midshipman. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have been here some four or five years, and have attained their present degree of success in the face of every difficulty. Their whole number of scholars from the commencement has been upwards

of three hundred; at present they have a hundred and thirty, mostly girls.

We found the school in a new and spacious stone building on the site of the ancient "market," where Paul, on his visit to Athens, "disputed daily with those that met with him." A large court-yard, shaded partly with a pomegranate-tree, separates it from the marble portico of the Agora, which is one of the finest remains of antiquity. Mrs. Hill was in the midst of the little Athenians. Two or three serious-looking Greek girls were assisting her in regulating their movements, and the new and admirable system of combined instruction and amusement was going on swimmingly. There were, perhaps, a hundred children on the benches, mostly from three to six or eight years of age; dark-eyed, cheerful little creatures, who looked as if their "birthright of the golden grasshopper" had made them Nature's favourites as certainly as in the days when their ancestor-mothers settled questions of philosophy. They marched and recited, and clapped their sun-burnt hands, and sung hymns, and I thought I never had seen a more gratifying spectacle. I looked around in vain for one who seemed discontented or weary. Mrs. Hill's manner to them was most affectionate. She governs, literally, with a smile.

I selected several little favourites. One was a fine fellow of two to three years, whose name I inquired immediately. He was Plato Petarches, the nephew of the "Maid of Athens," and the son of the second of the three girls so admired by Lord Byron. Another was a girl of six or seven, with a face surpassing, for expressive beauty, that of any child I ever saw. She was a Hydriote by birth, and dressed in the costume of the islands. Her little feet were in Greek slippers; her figure was prettily set off with an open jacket, laced with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and her head was enveloped in a figured handkerchief, folded

gracefully in the style of a turban, and brought under her chin, so as to show suspended a rich metallic fringe. Her face was full, but marked with childish dimples, and her mouth and eyes, as beautiful as ever those expressive features were made, had a retiring seriousness in them, indescribably sweet. She looked as if she had been born in some scene of Turkish devastation, and had brought her mother's heart-ache into the world.

At noon, at the sound of a bell, they marched out, clapping their hands in time to the instructor's voice, and seated themselves in order upon the portico, in front of the school. Here their baskets were given them, and each one produced her dinner and ate it with the utmost propriety. It was really a beautiful scene.

It is to be remembered that here is educated a class of human beings who were else deprived of instruction by the universal custom of their country. The females of Greece are suffered to grow up in ignorance. One who can read and write is rarely found. The school has commenced fortunately at the most favourable moment. The government was in process of change, and an innovation was unnoticed in the confusion that at a later period might have been opposed by the prejudices of custom. The king and the president of the regency, Count Armandsberg, visited the school frequently during their stay in Athens, and expressed their thanks to Mrs. Hill warmly. The Countess Armandsberg called repeatedly to have the pleasure of sitting in the school-room for an hour. His Majesty, indeed, could hardly find a more useful subject in his realm. Mrs. Hill, with her own personal efforts, has taught more than one hundred children to read the Bible. How few of us can write against our names an equal offset to the claims of human duty?

Circumstances made me acquainted with one or two wealthy persons residing in Athens, and I received

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The boat was lowered, and the ship lay off-and-on while we landed near the rocks where Falconer was shipwrecked, and mounted to the temple. The summit of the promontory is strewn with the remains of the fallen columns, and their smooth surfaces are thickly inscribed with the names of travellers. Among others, I noticed Byron's and Hobhouse's. Byron, by the way, mentions having narrowly escaped robbery here, by a band of Mainote pirates. He was surprised, swimming off the point, by an English vessel containing some ladies of his acquaintance. He concludes the "Isles of Greece" beautifully with an allusion to it by its ancient name:

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep," &c.

The view from the summit is one of the finest in all Greece. The isle where Plato was sold as a slave, and where Aristides and Demosthenes passed their days in exile, stretches along the west; the wide *Ægean*, sprinkled with here and there a solitary rock, herbless but beautiful in its veil of mist, spreads away from its feet to the southern line of the horizon, and, crossing each other almost imperceptibly on the light winds of the summer sea, the red-sailed caique of Greece, the merchantmen from the Dardanelles, and the heavy men-of-war of England and France, cruising wherever the wind blows fairest, are seen like broad-winged and solitary birds, lying low with spread pinions upon the waters. The place touched me. I shall remember it with an affection.

There is a small island close to Sunium, which was fortified by one of the heroes of the *Iliad* on his return from Troy—why, Heaven only knows. It was here, too, that Phrontes, the pilot of Menelaus, died and was buried.

We returned on board after an absence of two hours from the ship, and are steering now straight for the

**Dardanelles.** The plains of Marathon are but a few hours north of our course, and I pass them unwillingly; but what is there one would not see? Greece lies behind, and I have realized one of my dearest dreams in rambling over its ruins. Travel is an appetite that "grows by what it feeds on."

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## LETTER XLI.

Mitylene—The Tomb of Achilles—Turkish burying-ground—Lost reputation of the Scamander—Asiatic sunsets—Visit to a Turkish bey—The castles of the Dardanelles—Turkish bath, and its consequences.

**LESBOS** to windward. A caique, crowded with people, is running across our bow, all hands singing a wild chorus (perhaps the *Lesboun carmen*) most merrily. The island is now called Mitylene, said to be the greenest and most fertile of the Mediterranean. The Lesbean wine is still good, but they have had no poetesses since Sappho. Cause and effect have quarrelled, one would think.

**Tenedos** on the lee. The Tomb of Achilles is distinguishable with the glass on the coast of Asia. The column which Alexander "crowned and anointed, and danced around naked," in honour of the hero's ghost, stands above it no longer. The Macedonian wept over Achilles, says the school-book, and envied him the blind bard who had sung his deeds. He would have dried his tears if he had known that his *pas soul* would be remembered as long.

Tenedos seems a pretty island as we near it. It

was here that the Greeks hid, to persuade the Trojans that they had abandoned the siege, while the wooden horse was wheeled into Troy. The site of the city of Priam is visible as we get nearer the coast of Asia. Mount Ida and the marshy valley of the Scamander are appearing beyond Cape Sigæum, and we shall anchor in an hour between Europe and Asia, in the mouth of the rapid Dardanelles. The wind is not strong enough to stem the current that sets down like a mill-race from the sea of Marmora.

Went ashore on the Asian side for a ramble. We landed at the strong Turkish castle that, with another on the European side, defends the strait, and, passing under their bristling batteries, entered the small Turkish town in the rear. Our appearance excited a great deal of curiosity. The Turks, who were sitting cross-legged on the broad benches, extending like a tailor's board, in front of the *cafés*, stopped smoking as we passed, and the women, wrapping up their own faces more closely, approached the ladies of our party and lifted their veils to look at them with the freedom of our friends at Eleusis. We came unaware upon two squalid wretches of women in turning a corner, who pulled their ragged shawls over their heads with looks of the greatest resentment at having exposed their faces to us.

A few minutes' walk brought us outside of the town. An extensive Turkish grave-yard lay on the left. Between fig-trees and blackberry-bushes it was a green spot, and the low tombstones of the men, crowned each with a turban carved in marble of the shape befitting the sleeper's rank, peered above the grass like a congregation sitting in a uniform head-dress at a field-preaching. Had it not been for the female graves, which were marked with a slab like ours, and here and there the tombstone of a Greek, carved, after the

antique, in the shape of a beautiful shell, the effect of an assemblage *sur l'herbe* would have been ludicrously perfect.

We walked on to the Scamander. A rickety bridge gave us a passage, toll free, to the other side, where we sat round the rim of a marble well, and ate delicious grapes stolen for us by a Turkish boy from a near vineyard. Six or seven camels were feeding on the unenclosed plain, picking a mouthful and then lifting their long, snaky necks into the air to swallow; a stray horseman, with the head of his bridle decked with red tassels, and his knees up to his chin, scoured the bridle path to the mountains; and three devilish-looking buffaloes scratched their hides and rolled up their fiendish green eyes under a bramble-hedge near the river.

The poets lie, or the Scamander is as treacherous as Macassar. Venus bathed in its waters before contending for the prize of beauty, adjudged to her on this very Mount Ida that I see covered with brown grass in the distance. Her hair became "flowing gold" in the lavation. My friends compliment me upon no change after a similar experiment. My long locks (run riot with a four months' cruise) are as dingy and untractable as ever, and, except in the increased brownness of a Mediterranean complexion, the cracked glass in the state-room of my friend the lieutenant gives me no encouragement of a change. It is soft water, and runs over fine white sand; but the fountain of Callirhoë, at Athens, (she was the daughter of the Scamander, and, like most daughters, is much more attractive than her papa) is softer and clearer. Perhaps the loss of the Scamander's *virtues* is attributable to the cessation of the tribute paid to the god in Helen's time.

The twilights in this part of the world are unparalleled—but I have described twilights and sunsets in Greece and Italy till I am ashamed to write the words.

Each one comes as if there never had been and never were to be another; and the adventures of the day, however stirring, are half forgotten in its glory, and seem, in comparison, unworthy of description; but one look at the terms that might describe it, written on paper, uncharms even the remembrance. You must come to Asia and *feel* sunsets. You cannot get them by paying postage.

\* \* \* \* \*

At anchor, waiting for a wind. Called to-day on the Bey Effendi, commander of the two castles "Europe" and "Asia," between which we lie. A pokerish-looking dwarf, with ragged beard and high turban, and a tall Turk, who I am sure never smiled since he was born, kicked off their slippers at the threshold, and ushered us into a chamber on the second story. It was a luxurious little room lined completely with cushions, the muslin-covered pillows of down leaving only a place for the door. The divan was as broad as a bed, and, save the difficulty of rising from it, it was perfect as a lounge. A ceiling of inlaid woods, embrowned with smoke, windows of small panes fantastically set, and a place lower than the floor for the attendants to stand and leave their slippers, were all that was peculiar else.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bey entered in a few minutes with a pipe-bearer, an interpreter, and three or four attendants. He was a young man, about twenty, and excessively handsome. A clear, olive-complexion; a moustache of silky black; a thin, aquiline nose, with almost transparent nostrils; cheeks and chin rounded into a perfect oval, and mouth and eyes expressive of the most resolute firmness, and, at the same time, girlishly beautiful, completed the picture of the finest-looking fellow I have seen within my recollection. His person was very slight, and his feet and hands small, and particularly well-shaped. Like most of his countrymen

of latter years, his dress was half European, and much less becoming, of course, than the turban and trouser. Pantaloon, rather loose; a light fawn-coloured short jacket; a red cap, with a blue tassel; and stockings, without shoes, were enough to give him the appearance of a dandy half through his toilet. He entered with an indolent step, bowed, without smiling, and, throwing one of his feet under him, sunk down upon the divan, and beckoned for his pipe. The Turk in attendance kicked off his slippers, and gave him the long tube with its amber mouth-piece, setting the bowl into a basin in the centre of the room. The bey put it to his handsome lips, and drew till the smoke mounted to the ceiling, and then handed it, with a graceful gesture, to the commodore.

The conversation went on through two interpretations. The bey's interpreter spoke Greek and Turkish, and the ship's pilot, who accompanied us, spoke Greek and English, and the usual expressions of good feeling and offers of mutual service were thus passed between the puffs of the pipe with sufficient facility. The dwarf soon after entered with coffee. The small gilded cups had about the capacity of a goodwife's thimble, and were covered with gold tops to retain the aroma. The fragrance of the rich berry filled the room. We acknowledged, at once, the superiority of the Turkish manner of preparing it. It is excessively strong, and drunk without milk.

I looked into every corner while the attendants were removing the cups, but could see no trace of a *book*. Ten or twelve guns, with stocks inlaid with pearl and silver, two or three pair of gold-handled pistols, and a superb Turkish scimeter and belt hung upon the walls, but there was no other furniture. We rose, after a half hour's visit, and were bowed out by the handsome Effendi, coldly and politely. As we passed under the walls of the castle, on the way to the boat, we saw six or seven women, probably a part of his harem,

peeping from the embrasures of one of the bastions. Their heads were wrapped in white; one eye only left visible. It was easy to imagine them Zuleikas after having seen their master.

Went ashore at Castle Europe, with one or two of the officers, to take a bath. An old Turk, sitting upon his hams, at the entrance, pointed to the low door at his side, without looking at us, and we descended, by a step or two, into a vaulted hall, with a large circular ottoman in the centre, and a very broad divan all around. Two tall young mussulmen, with only turbans and waistcloths to conceal their natural proportions, assisted us to undress, and led us into a stone room, several degrees warmer than the first. We walked about here for a few minutes, and as we began to perspire, were taken into another, filled with hot vapour, and, for the first moment or two, almost intolerable. It was shaped like a dome, with twenty or thirty small windows at the top, several basins at the sides into which hot water was pouring, and a raised stone platform in the centre, upon which we were all requested, by gestures, to lie upon our backs. The perspiration at this time was pouring from us like rain. I lay down with the others, and a Turk, a dark-skinned, fine-looking fellow, drew on a mitten of rough grass cloth, and, laying one hand upon my breast to hold me steady, commenced rubbing me, without water, violently. The skin peeled off under the friction, and I thought he must have rubbed into the flesh repeatedly. Nothing but curiosity to go through the regular operation of a Turkish bath prevented my crying out "Enough!" He rubbed away, turning me from side to side, till the rough glove passed smoothly all over my body and limbs, and then, handing me a pair of wooden slippers, suffered me to rise. I walked about for a few minutes, looking with surprise at the rolls of skin he had taken off, and feeling almost transparent as the hot air blew upon me.

In a few minutes my mussulman beckoned to me to follow him to a smaller room, where he seated me on a stone beside a font of hot water. He then made some thick soap-suds in a basin, and, with a handful of fine flax, soaped and rubbed me all over again, and a few dashes of the hot water, from a wooden saucer, completed the bath.

The next room, which had seemed so warm on our entrance, was now quite chilly. We remained here until we were dry, and then returned to the hall in which our clothes were left, where beds were prepared on the divans, and we were covered in warm cloths, and left to our repose. The disposition to sleep was almost irresistible. We rose in a short time, and went to the coffee-house opposite, when a cup of strong coffee, and a hookah smoked through a highly ornamented glass bubbling with water, refreshed us deliciously.

I have had ever since a feeling of suppleness and lightness, which is like wings growing at my feet. It is certainly a very great luxury, though, unquestionably, most enervating as a habit.



## LETTER XLII.

A Turkish pic-nic on the plain of Troy—Fingers versus forks.

**DARDANELLES.**—The oddest invitation I ever had in my life was from a Turkish bey to a *fête champêtre*, on the ruins of Troy! We have just returned, full of wassail and pillaw, by the light of an Asian moon.

The morning was such a one as you would expect in the country where mornings were first made. The sun was clear, but the breeze was fresh, and, as we sat on the bey's soft divans, taking coffee before starting, I turned my cheek to the open window and confessed the blessing of existence.

We were sixteen, from the ship, and our host was attended by his interpreter, the general of his troops, the governor of Bournabashi, (the name of the Turkish town near Troy,) and a host of attendants on foot and horseback. His cook had been sent forward at daylight with the provisions.

The handsome bey came to the door, and helped to mount us upon his own horses, and we rode off with the whole population of the village assembled to see our departure. We forded the Scamander, near the town, and pushed on at a hard gallop over the plain. The bey soon overtook us upon a fleet gray mare, ca-

parisoned with red trappings, holding an umbrella over his head, which he courteously offered to the commodore on coming up. We followed a grass path, without hill or stone, for nine or ten miles, and after having passed one or two hamlets, with their open threshing-floors, and crossed the Simois, with the water to our saddle-girths, we left a slight rising ground by a sudden turn, and descended to a cluster of trees, where the Turks sprang from their horses, and made signs for us to dismount.

It was one of nature's drawing-rooms. Thickets of brush and willows enclosed a fountain, whose clear waters were confined in a tank formed of marble slabs from the neighbouring ruins. A spreading tree above, and soft meadow grass to its very tip, left nothing to wish but friends and a quiet mind to perfect its beauty. The cook's fires were smoking in the thicket; the horses were grazing without saddle or bridle in the pasture below, and we lay down upon the soft Turkish carpets, spread beneath the trees, and reposed from our fatigues for an hour.

The interpreter came when the sun had slanted a little across the trees, and invited us to the bey's gardens hard by. A path, overshadowed with wild brush, led us round the little meadow to a gate, close to the fountain-head of the Scamander. One of the common cottages of the country stood upon the left, and in front of it a large arbour, covered with a grape vine, was underlaid with cushions and carpets. Here we reclined, and coffee was brought us with baskets of grapes, figs, quinces, and pomegranates, the bey and his officers waiting on us themselves with amusing assiduity. The people of the house, mean time, were sent to the fields for green corn, which was roasted for us, and this with nuts, wine, and conversation, and a ramble to the source of the Simois, which bursts from a cleft in the rock very beautifully, whiled away the hours till dinner.

About four o'clock we returned to the fountain: A white muslin cloth was laid upon the grass, between the edge and the overshadowing tree, and all around it were spread the carpets upon which we were to recline while eating. Wine and melons were cooling in the tank, and plates of honey and grapes, and new-made butter, (a great luxury in the Archipelago,) stood on the marble rim. The dinner might have fed Priam's army. Half a lamb, turkeys and chickens, were the principal meats, but there was, besides, "a rabble rout" of made dishes, peculiar to the country, of ingredients at which I could not hazard even a conjecture.

We crooked our legs under us with some awkwardness, and, producing our knives and forks, (which we had brought with the advice of the interpreter,) commenced, somewhat abated in appetite by too liberal a lunch. The bey and his officers sitting upright, with their feet under them, pinched off bits of meat dexterously with the thumb and forefinger, passing from one to the other a dish of rice, with a large spoon, which all used indiscriminately. It is odd that eating with the fingers seemed only disgusting to me in the bey. His European dress probably made the peculiarity more glaring. The fat old governor who sat beside me was greased to the elbows, and his long gray beard was studded with rice and drops of gravy to his girdle. He rose when the meats were removed, and waddled off to the stream below, where a wash in the clean water made him once more a presentable person.

It is a Turkish custom to rise and retire while the dishes are changing, and, after a little ramble through the meadow, we returned to a lavish spread of fruits and honey, which concluded the repast.

It is doubted where Troy stood. The reputed site is a rising ground, near the fountain of Bournabashi, to which we strolled after dinner. We found nothing but quantities of fragments of columns, believed by an-

tiquaries to be the ruins of a city that sprung up and died long since Troy. We mounted and rode home by a round moon, whose light filled the air like a dust of phosphoric silver. The plains were in a glow with it. Our Indian summer nights, beautiful as they are, give you no idea of an Asian moon.

The bey's rooms were lit, and we took coffee with him once more, and fatigued with pleasure and excitement, got to our boats, and pulled up against the arrowy current of the Dardanelles to the frigate.

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## LETTER XLIII.

The Dardanelles—Visit from the Pasha—His delight at hearing the piano—Turkish fountains—Caravan of mules laden with grapes—Turkish mode of living; houses; *cafés*; and women—The mosque and the muezzin.

COAST OF ASIA.—We have lain in the mouth of the Dardanelles sixteen mortal days, waiting for a wind. Like Don Juan, (who passed here on his way to Constantinople.)

“Another time we might have liked to see ’em,  
But now are not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.”

An occasional trip with the boats to the watering-place, a Turkish bath, and a stroll in the bazaar of the town behind the castle, gazing with a glass at the tombs of Ajax and Achilles, and the long, undulating shores of Asia, eating often and sleeping much, are the only ap-

pliances to our philosophy. One cannot always be thinking of Hero and Leander, though he lie in the Hellespont.

A merchant brig from Smyrna is anchored just astern of us, waiting like ourselves for this eternal north-easter to blow itself out. She has forty or fifty passengers for Constantinople, among whom are the wife of an American merchant, (a Greek lady,) and Mr. Schaufler, a missionary, in whom I recognised a quondam fellow-student. They were nearly starved out on board the brig, as she was provisioned but for a few days, and the Commodore has courteously offered them a passage in the frigate. Fifty or sixty sail lie below Castle Europe, in the same predicament. With the "cap of King Ericus," this cruising, pleasant as it is, would be a thought pleasanter to my fancy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still wind-bound. The angel that

"Look'd o'er my almanack  
And crossed out my ill days,"

suffered a week or so to escape him here. Not that the ship is not pleasant enough, and the climate deserving of its Sybarite fame, and the sunsets and stars as much brighter than those of the rest of the world as Byron has described them to be, (*vide* letter to Leigh Hunt,) but life has run in so deep a current with me of late, that the absence of incident seems like water without wine. The agreeable stir of travel, the incomplete adventure, the change of costumes and scenery, the busy calls upon the curiosity and the imagination, have become, in a manner, very breath to me. Hitherto upon the cruise, we have scarce ever been more than one or two days at a time out of port. Elba, Sicily, Naples, Vienna, the Ionian Isles, and the various ports of Greece, have come and gone so rapidly, and so entirely without exertion of my own, that I seem to

have lived in a magic panorama. After dinner on one day I visit a city here, and, the day or two after, lounging and reading and sleeping mean while quietly at home. I find myself rising from table hundreds of miles farther to the north or east, and another famous city before me, having taken no care, and felt no motion, nor encountered danger or fatigue. A summer cruise in the Mediterranean is certainly the perfection of sight-seeing. With a sea as smooth as a river, and cities of interest, classical and mercantile, every where on the lee, I can conceive no class of persons to whom it would not be delightful. A company of pleasure, in a private vessel, would see all Greece and Italy with less trouble and expense than is common on a trip to the lakes.

"All hands up anchor!" The dog-vane points at last to Constantinople. The capstan is manned, the sails loosed, the quarter-master at the wheel, and the wind freshens every moment from the "sweet south." "Heave round merrily!" The anchor is dragged in by this rushing Hellespont, and holds on as if the bridge of Xerxes were tangled about the flukes. "Up she comes at last," and, yielding to her broad canvass, the gallant frigate begins to make headway against the current. There is nothing in the whole world of senseless matter, so like a breathing creature as a ship! The energy of her motion, the beauty of her shape and contrivance, and the ease with which she is managed by the one mind upon her quarter-deck, to whose voice she is as obedient as the courser to the rein, inspire me with daily admiration. I have been four months a guest in this noble man-of-war, and to this hour I never set my foot on her deck without a feeling of fresh wonder. And then Cooper's novels read in a ward-room as grapes eat in Tuscany. It were missing one of the golden leaves of a life not to have thumb-ed them on a cruise.

The wind has headed us off again, and we have

dropped anchor just below the castles of the Dardanelles. We have made but eight miles, but we have new scenery from the ports, and that is something to a weary eye. I was as tired of "the shores of Ilion" as ever was Ulysses. The hills about our present anchorage are green and boldly marked, and the frowning castles above us give that addition to the landscape which is alone wanting on the Hudson. Sestos and Abydos are six or seven miles up the stream. The Asian shore (I should have thought it a pretty circumstance, once, to be able to set foot either in Europe or Asia in five minutes,) is enlivened by numbers of small vessels, tracking up with buffaloes against wind and tide. And here we lie, says the old pilot, without hope till the moon changes. The "fickle moon," quotha! I wish my friends were half as constant!

The pasha of the Dardanelles has honoured us with a visit. He came in a long caique, pulled by twenty stout rascals; his excellency of "two tails" sitting on a rich carpet on the bottom of the boat, with his boy of a year old in the same uniform as himself, and his suite of pipe and slipper-bearers, dwarf, and executioner, sitting cross-legged about him. He was received with the guard and all the honour due to his rank. His face is that of a cold, haughty, and resolute, but well-born man, and his son is like him. He looked at every thing attentively, without expressing any surprise, till he came to the piano-forte, which one of the ladies played to his undisguised delight. It was the first he had ever seen. He inquired through his interpreter if she had not been all her life in learning.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poet says, "The seasons of the year come in like masquers." To one who had made their acquaintance in New England, most of the months would literally pass *incog.* in Italy. But here is honest October, the same merry old gentleman, though I meet him in Asia, and I remember him last year at the baths of

Lucca, as unchanged as here. It has been a clear, bright, invigorating day with a vitality in the air as rousing to the spirits as a blast from the "horn of As-tolpho." I can remember just such a day ten years ago. It is odd how a little sunshine will cling to the memory when loves and hates, that in their time convulsed the very soul, are so easily forgotten.

We heard yesterday that there was a Turkish village seven or eight miles in the mountains on the Asian side, and, as a variety to the promenade on the quarterdeck, a ramble was proposed to it.

We landed, this morning, on the bold shore of the Dardanelles, and climbing up the face of a sand hill, struck across a broad plain, through bush and brier, for a mile. On the edge of a ravine we found a pretty road, half embowered with oak and hemlock; and a mounted Turk, whom we met soon after, with a gun across his pummel, and a goose looking from his saddle-bag, directed us to follow it till we reached the village.

It was a beautiful path, flecked with the shade of leaves of all the variety of Eastern Trees, and refreshed with a fountain at every mile. About half way we stopped at a spring welling from a rock, under a large fig-tree, from which the water poured, as clear as crystal, into seven tanks, and rippling away from the last into a wild thicket, whence a stripe of brighter green marked its course down the mountain. It was a spot worthy of Tempé. We seated ourselves on the rim of the rocky basin, and, with a drink of bright water, and a half hour's repose, recommenced our ascent, blessing the nymph of the fount, like true pilgrims of the East.

A few steps beyond, we met a caravan of the pasha's tithe-gatherers, with mules laden with grapes; the turbaned and showily-armed drivers, as they came winding down the dell, producing the picturesque effect of a theatrical ballet. They laid their hands on their



breasts with grave courtesy as they approached, and we helped ourselves to the ripe, blushing clusters, as the panniers went by, with Arcadian freedom.

We reached the summit of the ridge a little before noon, and turned our faces back for a moment to catch the cool wind from the Hellespont. The Dardanelles came winding out from the hills just above Abydos, and, sweeping past the upper castles of Europe and Asia, rushed down by Tenedos into the Archipelago. Perhaps twenty miles of its course lay within our view. Its colours were borrowed from the divine sky above, and the rainbow is scarce more varied or brighter. The changing purple and blue of the mid-stream, specked with white crests; the crysoprase green of the shallows, and the dyes of the various depths along the shore, gave it the appearance of a vein of transparent marble inlaid through the valley. The frigate looked like a child's boat on its bosom. To our left the tombs of Ajax and Achilles were just distinguishable in the plains of the Scamander, and Troy (if Troy ever stood) stood back from the sea, and the blue-wreathed isles of the Archipelago bounded the reach of the eye. It was a view that might "cure a month's grief in a day."

We descended now into a kind of cradle valley, yellow with rich vineyards. It was alive with people gathering in the grapes. The creaking wagons filled the road, and shouts and laughter rang over the mountain-sides merrily. The scene would have been Italian, but for the turbans peering out every where from the leaves and those diabolical-looking buffaloes in the wagons. The village was a mile or two before us, and we loitered on, entering here and there a vineyard, where the only thing evidently grudged us was our peep at the women. They scattered like deer as we stepped over the walls.

Near the village we found a grave Turk, of whom one of the officers made some inquiries, which were a part of our errand to the mountains. It may spoil the

sentiment of my description, but, in addition to the poetry of the ramble, we were to purchase beef for the mess. His bullocks were out at grass, (feeding in pastoral security, poor things!) and he invited us to his house, while he sent his boy to drive them in. I recognised them, when they came, as two handsome steers, which had completed the beauty of an open glade, in the centre of a clump of forest-trees, on our route. The pleasure they have afforded the eye will be repeated on the palate—a double destiny not accorded to all beautiful creatures.

Our host led us up a flight of rough stone steps to the second story of his house, where an old woman sat upon her heels, rolling out paste, and a younger one nursed a little Turk at her bosom. They had, like every man, woman, or child, I have seen in this country, superb eyes and noses. No chisel could improve the meanest of them in these features. Our friend's wife seemed ashamed to be caught with her face uncovered, but she offered us cushions on the floor before she retired, and her husband followed up her courtesy with his pipe.

We went thence to the *café*, where a bubbling hookah, a cup of coffee, and a divan, refreshed us a little from our fatigues. While the rest of the party were lingering over their pipes, I took a turn through the village in search of the house of the Aga. After strolling up and down the crooked streets for half an hour, a pretty female figure, closely enveloped in her veil, and showing, as she ran across the street, a dainty pair of feet in small yellow slippers, attracted me into the open court of the best-looking house in the village. The lady had disappeared, but a curious-looking carriage, lined with rich Turkey carpeting and cushions, and covered with red curtains, made to draw close in front, stood in the centre of the court. I was going up to examine it, when an old man, with a beard to his girdle, and an uncommonly rich turban, stepped from

the house, and motioned me angrily away. A large wolf-dog, which he held by the collar, added emphasis to his command, and I retreated directly. A giggle, and several female voices from the closely-latticed window, rather aggravated the mortification. I had intruded on the premises of the Aga, a high offence in Turkey when a woman is in the case.

It was "deep i' the afternoon" when we arrived at the beach, and made signal for a boat. We were on board as the sky kindled with the warm colours of an Asian sunset—a daily offset to our wearisome detention which goes far to keep me in temper. My fear is that the commodore's patience is not "so good a continuer" as this "*vento maledetto*," as the pilot calls it, and in such a case I lose Constantinople most provokingly.

Walked to the Upper Castle Asia, some eight miles above our anchorage. This is the main town on the Dardanelles, and contains forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. Sestos and Abydos are a mile or two farther up the strait.

We kept along the beach for an hour or two, passing occasionally a Turk on horseback, till we were stopped by a small and shallow creek without a bridge, just on the skirts of the town. A woman with one eye peeping from her veil, dressed in a tunic of fine blue cloth, stood at the head of a large drove of camels on the other side, and a beggar with one eye smoked his pipe on the sand at a little distance. The water was knee-deep, and we were hesitating on the brink, when the beggar offered to carry us across on his back—a task he accomplished (there were six of us) without taking his pipe from his mouth.

I tried in vain to get a peep at the camel-driver's daughter, but she seemed jealous of showing even her eyebrow, and I followed on to the town. The Turks live differently from every other people, I believe. You walk through their town and see every individual in it, except perhaps the women of the pasha. Their

houses are square boxes, the front side of which lifts on a hinge in the day-time, exposing the whole interior, with its occupants squatted in the corners or on the broad platform where their trades are followed. They are scarce larger than boxes in the theatre, and the roof projects into the middle of the street, meeting that of the opposite neighbour, so that the pavement between is always dark and cool. The three or four Turkish towns I have seen have the appearance of cabins thrown up hastily after a fire. You would not suppose they were intended to last more than a month at the farthest.

We roved through the narrow streets an hour or more, admiring the fine bearded old Turks smoking cross-legged in the *cafés*, the slipper-makers with their gay Morocco wares in goodly rows around them, the wily Jews with their high caps and castans, (looking, crouched among their merchandise, like the "venders of old bottles and abominable lies," as they are drawn in the plays of Queen Elizabeth's time,) the muffled and gliding spectres of the Moslem women, and the livelier-footed Greek girls in their velvet jackets and braided hair,—and by this time we were kindly disposed to our dinners.

On our way to the consul's, where we were to dine, we passed a mosque. The minaret (a tall peaked tower, about of the shape and proportions of a pencil-case) commanded a view down the principal streets; and a stout fellow, with a sharp clear voice, leaned over the balustrade at the top, crying out the invitation to prayer in a long drawling sing-song, that must have been audible on the other side of the Hellespont. Open porches, supported by a paling extended all around the church, and the floors were filled with kneeling Turks, with their pistols and ataghans lying beside them. I had never seen so picturesque a congregation. The slippers were left in hundreds at the threshold, and the bare and muscular feet and legs, half concealed by the

full trousers, supported as earnest a troop of worshippers as ever bent forehead to the ground. I left them rising from a flat prostration, and hurried after my companions to dinner.

Our consul of the Dardanelles is an Armenian. He is absent just now, in search of a runaway female slave of the sultan's; and his wife, a gracious Italian, full of movement and hospitality, does the honours of his house in his absence. He is a physician as well as consul and slave-catcher; and the presents of a hand-organ, a French clock, and a bronze standish, rather prove him to be a favourite with the "brother of the sun."

We were smoking the hookah after dinner, when an intelligent-looking man, of fifty or so, came in to pay us a visit. He is at present an exile from Constantinople, by order of the Grand Seignior, because a brother physician, his friend, failed in an attempt to cure one of the favourites of the imperial harem! This is what might be called "sympathy upon compulsion." It is unnecessary, one would think, to make friendship more dangerous than common human treachery renders it already.

## LETTER XLIV.

Turkish military life—A visit to the camp—Turkish music—Sunsets—The sea of Marmora.

A HALF hour's walk brought us within sight of the pasha's camp. The green and white tents of five thousand Turkish troops were pitched on the edge of a stream, partly sheltered by a grove of noble oaks, and defended by wicker batteries at distances of thirty or forty feet. We were stopped by the sentinel on guard, while a messenger was sent in to the pasha for permission to wait upon him. Mean time a number of young officers came out from their tents, and commenced examining our dresses with the curiosity of boys. One put on my gloves, another examined the cloth of my coat, a third took from me a curious stick I had purchased at Vienna, and a more familiar gentleman took up my hand, and, after comparing it with his own black fingers, stroked it with an approving smile that was meant probably as a compliment. My companions underwent the same review, and their curiosity was still unsated when a good-looking officer, with his cimeter under his arm, came to conduct us to the commander-in-chief.

The long lines of tents were bent to the direction of the stream, and, at short distances, the silken banner stuck in the ground under the charge of a sentinel, and a divan covered with rich carpets under the shade of

the nearest tree, marked the tent of an officer. The interior of those of the soldiers exhibited merely a stand of muskets and a raised platform for bed and table, covered with coarse mats, and decked with the European accoutrements now common in Turkey. It was the middle of the afternoon, and most of the officers lay asleep on low ottomans, with their tent curtains undrawn and their long chiboques beside them, or still at their lips. Hundreds of soldiers loitered about engaged in various occupations, sweeping, driving their tent-stakes more firmly into the ground, cleaning arms, cooking, or with their heels under them, playing silently at dominos. Half the camp lay on the opposite side of the stream, and there was repeated the same warlike picture, the white uniform and the loose red cap with its gold bullion and blue tassel, appearing and disappearing between the rows of tents, and the bright red banners clinging to the staff in the breathless sunshine.

We soon approached the splendid pavilion of the pasha, unlike the rest in shape, and surrounded by a quantity of servants, some cooking at the root of a tree, and all pursuing their vocation with singular earnestness. A superb banner of bright crimson silk, wrought with long lines of Turkish characters, probably passages from the Koran, stood in a raised socket guarded by two sentinels. Near the tent, and not far from the edge of the stream, stood a gaily-painted kiosk, not unlike the fantastic summer-houses sometimes seen in a European garden, and here our conductor stopped, and kicking off his slippers, motioned for us to enter.

We mounted the steps, and passing a small entrance-room filled with guards, stood in the presence of the commander-in-chief. He sat on a divan, cross-legged, in a military frock-coat, wrought with gold on the collar and cuffs, a sparkling diamond crescent on his breast, and a cimeter at his side, with a belt richly wrought, and held by a buckle of dazzling brilliants.

His Aid sat beside him, in a dress somewhat similar, and both appeared to be men of about forty. The pasha is a stern, dark, soldier-like man, with a thick straight beard as black as jet, and features which looked incapable of a smile. He bowed without rising when we entered, and motioned for us to be seated. A little conversation passed between him and the consul's son, who acted as our interpreter, and coffee came in almost immediately. There was an aroma about it which might revive a mummy. The small china cups, with thin gold filigree sockets, were soon emptied and taken away, and the officer in waiting introduced a soldier to go through the manual exercise by way of amusing us.

He was a powerful fellow, and threw his musket about with so much violence, that I feared every moment the stock, lock, and barrel, would part company. He had taken off his shoes before venturing into the presence of his commander, and looked oddly enough, playing the soldier in his stockings. I was relieved of considerable apprehension when he ordered arms, and backed out to his slippers.

The next exhibition was that of a military band. A drum-major, with a proper gold-headed stick, wheeled some sixty fellows with all kinds of instruments under the windows of the kiosk, and with a whirl of his baton the harmony commenced. I could just detect some resemblance to a march. The drums rolled, the "ear-piercing fifes" fulfilled their destiny, and trombone, serpent, and horn showed of what they were capable. The pasha got upon his knees to lean out of the window; and, as I rose from my low seat at the same time, he pulled me down beside him, and gave me half his carpet, patting me on the back, and pressing me to the window with his arm over my neck. I have observed frequently among the Turks this singular familiarity of manners both to strangers and one another. It is an odd contrast to their habitual gravity.



The sultan (I think, unwisely) has introduced the European uniform into his army. With the exception of the Tunisian cap, which is substituted for the thick and handsome turban, the dress is such as is worn by the soldiers of the French army. Their tailors are of course bad, and their figures, accustomed only to the loose and graceful costume of the East, are awkward and constrained. I never saw so uncouth a set of fellows as the five thousand mussulmans in this army of the Dardanelles; and yet in their Turkish trousers and turban, with the belt stuck full of arms, and their long moustache, they would be as martial-looking troops as ever followed a banner.

We embarked at sunset to return to the ship. The shell-shaped caique, with her tall sharp extremities and fantastic sail, yielded to the rapid current of the Hellespont; and our two boatmen, as handsome a brace of Turks as ever were drawn in a picture, pulled their legs under them more closely, and commenced singing the alternate stanzas of a villanous duet. The helmsman's part was rather humorous, and his merry black eyes redeemed it somewhat; but his fellow was as grave as a dervish, and howled as if he were ferrying over Xerxes after his defeat at the Dardanelles.

If I were to live in the East as long as the wandering Jew, I think these heavenly sunsets, evening after evening, scarce varying by a shade, would never become familiar to my eye. They surprise me day after day, like some new and brilliant phenomenon, though the thoughts which they bring, as it were by a habit contracted of the hour, are almost always the same. The day, in these countries where life flows so thickly, is engrossed, and pretty busily too, by the *present*. The *past* comes up with the twilight, and wherever I may be, and in whatever scene mingling, my heart breaks away, and goes down into the west with the sun. I am *at home* as duly as the bird settles to her nest.

It was natural in paying the boatman, after such a musing passage, to remember the poetical justice of Uhland in crossing the ferry:

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!  
Take! I give it willingly;  
For invisibly to thee,  
*Spirits twain have crossed with me!"*

I should have paid for one other seat, at least, by this fanciful tariff. Our unmusical mussulmans were content, however, and we left them to pull back against the tide, by a star that cast a shadow like a meteor.

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The moon changed this morning, and the wind, that in this clime of fable is as constant to her as Endymion, changed too. The white caps vanished from the hurrying waves of the Dardanelles, and, after an hour or two of calm, the long-expected breeze came tripping out of Asia, with Oriental softness, and is now leading us gently up the Hellespont.

As we passed between the two castles of the Dardanelles, the commodore saluted the pasha with nineteen guns, and in half an hour we were off Abydos, where our friend from the south has deserted us, and we are compelled to anchor. It would be unclassical to complain of delay on so poetical a spot. It is beautiful, too. The shores on both the Asian and European sides are charmingly varied, and the sun lies on them, and on the calm strait that links them, with a beauty worthy of the fair spirit of Hero. A small Turkish castle occupies the site of the "torch-lit tower" of Abydos, and there is a corresponding one at Sestos. The distance between looks little more than a mile—not a surprising feat for any swimmer, I should think. The current of the Hellespont remains the same, and so does the moral of Leander's story. The Hellespont

of matrimony may be crossed with the tide. The deuce is to get back.

Lampsacus on the starboard-bow—and a fairer spot lies on no river's brink. Its trees, vineyards, and cottages, slant up almost imperceptibly from the water's edge, and the hills around have the look "of a clean and quiet privacy," with a rural elegance that might tempt Shakspeare's Jaques to come and moralize.—By the way, there have been philosophers here. Did not Alexander forgive the city its obstinate defence for the sake of Anaximenes? There was a sad dog of a deity worshipped here about that time.

I take a fresh look at it from the port, as I write. Pastures, every one with a bordering of tall trees, cattle as beautiful as the daughter of Inachus, lanes of wild shrubbery, a greener stripe through the fields like the track of a stream, and smoke curling from every cluster of trees, telling as plainly as the fancy can read, that there is both poetry and *pillaw* at Lampsacus.

Just opposite stands the modern Gallipoli, a Turkish town of some thirty thousand inhabitants, at the head of the Hellespont. The Hellespont gets broader here, and a few miles farther up we open into the Sea of Marmora. A French brig-of-war, that has been hanging about us for a fortnight, (watching our movements in this unusual cruise for an American frigate, perhaps,) is just a-head, and a quantity of smaller sail are stretching off on the southern tack, to make the best use of their new sea-room for beating up to Constantinople.

We hope to see Seraglio Point to-morrow. Mr. Hodgson, the secretary of our embassy to Turkey, has just come on board from the Smyrna packet, and the agreeable preparations for going ashore are already on the stir. I do not find that the edge of curiosity dulls with use. The prospect of seeing a strange city to-morrow produces the same quick-pulsed emotion

that I felt in the Diligence two years ago, rattling over the last post to Paris. The entrances to Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Athens, are marked each with as white a stone. He may "gather no moss" who rolls about the world; but that which the gold of the careful cannot buy—pleasure—when the soul is most athirst for it, grows under his feet. Of the many daily reasons I find to thank Providence, not the least is that of being what Clodio calls himself in the play—"a *here-and-thereian*."

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## LETTER XLV.

Constantinople—An adventure with the dogs of Stamboul—The sultan's kiosk—The bazaars—Georgians—Sweetmeats—Hindoostanee Fakeers—Turkish women and their eyes—The Jews—A token of home—The drug-bazaar—Opium-eaters.

THE invariable "Where am I?" with which a traveller awakes at morning, was to me never more agreeably answered—*At Constantinople!* The early ship-of-war summons to "turn out" was obeyed with alacrity, and with the first boat after breakfast I was set ashore at Tophana, the landing-place of the Frank quarter of Stamboul.

A row of low-built *cafés*, with a latticed enclosure and a plentiful shade of plane-trees on the right; a large square, in the centre of which stood a magnificent Persian fountain, as large as a church, covered with lapis-lazuli and gold, and endless inscriptions in Turkish; a mosque buried in cypresses on the left; a hundred indolent-looking, large-trouserred, mustachoeed, and

withal very handsome men, and twice the number of snarling, wolfish, and half-starved dogs, are some of the objects which the first glance, as I stepped on shore, left on my memory.

I had heard that the dogs of Constantinople knew and hated a Christian. By the time I had reached the middle of the square, a wretched puppy at my heels had succeeded in announcing the presence of a stranger. They were upon me in a moment from every heap of garbage and every hole and corner. I was beginning to be seriously alarmed, standing perfectly still, with at least a hundred infuriated dogs barking in a circle around me, when an old Turk, selling sherbet under the shelter of the projecting roof of the Persian fountain, came kindly to my relief. A stone or two well aimed, and a peculiar cry, which I have since tried in vain to imitate, dispersed the hungry wretches, and I took a glass of the old man's raisin-water, and pursued my way up the street. The circumstance, however, had discoloured my anticipations; nothing looked agreeably to me for an hour after it.

I ascended through narrow and steep lanes, between rows of small wooden houses miserably built and painted, to the main street of the quarter of Pera. Here live all Christians and Christian ambassadors, and here I found our secretary of legation, Mr. H——, who kindly offered to accompany me to old Stamboul.

We descended to the water-side, and, stepping into an egg-shell caique, crossed the Golden Horn, and landed on a pier between the sultan's green kiosk and the seraglio. I was fortunate in a companion who knew the people and spoke the language. The red-trouserred and armed kervas, at the door of the kiosk, took his pipe from his mouth, after a bribe and a little persuasion, and motioned to a boy to show us the interior. A circular room, with a throne of solid silver embraced in a double colonnade of marble pillars, and

covered with a roof laced with lapis-lazuli and gold, formed the place from which Sultan Mahmoud formerly contemplated on certain days the busy and beautiful panorama of his matchless bay. The kiosk is on the edge of the water, and the poorest caikjee might row his little bark under its threshold, and fill his monarch's eye, and look on his monarch's face with the proudest. The green canvass curtains, which envelop the whole building, have, for a long time, been unraised, and Mahmoud is oftener to be seen on horseback, in the dress of a European officer, guarded by troops in European costume and array. The change is said to be dangerously unpopular.

We walked on to the square of Sultana Valide. Its large area was crowded with the buyers and sellers of a travelling fair—a sort of Jew's market held on different days in different parts of this vast capital. In Turkey every nation is distinguished by its dress, and almost as certainly by its branch of trade. On the right of the gate, under a huge plane-tree, shedding its yellow leaves among the various wares, stood the booths of a group of Georgians, their round and rosy-dark faces (you would know their sisters must be half hours) set off with a tall black cap of curling wool, their small shoulders with a tight jacket studded with silk buttons, and their waists with a voluminous silken sash, whose fringed ends fell over their heels as they sat cross-legged, patiently waiting for custom. Hardware is the staple of their shops, but the cross-pole in front is fantastically hung with silken garters and tasselled cords; and their own Georgian caps, with a gay crown of Cashmere, enrich and diversify the shelves. I bought a pair or two of blushing silk garters of a young man, whose eyes and teeth should have been a woman's, and we strolled on to the next booth.

Here was a Turk, with a table covered by a broad brass tray, on which was displayed a tempting array of mucilage, white and pink, something of the consis-

tency of *blanc-mange*. A dish of sugar, small gilded saucers, and long-handled, flat, brass spoons, with a vase of rose-water, completed his establishment. The grave mussulman cut, sugared, and scented the portions for which we asked, without condescending to look at us or open his lips; and, with a glass of mild and pleasant sherbet from his next neighbour, as immoveable a Turk as himself, we had lunched, extremely to my taste, for just five cents American currency.

A little farther on I was struck with the appearance of two men, who stood bargaining with a Jew. My friend knew them immediately as *fakeers*, or religious devotees, from Hindoostan. He addressed them in Arabic, and, during their conversation of ten minutes, I studied them with some curiosity. They were singularly small, without any appearance of dwarfishness, their limbs and persons slight, and very equally and gracefully proportioned. Their features were absolutely regular, and, though small as a child's of ten or twelve years, were perfectly developed. They appeared like men seen through an inverted opera-glass. An exceedingly ashy, olive complexion, hair of a kind of glittering black, quite unlike in texture and colour any I have ever before seen; large, brilliant, intense black eyes, and lips, (the most peculiar feature of all) of lustreless black,\* completed the portraits of two as remarkable-looking men as I have any where met. Their costume was humble, but not unpicturesque. A well-worn sash of red silk enveloped the waist in many folds, and sustained trousers tight to the legs, but of the Turkish ampleness over the hips. Their small feet, which seemed dried up to the bone, were bare. A blanket, with a hood marked in a kind of arabesque figure, covered their shoulders, and a high-quilted cap,

\* I have since met many of them in the streets of Constantinople, and I find it is a distinguishing feature of their race. They look as if their lips were dead—as if the blood had dried beneath the skin.

with a rim of curling wool, was pressed down closely over the forehead. A crescent-shaped tin vessel, suspended by a leathern strap to the waist, and serving the two purposes of a charity-box, and a receptacle for bread and vegetables, seemed a kind of badge of their profession. They were lately from Hindoostan, and were begging their way still farther into Europe. They received our proffered alms without any mark of surprise or even pleasure, and laying their hands on their breasts, with countenances perfectly immovable, gave us a Hindoostanee blessing, and resumed their traffic. They see the world, these rovers on foot! And I think, could I see it myself in no other way, I would e'en take sandal and scrip, and traverse it as dervish or beggar.

The alleys between the booths were crowded with Turkish women, who seemed the chief purchasers. The effect of their enveloped persons, and eyes peering from the muslin folds of the *yashmack*, is droll to a stranger. It seemed to me like a masquerade; and the singular sound of female voices, speaking through several thicknesses of a stuff, bound so close on the mouth as to show the shape of the lips exactly, perfected the delusion. It reminded me of the half-smothered tones beneath the masks in carnival-time. A clothes-bag with yellow slippers would have about as much form, and might be walked about with as much grace as a Turkish woman. Their fat hands, the finger-nails dyed with henna, and their unexceptionably magnificent eyes, are all that the stranger is permitted to peruse. It is strange how universal is the beauty of the Eastern eye. I have looked in vain hitherto for a small or an unexpressive one. It is quite startling to meet the gaze of such large liquid orbs, bent upon you from their long silken fringes, with the unwinking steadiness of look common to the females of this country. Wrapped in their veils, they seem unconscious of attracting attention, and turn and



look you full in the face, while you seek in vain for a pair of lips to explain by their expression the meaning of such particular notice.

The Jew is more distinguishable at Constantinople than elsewhere. He is compelled to wear the dress of his tribe, (and its "badge of sufferance," too,) and you will find him wherever there is trafficking to be done, in a small cap, not ungracefully shaped, twisted about with a peculiar handkerchief of a small black print, and set back so as to show the whole of his national high and narrow forehead. He is always good-humoured and obsequious, and receives the curse with which his officious offers of service are often repelled, with a smile, and a hope that he may serve you another time. One of them, as we passed his booth, called our attention to some newly-opened bales, bearing the stamp, "TREMONT MILL, LOWELL, MASS." It was a long distance from home to meet such familiar words!

We left the square of the sultan mother, and entered a street of confectioners. The East is famous for its sweetmeats, and truly a more tempting array never visited the Christmas dream of a school-boy. Even Felix, the *patissier nonpareil* of Paris, might take a lesson in jellies. And then for "candy" of all colours of the rainbow, (not shut enviously in with pitiful glass cases, but piled up to the ceiling in a shop all in the street, as it might be in Utopia, with nothing to pay,) —it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. The last part of the parenthesis is almost true, for with a small coin of the value of two American cents, I bought of a certain kind called in Turkish "*peace to your throat*," (they call things by such poetical names in the East,) the quarter of which I could not have eaten, even in my best "days of sugar-candy." The women of Constantinople, I am told, almost live on confectionary. They eat incredible quantities. The sultan's eight hundred wives and women employ five hundred cooks,

and consume *two thousand five hundred pounds of sugar daily!* It is probably the most expensive item of the seraglio kitchen.

A turn or two brought us to the entrance of a long dark passage, of about the architecture of a covered bridge in our country. A place richer in the Oriental and picturesque could scarce be found between the Danube and the Nile. It is the bazaar of *drugs*. As your eye becomes accustomed to the light, you distinguish vessels of every size and shape, ranged along the receding shelves of a stall, and filled to the uncovered brim with the various productions of the Orient. The edges of the baskets and jars are turned over with rich coloured papers, (a peculiar colour to every drug,) and broad spoons of boxwood are crossed on the top. There is the *henna* in a powder of deep brown, with an envelope of deep Tyrian purple, and all the precious gums in their jars, golden-leaved, and spices and dyes and medicinal roots; and above hang anatomies of curious monsters, dried and stuffed, and in the midst of all, motionless as the box of sulphur beside him, and almost as yellow, sits a venerable Turk, with his beard on his knees, and his pipe-bowl thrust away over his drugs, its ascending smoke-curles his only sign of life. This class of merchants is famous for opium-eaters, and if you pass at the right hour, you find the large eye of the silent smoker dilated and wandering, his fingers busy in tremulously counting his spice-wood beads, and the roof of his stall wreathed with clouds of smoke, the vent to every species of Eastern enthusiasm. If you address him, he smiles, and puts his hand to his forehead and breast, but condescends to answer no question till it is thrice reiterated; and then in the briefest word possible, he answers wide of your meaning, strokes the smoke out of his moustache, and, slipping the costly amber between his lips, abandons himself again to his exalted reverie.

I write this after being a week at Constantinople,

during which the Egyptian bazaar has been my frequent and most fancy-stirring lounge. Of its forty merchants, there is not one whose picturesque features are not imprinted deeply in my memory. I have idled up and down in the dim light, and fingered the soft henna, and bought small parcels of incense-wood for my pastille lamp, studying the remarkable faces of the unconscious old mussulmans, till my mind became somehow tintured of the East, and (what will be better understood) my clothes steeped in the mixed and agreeable odours of the thousand spices. Where are the painters, that they have never found this mine of admirable studies? There is not a corner of Constantinople, nor a man in its streets, that were not a novel and a capital subject for the pencil. Pray, Mr. Cole, leave things that have been painted so often, as aqueducts and Italian ruins, (though you *do* make delicious pictures, and could never waste time or pencils on *any* thing,) and come to the East for one single book of sketches! How I have wished I was a painter since I have been here!

## LETTER XLVI.

The Bosphorus—Turkish palaces—The Black Sea—Buyukdere.

WE left the ship with two caiques, each pulled by three men, and carrying three persons, on an excursion to the Black Sea. We were followed by the captain in his fast-pulling gig with six oars, who proposed to beat the feathery boats of the country in a twenty miles' pull against the tremendous current of the Bosphorus.

The day was made for us. We coiled ourselves *à la Turque*, in the bottom of the sharp caique; and as our broad-breasted pagans, after the first mile, took off their shawled turbans, unwound their Cashmere girdles, laid aside their gold-broidered jackets, and with nothing but the flowing silk shirt and ample trousers to embarrass their action, commenced "giving way" in long, energetic strokes—I say, just then, with the sunshine and the west wind attempered to half a degree warmer than the blood, (which I take to be the perfection of temperature,) and a long, autumn day, or two, or three before us, and not a thought in the company that was not kindly and joyous—just then, I say, I dropped a "white stone" on the hour, and said, "Here is a moment, old Care, that has slipped

through your rusty fingers! You have pinched me the *past* somewhat, and you will doubtless mark your cross on the *future*—but the *present*, by a thousand pulses in this warm frame laid along in the sunshine, is care-free, and the last hour of Eden came not on a softer pinion!”

We shot along through the Sultan’s fleet (some eighteen or twenty lofty ships of war, looking, as they lie at anchor in this narrow strait, of a supernatural size, and then, nearing the European shore to take advantage of the counter-current, my kind friend, Mr. H——, who is at home on these beautiful waters, began to name to me the palaces we were shooting by, with many a little history of their occupants between, to which in a letter, written with a traveller’s haste, and in moments stolen from fatigue or pleasure or sleep, I could not pretend to do justice.

The Bosphorus is quite—there can be no manner of doubt of it—the most singularly beautiful scenery in the world. From Constantinople to the Black Sea, a distance of twenty miles, the two shores of Asia and Europe, separated by but half a mile of bright blue water, are lined by lovely villages, each with its splendid palace or two, its mosque and minarets, and its hundred small houses buried in trees; each with its small dark cemetery of cypresses and turbaned head-stones, and each with its valley stretching back into the hills, of which every summit and swell is crowned with a fairy kiosk. There is no tide, and the palaces of the sultan and his ministers, and of the wealthier Turks and Armenians, are built half over the water, and the ascending caique shoots beneath his window, within the length of the owner’s pipe; and with his own slender boat lying under the stairs, the luxurious Oriental makes but a step from the cushions of his saloon to those of a conveyance, which bears him (so built on the water’s edge is this magnificent capital) to almost every spot that can require his presence.

A beautiful palace is that of the "Marble Cradle," or Beshiktash, the sultan's winter residence. Its bright gardens with latticed fences (through which, as we almost touched in passing, we saw the gleam of the golden orange and lemon trees, and the thousand flowers, and heard the plash of fountains and the singing of birds,) lean down to the lip of the Bosphorus, and declining to the south, and protected from every thing but the sun by an enclosing wall, enjoy, like the terrace of old king René, a perpetual summer. The brazen gates open on the water, and the palace itself, a beautiful building, painted in the Oriental style, of a bright pink, stands between the gardens, with its back to the wall.

The summer palace, where the "unmuzzled lion," as his flatterers call him, resides at present, is just above on the Asian side, at a village called Beylerbey. It is an immense building, painted yellow, with white cornices, and has an extensive terrace-garden rising over the hill behind. The harem has eight projecting wings, each occupied by one of the sultan's lawful wives.

Six or seven miles from Constantinople, on the European shore, stands the serai of the sultan's eldest sister. It is a Chinese-looking structure, but exceedingly picturesque, and, like every thing else on the Bosphorus, quite in keeping with the scene. There is not a building on either side, from the Black Sea to Marmora, that would not be ridiculous in other countries; and yet, here, their gingerbread balconies, imitation perspectives, lattices, bird-cages, and kiosks, seem as naturally the growth of the climate as the pomegranate and the cypress. The old maid sultana lives here with a hundred or two female slaves of condition, a little empress in an empire sufficiently large (for a woman) seeing no bearded face (it is presumed) except her black eunuchs and her European physician, and having, though a sultan's sister, less liberty than she gives even her slaves, whom she permits to marry if they

will. She can neither read nor write, is said to be fat, indolent, kind, and childish.

A little farther up, the sultan is repairing a fantastical little palace for his youngest sister, Esmeb Sultana, who is to be married to Haleil Pasha, the commander of the artillery. She is about twenty, and, report says, handsome and spirited. Her betrothed was a Georgian slave, bought by the sultan when a boy, and advanced by the usual steps of favouritism. By the laws of imperial marriages in this empire, he is to be banished to a distant pashalik after living with his wife a year, his connexion with blood-royal making him dangerously eligible to the throne. His bride remains at Stamboul, takes care of her child, (if she has one,) and lives the remainder of her life in a widow's seclusion, with an allowance proportioned to her rank. His consolation is provided for by the mussulman privilege of as many more wives as he can support. Heaven send him resignation—if he needs it notwithstanding.

The hakim, or chief physician to the sultan, has a handsome palace on the same side of the Bosphorus; and the Armenian seraffs, or bankers, though compelled, like all *rayahs*, to paint their houses of a dull lead colour, (only a mussulman may live in a red house in Constantinople,) are said, in those dusky-looking tenements, to maintain a luxury not inferior to that of the sultan himself. They have a singular effect, those black, funereal houses, standing in the fore-ground of a picture of such light and beauty!

We pass Orta-keui, the Jew village, and Arnaout-keui, occupied mostly by Greeks; and here, if you have read "the Armenians," you are in the midst of its most stirring scenes. The story is a true one, not much embellished in the hands of the novelist; and, there, on the hill opposite, in Anatolia, stands the house of the heroine's father, the old seraff Oglou, and, behind the garden, you may see the small cottage, inhabited, secretly, by the enamoured Constantine; and

here, in the pretty village of Bebec, lives, at this moment, the widowed and disconsolate Veronica, dressed ever in weeds, and obstinately refusing all society but her own sad remembrances. I must try to see her. Her "husband of a night" was compelled to marry again by the hospodar, his father, (but this is not in the novel, you will remember,) and there is late news that his wife is dead, and the lovers of romance in Stamboul are hoping he will return and make a happier sequel than the sad one in the story. The "orthodox catholic Armenian, broker and money-changer to boot," who was to have been her forced husband, is a very amiable and good-looking fellow, now in the employ of our *chargé d'affaires* as second dragoman.

We approach Roumeli-Hissar, a jutting point almost meeting a similar projection from the Asian shore, crowned, like its *vis-a-vis*, with a formidable battery. The Bosphorus here is but half an arrow flight in width, and Europe and Asia, here at their nearest approach, stand looking each other in the face, like boxers, with foot forward, fist doubled, and a most formidable row of teeth on either side. The current scampers through between the two castles, as if happy to get out of the way, and, up-stream, it is hard-pulling for a caique. They are beautiful points, however, and I am ashamed of my coarse simile, when I remember how green was the foliage that half enveloped the walls, and how richly picturesque the hills behind them. Here, in the European castle, were executed the greater part of the janizaries, hundreds in a day, of the manliest frames in the empire, thrown into the rapid Bosphorus, headless and stripped, to float, unmourned and unregarded, to the sea.

Above Roumeli-Hissar, the Bosphorus spreads again, and a curving bay, which is set like a mirror, in a frame of the softest foliage and verdure, is pointed out as a spot at which the crusaders, Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse, encamped on their way



to Palestine. The hills beyond this are loftier; and the Giant's mountain, upon which the Russian army encamped at their late visit to the Porte, would be a respectable eminence in any country. At its foot, the strait expands into quite a lake, and on the European side, in a scoop of the shore, exquisitely placed, stand the diplomatic villages of Terapia and Buyukdere. The English, French, Russian, Austrian, and other flags were flying over a half dozen of the most desirable residences I have seen since Italy.

We soon pulled the remaining mile or two, and our *spent* caikjees drew breath, and lay on their oars in the Black Sea. The waves were breaking on the "blue Symplegades," a mile on our left and before us, toward the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and, south, toward Colchis and Trebizond spread one broad, blue waste of waters, apparently as limitless as the ocean. The Black Sea is particularly *blue*.

We turned our prow to the west, and I sighed to remember that I had reached my farthest step into the east. Henceforth I shall be on the return. I sent a long look over the waters to the bright lands beyond, so famed in history and fiction, and, wishing for even a metamorphosis into the poor sea-bird flying above us, (whose travelling expenses Nature pays,) I lay back in the boat with a "change in the spirit of my dream."

We stopped on the Anatolian shore to visit the ruins of a fine old Genoese castle, which looks over the Black Sea, and after a lunch upon grapes and coffee, at a small village at the foot of the hill on which it stands, we embarked and followed our companions.—Running down with the current to Buyukdere, we landed and walked along the thronged and beautiful shore to Terapia, meeting hundreds of fair Armenians and Greeks, (all beautiful, it seemed to me,) issuing forth for their evening promenade; and, with a call of ceremony on the English ambassador, for whom I had letters, we again took to the caique, and fled down

with the current like a bird. Oh, what a sunset was there!

We were to dine and pass the night at the country-house of an English gentleman at Bebec, a secluded and lovely village, six or eight miles from Constantinople. We reached the landing as the stars began to glimmer, and, after one of the most agreeable and hospitable entertainments I remember to have shared, we took an early breakfast with our joyous host, and returned to the ship. I could wish my friends no brighter passage in their lives than such an excursion as mine to the Black Sea.

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## LETTER XLVII.

The sultan's perfumer—Etiquette of smoking—Temptations for purchasers—Exquisite flavour of the Turkish perfumes—The slave-market of Constantinople—Slaves from various countries, Greek, Circassian, Egyptian, Persian—African female slaves—An improvisatrice—Exposure for sale, &c. &c.

AN Abyssinian slave with bracelets on his wrists and ankles; a white turban, folded in the most approved fashion around his curly head, and a showy silk sash about his waist, addressed us in broken English as we passed a small shop on the way to the Bezestein. His master was an old acquaintance of my polyglot friend, and, passing in at a side-door, we entered a dimly lighted apartment in the rear, and were received with a profusion of salaams by the sultan's perfumer. For a Turk, Mustapha Effendi was the most voluble gentleman in his discourse that I

had yet met in Stamboul. A sparse gray beard just sprinkled a pair of blown-up cheeks, and a collapsed double chin that fell in curtain folds to his bosom, a mustache, of seven or eight hairs on a side, curled demurely about the corners of his mouth, his heavy, oily black eyes twinkled in their pursy recesses, with the salacious good humour of a satyr; and, as he coiled his legs under him on the broad ottoman in the corner, his boneless body completely lapped over them, knees and all, and left him, apparently, bolt upright on his trunk, like a man amputated at the hips. A string of beads in one hand, and a splendid *nurghilé*, or rose-water pipe, in the other, completed as fine a picture of a mere animal as I remember to have met in my travels.

My learned friend pursued the conversation in Turkish, and, in a few minutes, the black entered with pipes of exquisite amber filled with the mild Persian tobacco. Leaving his slippers at the door, he dropped upon his knee, and placed two small brass dishes in the centre of the room to receive the hot pipe-bowls, and, with a showy flourish of his long naked arm, brought round the rich mouth pieces to our lips. A spicy atom of some aromatic composition, laid in the centre of the bowl, removed from the smoke all that could offend the most delicate organs, and as I looked about the perfumer's retired sanctum and my eye rested on the small heaps of spice-wood, the gilded pastilles, the curious bottles of ottar of roses and jasmine, and thence to the broad, soft divans extending quite around the room, piled in the corners with cushions of down, I thought Mustapha the perfumer, among those who lived by traffic, had the cleanliest and most gentleman-like vocation.

Observing that I smoked but little, Mustapha gave an order to his familiar, who soon appeared with two small gilded saucers; one containing a jelly of incomparable delicacy and whiteness, and the other a candied liquid, tintured with quince and cinnamon. My

friend explained to me that I was to eat both, and that Mustapha said, "on his head be the injury it would do me." There needed little persuasion. The cook to a court of fairies might have mingled sweets less delicately.

For all this courtesy Mustapha finds his offset in the opened hearts of his customers, when the pipes are smoked out, and there is nothing to delay the offer of his costly wares. First calling for a jar of jessamine, than which the sultan himself perfumes his beard with no rarer, he turned it upside down, and, leaning towards me, rubbed the moistened cork over my nascent mustache, and waited with a satisfied certainty for my expression of admiration as it "ascended me into the brain." There was no denying that it was of celestial flavour. He held up his fingers: "one? two? three? ten? How many bottles shall your slave fill for you?" It was a most lucid pantomime. An interpreter would have been superfluous. The ottar of roses stood next on the shelf. It was the best ever sent from Adrianople. Bottle after bottle of different extracts was passed under nasal review; each, one might think, the triumph of the alchemy of flowers, and of each a specimen was laid aside for me in a slender phial, dexterously capped with vellum, and tied with a silken thread by the adroit Abyssinian. I escaped emptying my purse by a single worthless coin, the fee I required for my return boat over the Golden Horn—but I had seen Mustapha the perfumer.

My friend led the way through several intricate windings, and, passing through a gateway, we entered a circular area, surrounded with a single building divided into small apartments, faced with open porches. It was the slave-market of Constantinople. My first idea was to look round for Don Juan and Johnson. In their place we found slaves of almost every eastern nation, who looked at us with an "I wish to heaven that somebody would buy us" sort of an expression, but

none so handsome as Haidee's lover. In a low cellar, beneath one of the apartments, lay twenty or thirty white men chained together by the legs, and with scarce the clothing required by decency. A small-featured Arab stood at the door, wrapped in a purple-hooded cloak, and Mr. H., addressing him in Arabic, inquired their nations. He was not their master, but the stout fellow in the corner, he said, was a Greek by his regular features, and the boy chained to him was a Circassian by his rosy cheek and curly hair, and the black-lipped villain with the scar over his forehead was an Egyptian, doubtless, and the two that looked like brothers, were Georgians or Persians, or perhaps Bulgarians. Poor devils! they lay on the clay floor with a cold easterly wind blowing in upon them, dispirited and chilled, with the prospect of being sold to a task-master for their best hope of relief.

A shout of African laughter drew us to the other side of the bazaar. A dozen Nubian damsels, flat-nosed and curly-headed, but as straight and fine-limbed as pieces of black statuary, lay around on a platform in front of their apartment, while one sat upright in the middle, and amused her companions by some narration accompanied by grimaces irresistibly ludicrous. Each had a somewhat scant blanket, black with dirt, and worn as carelessly as a lady carries her shawl. Their black, polished frames were disposed about, in postures a painter would scarce call ungraceful, and no start or change of attitude when we approached betrayed the innate coyness of the sex.—After watching the *improvisatrice* awhile, we were about passing on, when a man came out from the inner apartment, and, beckoning to one of them to follow him, walked into the middle of the bazaar. She was a tall, arrow-straight lass of about eighteen, with the form of a nymph, and the head of a baboon. He commenced by crying in a voice that must have been

educated in the gallery of a minaret, setting forth the qualities of the animal at his back, who was to be sold at public auction forthwith. As he closed his harangue he slipped his pipe back into his mouth, and, lifting the scrimped blanket of ebon Venus, turned her twice round, and walked to the other side of the bazaar, where his cry and the exposure of the submissive wench were repeated.

We left him to finish his circuit, and walked on in search of the Circassian beauties of the market. Several turbaned slave-merchants were sitting round a *manghal*, or brass vessel of coals, smoking or making their coffee, in one of the porticoes, and my friend addressed one of them with an inquiry on the subject. "There were Circassians in the bazaar," he said, "but there was an express firman, prohibiting the exposing or selling of them to Franks, under heavy penalties." We tried to bribe him. It was of no use. He pointed to the apartment in which they were, and, as it was upon the ground floor, I took advice of modest assurance, and, approaching the window, sheltered my eyes with my hand, and looked in. A great, fat girl, with a pair of saucer-like black eyes, and cheeks as red and round as a cabbage-rose, sat facing the window, devouring a pie most voraciously. She had a small carpet spread beneath her, and sat on one of her heels, with a row of fat, red toes, whose nails were tinged with henna, just protruding on the other side from the folds of her ample trousers. The light was so dim that I could not see the features of the others, of whom there were six or seven in groups in the corners. And so faded the bright colours of a certain boyish dream of Circassian beauty! A fat girl eating a pie!

As we were about leaving the bazaar, the door of a small apartment near the gate opened, and disclosed the common cheerless interior of a chamber in a khan. In the centre burned the almost-extinguished embers of a Turkish *manghal*, and, at the moment of my pass-

ing, a figure rose from a prostrate position, and exposed, as a shawl dropped from her face in rising, the exquisitely small features and bright olive skin of an Arab girl. Her hair was black as night, and the bright braid of it across her forehead seemed but another shade of the warm dark eye that lifted its heavy and sleepy lids, and looked out of the accidentally opened door as if she were trying to remember how she had dropped out of "Araby the Blest" upon so cheerless a spot. She was very beautiful. I should have taken her for a child, from her diminutive size, but for a certain fulness in the limbs and a womanly ripeness in the bust and features. The same dusky lips which give the males of her race a look of ghastliness, either by contrast with a row of dazzlingly white teeth, or from their round and perfect chisselling, seemed in her almost a beauty. I had looked at her several minutes before she chose to consider it as impertinence. At last she slowly raised her little symmetrical figure, (the "Barbary shape" the old poets talk of,) and, slipping forward to reach the latch, I observed that she was chained by one of her ankles to a ring in the floor. To think that only a "malignant and a turban'd Turk" may possess such a Hebe! Beautiful creature! your lot,

"By some o'er-hasty angle was misplaced  
In Fate's eternal volume."

And yet it is very possible she would eat pies, too!

We left the slave-market, and, wishing to buy a piece of Brusa silk for a dressing-gown, my friend conducted me to a secluded khan in the neighbourhood of the far-famed "burnt column." Entering by a very mean door, closed within by a curtain, we stood on fine Indian mats in a large room, piled to the ceiling with silks enveloped in the soft satin-paper of the East. Here again coffee must be handed round before a single fold of the old Armenian's warps could see the light;

and fortunate it is, since one may not courteously refuse it, that Turkish coffee is very delicious, and served in acorn cups for size. A handsome boy took away the little filigree holders at last, and the old trader, setting his huge calpack firmly on his shaven head, began to reach down his costly wares. I had never seen such an array. The floor was soon like a shivered rainbow, almost paining the eye with the brilliancy and variety of beautiful fabrics. There were stuffs of gold for a queen's wardrobe ; there were gauze-like fabrics inwoven with flowers of silver ; and there was no leaf in botany, nor device in antiquity, that was not imitated in their rich borderings. I laid my hand on a plain pattern of blue and silver, and, half-shutting my eyes to imagine how I should look in it, resolved upon the degree of depletion which my purse could bear, and inquired the price. As "green door and brass knocker" says of his charges in the farce, it was "ridiculously trifling." It is a cheap country, the East ! A beautiful Circassian slave for a hundred dollars, (if you are a Turk,) and an emperor's dressing-gown for three ! The Armenian laid his hand on his breast, as if he had made a good sale of it ; the coffee bearer wanted but a sous, and that was charity ; and thus, by a mere change of place, that which were but a gingerbread expenditure, becomes a rich man's purchase.



## LETTER XLVIII.

Punishment of conjugal infidelity—Drowning in the Bosphorus—Frequency of its occurrence accounted for—A band of wild Roumeliotes—Their picturesque appearance—Ali pasha, of Yanina—A Turkish funeral—Fat widow of Sultan Selim—A visit to the sultan's summer palace—A travelling moslem—Unexpected token of home.

A TURKISH woman was sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar and did not see her. The ward-room steward of the "United States," a very intelligent man, who was at the pier when she was brought down to the caique, describes her as a young woman of twenty-two or three years, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short quick sob in her throat, as if she had wearied herself out with weeping, she was quite calm, and submitted composedly to her fate.—She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her *yashmack* only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The plash of her body in the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on these summary executions, knowing as we do that the poor victim is taken before the judge, upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this

violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian particularly, is, with or without evidence, instant ruin. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Arnaout-keui, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, were shocked with the spectacle of a Turkish woman and a young Greek hanging dead from the shutters of a window on the water-side. He had been detected in leaving her house at daybreak, and in less than an hour the unfortunate lovers had met their fate. They are said to have died most heroically, embracing and declaring their attachment to the last.

Such tragedies occur every week or two in Constantinople, and it is not wonderful, considering the superiority of the educated and picturesque Greek to his brutal neighbour, or the daring and romance of Europeans in the pursuit of forbidden pleasure. The liberty of going and coming, which the Turkish women enjoy, wrapped only in veils, which assist by their secrecy, is temptingly favourable to intrigue; and the self-sacrificing nature of the sex, when the heart is concerned, shows itself here in proportion to the demand for it.

An eminent physician, who attends the seraglio of the sultan's sister, consisting of a great number of women, tells me that their time is principally occupied in sentimental correspondence, by means of flowers, with the forbidden Greeks and Armenians. These Platonic passions for persons whom they have only seen from their gilded lattices, are their only amusement, and they are permitted by the sultana, who has herself the reputation of being partial to Franks, and, old as she is, ingenious in contrivances to obtain their society. My intelligent informant thinks the Turkish women, in spite of their want of education, somewhat remarkable for their sentiment of character.

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With two English travellers, whom I had known in Italy; I pulled out of the bay in a caique, and ran

down under the wall of the city, on the side of the sea of Marmora. For a mile or more we were beneath the wall of the seraglio, whose small water-gates whence so many victims have found

“Their way to Marmora without a boat,”

are beset, to the imaginative eye of the traveller, with the *dramatis personæ* of a thousand tragedies. One smiles to detect himself gazing on an old postern, with his teeth shut hard together, and his hair on end, in the calm of a pure, silent, sunshiny morning of September!

We landed some seven miles below, at the Seven Towers, and dismissed our boat to walk across to the Golden Horn. Our road was outside of the triple walls of Stamboul, whose two hundred and fifty towers look as if they were toppling after an earthquake, and are overgrown superbly with ivy. Large trees, rooted in the crevices, and gradually bursting the thick walls, overshadow entirely their once proud turrets, and for the whole length of the five or six miles across, it is one splendid picture of decay. I have seen in no country such beautiful ruins.

At the Adrianople gate, we found a large troop of horsemen, armed in the wild manner of the East, who had accompanied a Roumeliote chief from the mountains. They were not allowed to enter the city, and, with their horses picketed on the plain, were lying about in groups waiting till their leader should conclude his audience with the seraskier. They were as cut-throat-looking a set as a painter would wish to see. The extreme richness of Eastern arms, mounted showily in silver, and of shapes so cumbersome, yet picturesque, contrasted strangely with their ragged capotes, and torn leggins, and their way-worn and weary countenances. Yet they were almost without exception fine-featured, and of a resolute expression of face;

and they had flung themselves, as savages will, into attitudes that art would find it difficult to improve.

Directly opposite this gate stand five marble slabs, indicating the spots in which are buried the heads of *Ali Pasha*, of Albania, his three sons, and grandson. The inscription states, that the rebel lost his head for having dared to aspire to independence. He was a brave old barbarian, however, and, as the worthy chief of the most warlike people of modern times, one stands over his grave with regret. It would have been a classic spot, had Byron survived to visit it. No event in his travels made more impression on his mind than the pasha's detecting his rank by the beauty of his hands. His fine description of the wild court of Yanina, in '*Childe Harold*,' has already made the poet's return of immortality; but had he survived the revolution in Greece, with his increased knowledge of the Albanian soldier and his habits, and his esteem for the old chieftain, a hero so much to his taste would have been his most natural theme. It remains to be seen whether the age or the language will produce another Byron to take up the broken thread.

As we were poring over the Turkish inscription, four men, apparently quite intoxicated, came running and hallooing from the city gate, bearing upon their shoulders a dead man in his bier. Entering the cemetery, they went stumbling on over the footstones, tossing the corpse about so violently, that the helpless limbs frequently fell beyond the limits of the rude barrow, while the grave-digger, the only sober person, save the dead man, in the company, followed at his best speed, with his pick-axe and shovel. These extraordinary bearers set down their burden not far from the gate, and, to my surprise, walked laughing off, like men who had merely engaged in a moment's frolic by the way; while the sexton, left quite alone, composed a little the posture of the disordered body, and sat down to get breath for his task.

My Constantinopolitan friend tells me that the Koran blesses him who carries a dead body forty paces on its way to the grave. The poor are thus carried out to the cemeteries by voluntary bearers, who, after they have completed their prescribed paces, change with the first individual whose reckoning with heaven may be in arrears.

The corpse we had seen so rudely borne on its last journey, was, or had been, a middle-aged Turk. He had neither shroud nor coffin, but

“Lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,”

in his slippers and turban, the bunch of flowers on his bosom the only token that he was dressed for any particular occasion. We had not time to stay and see his grave dug, and “his face laid toward the tomb of the prophet.”

We entered the Adrianople gate, and crossed the triangle, which old Stamboul nearly forms, by a line approaching its hypotenuse. Though in a city so thickly populated, it was one of the most lonely walks conceivable. We met, perhaps, one individual in a street; and the perfect silence, and the cheerless look of the Turkish houses, with their jealously closed windows, gave it the air of a city devastated by the plague. The population of Constantinople is only seen in the bazaars, or in the streets bordering on the Golden Horn. In the extensive quarter occupied by dwelling-houses only, the inhabitants, if at home, occupy apartments opening on their secluded gardens, or are hidden from the gaze of the street by their fine dull-coloured lattices. It strikes one with melancholy after the gay balconies and open doors of France and Italy.

We passed the Eski serai, the palace in which the imperial widows wear their chaste weeds in solitude; and, weary with our long walk, emerged from the si-

lent streets at the bazaar of wax candles, and took caïque for the Argentopolis of the ancients, the "silver city" of Galata.

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The thundering of guns from the whole Ottoman fleet in the Bosphorus announced, some days since, that the sultan had changed his summer for his winter serai, and the commodore received yesterday a firman to visit the deserted palace of Beylerbey.

We left the frigate at an early hour, our large party of officers increased by the captain of the Acteon sloop-of-war, some gentlemen of the English ambassador's household, and several strangers, who took advantage of the commodore's courtesy to enjoy a privilege granted so very rarely.

As we pulled up the strait, some one pointed out the residence, on the European shore, of the once favourite wife, and now fat widow, of Sultan Selim. She is called by the Turks the "boneless sultana," and is the model of shape by the Oriental standard. The poet's lines,

"Who turn'd that little waist with so much care,  
And shut perfection in so small a ring?"

though a very neat compliment in some countries, would be downright rudeness in the East. Near this jelly in weeds lives a venerable Turk, who was once ambassador to England. He came back too much enlightened, and the musti immediately procured his exile for infidelity. He passes his day, we were told, in looking at a large map hung on the wall before him, and wondering at his own travels.

We were received at the shining brazen gate of Beylerbey, by Hamik Pasha, (a gentleman-like man, just returned from a mission to England,) deputed by the sultan to do the honours. A side-door introduced us immediately to the grand hall upon the lower floor,

which was separated only by four marble pillars, and a heavy curtain rolled up at will, from the gravel-walk of the garden in the rear. We ascended thence by an open staircase of wood, prettily inlaid, to the second floor, which was one long suite of spacious rooms, built entirely in the French style, and thence to the third floor, the same thing over again. It was quite like looking at lodgings in Paris. There was no furniture, except an occasional ottoman turned with its face upon another, and a prodigious quantity of French musical clocks, three or four in every room, and all playing in our honour with an amusing confusion. One other article, by the way—a large, common American rocking chair! The poor thing stood in a great gilded room, all alone, looking pitifully home-sick. I seated myself in it, *malgré* a thick coat of dust upon the bottom, as I would visit a sick countryman in exile.

The harem was locked, and the polite pasha regretted that he had no orders to open it. We descended to the gardens, which rise by terraces to a gim-crack temple and orangery, and, having looked at the sultan's poultry, we took our leave. If his pink palace in Europe is no finer than his yellow palace in Asia, there is many a merchant in America better lodged than the padishah of the Ottoman empire. We have not seen the old seraglio, however; and in its inaccessible recesses, probably, moulders that true Oriental splendour which this upholsterer monarch abandons in his rage for the novel luxuries of Europe.

## LETTER XLIX.

The Golden Horn and its scenery—The Sultan's wives and Arabians—The Valley of Sweet Waters—Beauty of the Turkish minarets—The mosque of Sulymanyé—Mussulmans at their devotions—The muezzin—The bazaar of the opium-eaters—The mad-house of Constantinople, and description of its inmates—Their wretched treatment—The hippodrome and the mosque of Sultan Achmet—The Janizaries.

THE "Golden Horn" is a curved arm of the sea, the broadest extremity meeting the Bosphorus and forming the harbour of Constantinople, and the other tapering away till it is lost in the "Valley of Sweet Waters." It curls through the midst of the seven-hilled city, and you cross it whenever you have an errand in old Stamboul. Its hundreds of shooting caiques, its forests of merchantmen and men-of-war, its noise and its confusion are exchanged in scarce ten minutes of swift pulling for the breathless and Eden-like solitude of a valley that has not its parallel, I am inclined to think, between the Mississippi and the Caspian. It is called in Turkish *khyat-khana*. Opening with a gentle curve from the Golden Horn, it winds away into the hills towards Belgrade, its long and even hollow, threaded by a lively stream and carpeted by a broad belt of unbroken green sward, swelling up to



the enclosing hills with a grass so verdant and silken that it seems the very floor of faëry. In the midst of its longest stretch to the eye, (perhaps two miles of level meadow,) stands a beautiful serai of the sultan's, unfenced and open, as if it had sprung from the lap of the green meadow like a lily. The stream runs by its door; and over a mimic fall, whose lip is of scoloped marble, is built an Oriental kiosk, all carving and gold, that is only too delicate and fantastical for reality.

Here, with the first grass of spring, the sultan sends his fine-footed Arabians to pasture; and here come the ladies of his harem, (chosen, women and horses, for much the same class of qualities,) and in the long summer afternoons, with mounted eunuchs on the hills around, forbidding on pain of death all approach to the sacred retreat, they venture to drop their jealous veils and ramble about in their unsunned beauty.

After a gallop of three or four miles over the broad waste table-plain, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, we checked our horses suddenly on the brow of a precipitous descent, with this scene of beauty spread out before us. I had not yet approached it by water, and it seemed to me as if the earth had burst open at my feet, and revealed some realm of enchantment. Behind me, and away beyond the valley to the very horizon, I could see only a trackless heath, brown and treeless, while, a hundred feet below, lay a strip of very paradise, blooming in all the verdure and heavenly freshness of spring. We descended slowly, and, crossing a bridge half-hidden by willows, rode in upon the elastic green sward, (for myself,) with half a feeling of profanation. There were no eunuchs upon the hills, however, and our spirited Turkish horses threw their wild heads into the air, and we flew over the verdant turf like a troop of Delhis, the sound of the hoofs on the yielding carpet scarcely audible. The fair palace in the centre of this domain of loveliness

was closed; and it was only after we had walked around it that we observed a small tent of the prophet's green couched in a small dell on the hill-side, and containing probably the guard of its imperial master.

We mounted again and rode up the valley for two or three miles, following the same level and verdant curve, the soft carpet broken only by the silver thread of the Barbyzes, loitering through it on its way to the sea. A herd of buffaloes, tended by a Bulgarian boy, stretched on his back in the sunshine, and a small caravan of camels bringing wood from the hills, and keeping to the soft valley as a relief to their spongy feet, were the only animated portions of the landscape. I think I shall never form to my mind another picture of romantic rural beauty, (an employment of the imagination I am much given to when out of humour with the world,) that will not resemble the "Valley of Sweet Waters"—the *khyat-khana* of Constantinople. "Poor Slingsby" never was here.\*

The lofty mosque of Sulymanyé, the bazaars of the opium-eaters, and the *Timar-hané*, or mad-house of Con-

\* Irving says, in one of his most exquisite passages:—"He who has sallied forth into the world like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him on, still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind, and every part of the landscape is greener than the spot he stands on." Full of music and beautiful expression as this is, I, for one, have not found it true. Bright as I had imagined the much-sung lands beyond the water, I have found many a scene in Italy and the East that has more than answered the craving for beauty in my heart. Val d'Arno, Vallombrosa, Venice, Terni, Tivoli, Albano, the Isles of Greece, the Bosphorus, and the matchless valley I have described, have, with a hundred other spots less famous, far outgone, in their exquisite reality, even the brightest of my anticipations. The passage is not necessarily limited in its meaning to scenery, however, and of moral disappointment it is beautifully true. There is many a "poor Slingsby," the fate of whose sunny anticipations of life it describes but too faithfully.

stantinople, are all upon one square in the highest part of the city. We entered the vast court of the mosque from a narrow and filthy street, and the impression of its towering plane-trees and noble area, and of the strange, but grand and costly pile in its centre, was almost devotional. An inner court, enclosed by a kind of romanesque wall, contained a sacred marble fountain of light and airy architecture; and the portico facing this was sustained by some of those splendid and gigantic columns of porphyry and jasper, the spoils of the churches of Asia Minor.\*

I think the most beautiful spire that rises into the sky is the Turkish minaret. If I may illustrate an object of such magnitude by so trifling a comparison, it is exactly the shape and proportions of an ever-pointed pencil-case—the silver bands answering to the encircling galleries, one above another, from which the muezzin calls out the hour of prayer. The minaret is painted white, the galleries are fantastically carved, and rising to the height of the highest steeples in our country, (four and sometimes six to a single mosque,) these slender and pointed fingers of devotion seem to enter the very sky. Remembering, dear reader, that there are *two hundred and twenty mosques, and three hundred chapels* in Constantinople, raising, perhaps, in all, a thousand minarets to heaven, you may get some idea of the magnificence of this seven-hilled capital of the Orient.

It was near the hour of prayer, and the devout mussulmans were thronging into the court of Sulymanyeh by every gate. Passing the noble doors, with their strangely-carved arches of arabesque, which invite all to enter but the profaning foot of the Christian, the turbaned crowd repaired first to the fountains. From the walls of every mosque, by small conduits pouring into a marble basin, flow streams of pure water for the religious ablutions of the faithful. The mussulman

\* Sulymanyeh was built of the ruins of the church, Saint Euphemia, at Chalcedonia.

approaches, throws off his flowing robe, steps out of his yellow slippers, and unwinds his voluminous turban with devout deliberateness. A small marble step, worn hollow with pious use, supports his foot while he washes from the knee downward. His hands and arms, with the flowing sleeve of his silk shirt rolled to the shoulder, receive the same lavation, and then, washing his face, he repeats a brief prayer, resumes all but his slippers, and enters the mosque barefooted. The *mihrab* (or niche indicating the side toward the tomb of the prophet) fixes his eye. He folds his hands together, prays a moment standing, prostrates himself flat on his face toward the hallowed quarter, rises upon his knees, and continues praying and prostrating himself for perhaps half an hour. And all this process is required by the mufti, and performed by every good mussulman *five times a day!* A rigid adherence to it is almost universal among the Turks. In what an odour of sanctity would a Christian live, who should make himself thus "familiar with Heaven!"

As the muezzin from the minaret was shouting his last "mashalla!" with a voice like a man calling out from the clouds, we left the court of the majestic mosque, with Byron's reflection:

"Alas! man makes that great which makes him little!"

and, having delivered ourselves of this scrap of poetical philosophy, we crossed over the square to the opium-eaters.

A long row of half-ruined buildings, of a single story, with porticoes in front, and the broad, raised platform beneath, on which the Turks sit cross-legged at public places, is the scene of what was once a peculiarly Oriental spectacle. The mufti has of late years denounced the use of opium, and the devotees to its sublime intoxication have either conquered the habit, or, what is more probable, indulged it in more secret

places. The shops are partly ruinous, and those that remain in order are used as *cafés*, in which, however, it is said that the dangerous drug may still be procured. My companion inquired of a good-humoured-looking *caffeejee* whether there was any place at which a confirmed opium-eater could be seen under its influence. He said there was an old Turk, who was in the habit of frequenting his shop, and, if we could wait an hour or two, we might see him in the highest state of intoxication. We had no time to spare, if the object had been worth our while.

And here, thought I, as we sat down and took a cup of coffee in the half-ruined *café*, have descended upon the delirious brains of these noble drunkards the visions of Paradise so glowingly described in books—visions, it is said, as far exceeding the poor invention of the poet, as the houris of the prophet exceed the fair damsels of this world. Here men, otherwise in their senses, have believed themselves emperors, warriors, poets; these wretched walls and bending roof the fair proportions of a palace; this gray old *caffeejee* a Hylas or a Ganymede. Here men have come to cast off, for an hour, the dull thralldom of the body; to soar into the glorious world of fancy at the penalty of a thousand times the proportion of real misery; to sacrifice the invaluable energies of health, and deliberately poison the very fountain of life, for a few brief moments of magnificent and phrensied blessedness. It is powerfully described in the 'Opium-Eater' of De Quincy.

At the extremity of this line of buildings, by a natural proximity, stands the *Timar-hané*. We passed the porter at the gate without question, and entered a large quadrangle, surrounded with the grated windows of cells on the ground-floor. In every window was chained a maniac. The doors of the cells were all open, and, descending by a step upon the low stone floor of the first, we found ourselves in the presence of four men chained to rings, in the four corners, by massy

iron collars. The man in the window sat crouched together, like a person benumbed, (the day was raw and cold as December,) the heavy chain of his collar hanging on his naked breast, and his shoulders imperfectly covered with a narrow blanket. His eyes were large and fierce, and his mouth was fixed in an expression of indignant sullenness. My companion asked him if he were ill. He said he should be well if he were out—that he was brought there in a fit of intoxication two years ago, and was no more crazy than his keeper. Poor fellow! It might easily be true.—He lifted his heavy collar from his neck as he spoke, and it was not difficult to believe that misery like his for two long years would, of itself, destroy reason.—There was a better-dressed man in the opposite corner, who informed us, in a gentlemanly voice, that he had been a captain in the sultan's army, and was brought there in the delirium of a fever. He was at a loss to know, he said, why he was imprisoned still.

We passed on to a poor half-naked wretch in the last stage of illness and idiocy, who sat chattering to himself, and though trembling with the cold, interrupted his monologue continually with fits of the wildest laughter. Farther on sat a young man of a face so full of intellectual beauty, an eye so large and mild, a mouth of such mingled sadness and sweetness, and a forehead so broad, and marked so nobly, that we stood, all of us, struck with the simultaneous feeling of pity and surprise. A countenance more beaming with all that is admirable in human nature, I have never seen, even in painting. He might have sat to Da Vinci for the "Beloved Apostle." He had tied the heavy chain by a shred to a round of the grating, to keep its weight from his neck, and seemed calm and resigned, with all his sadness. My friend spoke to him, but he answered obscurely, and, seeing that our gaze disturbed him, we passed unwillingly on. Oh,

what room there is in the world for pity! If that poor prisoner be not a maniac, (as he may not be,) and, if nature has not falsified in the structure of his mind the superior impress on his features, what Prometheus-like agony has he suffered! The guiltiest felon is better cared for. And allowing his mind to be a wreck, and allowing the hundred human minds, in the same cheerless prison, to be certainly in ruins, oh, what have they done to be weighed down with iron on their necks, and exposed, like caged beasts, shivering and naked, to the eye of pitiless curiosity? I have visited lunatic asylums in France, Italy, Sicily, and Germany, but, culpably neglected as most of them are, I have seen nothing comparable to this in horror. "Is he never unchained?" we asked. "Never!" And yet, from the ring to the iron collar, there was just chain enough to permit him to stand upright! There were no vessels near them, not even a pitcher of water. Their dens were cleansed and the poor sufferers fed at appointed hours, and, come wind or rain, there was neither shutter nor glass to defend them from the inclemency of the weather.

We entered most of the rooms, and found in all the same dampness, filth, and misery. One poor wretch had been chained to the same spot for twenty years. The keeper said he never slept. He talked all the night long. Sometimes at mid-day his voice would cease, and his head nod for an instant, and then with a start, as if he feared to be silent, he raved on with the same incoherent rapidity. He had been a dervish. His collar and chain were bound with rags, and a tattered coat was fastened upon the inside of the window, forming a small recess in which he sat, between the room and the grating. He was emaciated to the last degree. His beard was tangled and filthy, his nails curled over the ends of his fingers, and his appearance, save only an eye of the keenest lustre, that of a wild beast.

In the last room we found a good-looking young

man, well-dressed, healthy, composed, and having every appearance of a person in the soundest state of mind and body. He saluted us courteously, and told my friend that he was a renegade Greek. He had turned mussulman a year or two ago, had lost his reason, and so was brought here. He talked of it quite as a thing of course, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that the best had been done for him. One of the party took hold of his chain. He winced as the collar stirred on his neck, and said the lock was on the outside of the window, (which was true,) and that the boys came in and tormented him by pulling it sometimes. "There they are," he said, pointing to two or three children who had just entered the court, and were running round from one prisoner to another.— We bade him good-morning, and he laid his hand to his breast and bowed with a smile. As we passed towards the gate the chattering lunatic on the opposite side screamed after us; the old dervish laid his skinny hands on the bars of his window, and talked louder and faster; and the children, approaching close to the poor creatures, laughed with delight at their excitement.

It was a relief to escape to the common sights and sounds of the city. We walked on to the Hippodrome. The only remaining beauty of this famous square is the unrivalled mosque of Sultan Achmet, which, though inferior in size to the renowned Santa Sophia, is superior in elegance both within and without. Its six slender and towering minarets are the handsomest in Constantinople. The wondrous obelisk in the centre of the square remains perfect as in the time of the Christian emperors, but the brazen tripod is gone from the twisted column, and the serpent-like pillar itself is leaning over with its brazen folds to its fall.

Here stood the barracks of the powerful Janizaries, and from the side of Sultan Achmet the cannon were levelled upon them, as they rushed from the conflagration within. And here, when Constantinople was the



"second Rome," were witnessed the triumphal processions of Christian conquest, the march of the crusaders, bound for Palestine, and the civil tumults which Justinian, walking among the people with the Gospel in his hand, tried in vain to allay ere they burnt the great edifice built of the ruins of the temple of Solomon.— And around this now-neglected area, the captive Gelimor followed in chains the chariot of the conquering Belisarius, repeating the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" while the conqueror himself, throwing aside his crown, prostrated himself at the feet of the beautiful Theodora, raised from a Roman actress to be the Christian empress of the East. From any elevated point of the city, you may still see the ruins of the palace of the renowned warrior, and read yourself a lesson on human vicissitude, remembering the school-book story of "an obolon for Belisarius!"

The Hippodrome was, until late years, the constant scene of the games of the *jereed*. With the destruction of the Janizaries, and the introduction of European tactics, this graceful exercise has gone out of fashion. The East is fast losing its picturesqueness. Dress, habits, character, every thing seem to be undergoing a gradual change; and when, as the Turks themselves predict, the moslem is driven into Asia, this splendid capital will become another Paris, and with the improvements in travel, a summer in Constantinople will be as little thought of as a tour in Italy. Politicians in this part of the world predict such a change as about to arrive.

## LETTER L.

Sultan Mahmoud at his devotions—Comparative splendour of papal, Austrian, and Turkish equipages—The sultan's barge or caique—Description of the sultan—Visit to a Turkish Lancasterian school—The dancing dervishes—Visit from the sultan's cabinet—The seraskier and the capitan pasha—Humble origin of Turkish dignitaries.

I HAD slept on shore, and it was rather late before I remembered that it was Friday, (the moslem Sunday,) and the sultan Mahmoud was to go in state to the mosque at twelve. I hurried down the precipitous street of Pera, and, as usual, escaping barely with my life from the Christian-hating dogs of Tophana, embarked in a caique, and made all speed up the Bosphorus. There is no word in Turkish for *faster*, but I was urging on my *caikjees* by a wave of the hand and the sight of a *bishlik*, (about the value of a quarter of a dollar,) when suddenly, a broadside was fired from the three-decker, Mahmoudier, the largest ship in the world; and to the rigging of every man-of-war in the fleet through which I was passing mounted, simultaneously, hundreds of blood-red flags, filling the air about us like a shower of tulips and roses. Imagine twenty ships-of-war, with yards manned, and scarce a line in their rigging to be seen for the flaunt-

ing of colours! The jar of the guns, thundering in every direction close over us, almost lifted our light boat out of the water, and the smoke rendered our pilotage between the ships and among their extending cables rather doubtful. The white clouds lifted after a few minutes, and with the last gun, down went the flags all together, announcing that the "Brother of the Sun" had left his palace.

He had but crossed to the mosque of the small village on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and was already at his prayers when I arrived. His body-guard was drawn up before the door, in their villanous European dress; and, as their arms were stacked, I presumed it would be some time before the sultan reappeared, and improved the interval in examining the *handja-bashes*, or state-caiques, lying at the landing. I have arrived at my present notions of equipage by three degrees. The pope's carriages at Rome, rather astonished me; the emperor of Austria's sleighs diminished the pope in my admiration; and the sultan's caiques, in their turn, "pale the fires" of the emperor of Austria. The *handja-bash* is built something like the ancient galley, very high at the prow and stern, carries some fifty oars, and has a roof over her poop, supported by four columns, and loaded with the most sumptuous ornaments, the whole gilt brilliantly. The prow is curved over, and wreathed into every possible device that would not affect the necessary lines of the model; her crew are dressed in the beautiful costume of the country, rich, and flowing; and with the costly and bright-coloured carpets hanging over her side, and the flashing of the sun on her ornaments of gold, she is really the most splendid object of state-equipage (if I may be allowed the misnomer) in the world.

I was still examining the principal barge, when the troops stood to their arms, and preparation was made for the passing out of the sultan. Thirty or forty of his highest military officers formed themselves

into two lines from the door of the mosque to the landing, and behind them were drawn up single files of soldiers. I took advantage of the respect paid to the rank of Commodore Patterson, and obtained an excellent position, with him, at the side of the caique. First issued from the door two Georgian slaves, bearing censers, from which they waved the smoke on either side, and the sultan immediately followed, supported by the capitan pasha, the seraskier, and Haleil Pasha (who is to marry the sultana Esmeh.) He walked slowly down to the landing, smiling and talking gaily with the seraskier, and, bowing to the commodore in passing, stepped into his barge, seated himself on a raised sofa, while his attendants coiled their legs on the carpet below, and turned his prow across the Bosphorus.

I have, perhaps, never set my eyes on a handsomer man than Sultan Mahmoud. His figure is tall, straight, and manly; his air unembarrassed and dignified, and his step indicative of the well-known firmness of his character. A superb beard of jetty blackness, with a curling moustache, conceal all the lower part of his face; the decided and bold lines of his mouth just marking themselves when he speaks. It is said he both paints and dyes his beard, but a manlier brown upon a cheek, or a richer gloss upon a beard, I never saw. His eye is described by writers as having a doomed darkness of expression, and it is certainly one that would well become a chief of bandits—large, steady, and overhung with an eyebrow like a thunder-cloud. He looks the monarch. The child of a seraglio (where mothers are chosen for beauty alone) could scarce escape being handsome. The blood of Circassian upon Circassian is in his veins, and the wonder is, not that he is the handsomest man in his empire, but that he is not the greatest slave. Our "mother's humour," they say, predominates in our mixtures. Sultan Mahmoud, however, was marked by nature for a throne.

I accompanied Mr. Goodell and Mr. Dwight, American missionaries at Constantinople, to visit a Lancasterian school established with their assistance in the Turkish barracks. The building stands on the ascent of one of the lovely valleys that open into the Bosphorus, some three miles from the city, on the European side. We were received by the colonel of the regiment, a young man of fine appearance, with the diamond crescent and star glittering on the breast of his military frock; and after the inevitable compliment of pipes and coffee, the drum was beat and the soldiers called to school.

The sultan has an army of boys. Nine-tenths of those I have seen are under twenty. They marched in, in single file, and, facing about, held up their hands at the word of command, while a subaltern looked that each had performed the morning ablution. They were healthy-looking lads, mostly from the interior provinces, whence they are driven down like cattle to fill the ranks of their sovereign. Duller-looking subjects for an idea it has not been my fortune to see.

The Turkish alphabet hung over the teacher's desk (the colonel is the schoolmaster, and takes the greatest interest in his occupation,) and the front seats are faced with a long box covered with sand, in which the beginners write with their fingers. It is fitted with a slide that erases the clumsy imitation when completed, and seemed to me an ingenious economy of ink and paper. (I would suggest to the minds of the benevolent a school on the same principle for beginners in poetry. It would save the critics much murder, and tend to the suppression of suicide.) The classes having filed into their seats, the school opened with a prayer by the colonel. The higher benches then commenced writing, on slates and paper, sentences dictated from the desk, and I was somewhat surprised at the neatness and beauty of the characters.

We passed afterwards into another room where

arithmetic and geography were taught, and then mounted to an apartment on the second story occupied by students in military drawing. The proficiency of all was most creditable, considering the brief period during which the schools have been in operation—something less than a year. Prejudiced as the Turks are against European innovation, this advanced step toward improvement tells well. Our estimable and useful missionaries appear, from the respect everywhere shown to them, to be in high esteem, and with the sultan's energetic disposition for reform, they hope every thing in the way of an enlightened change in the moral condition of the people.

\* \* \* \* \*

Went to the chapel of the dancing dervishes. It is a beautiful marble building, with a court-yard ornamented with a small cemetery shaded with cypresses, and a fountain enclosed in a handsome edifice, and defended by gilt gratings from the street of the suburb of Pera, in which it stands. They dance here twice a week. We arrived before the hour, and were detained at the door by a soldier on guard, who would not permit us to enter without taking off our boots—a matter about which, between straps and their very muddy condition, we had some debate. The dervishes began to arrive before the question was settled, and one of them, a fine-looking old man, inviting us to enter, Mr. H—— explained the difficulty. “Go in,” said he, “go in!” and turning to the more scrupulous mussulman with the musket, as he pushed us within the door—“Stupid fellow!” said he, “if you had been less obstinate, they would have given you a *bakshish*” (Turkish for a *fee*.) He should have said less religious—for the poor fellow looked horror-struck as our dirty boots profaned the clean white Persian matting of the sacred floor. One would think, “the nearer the church the farther from God,” were as true here as it is said to be in some more civilized countries.

It was a pretty octagonal interior, with a gallery, the *mihrab* or niche indicating the direction of the prophet's tomb, standing obliquely from the front of the building, hundreds of small lamps hung in the area, just out of the reach of the dervishes' tall caps, and all around between the galleries, a part of the floor was raised, matted, and divided from the body of the church by a balustrade. It would have made an exceedingly pretty ball-room.

None but the dervishes entered within the paling, and they soon began to enter, each advancing first towards the *mihrab*, and going through fifteen or twenty minutes' prostrations and prayers. Their dress is very humble. A high, white felt-cap, without a rim, like a sugar-loaf enlarged a little at the smaller end, protects the head, and a long dress of dirt-coloured cloth, reaching quite to the heels and bound at the waist with a girdle, completes the costume. They look like men who have made up their minds to seem religious, and though said to be a set of very good fellows, they have a Maw-worm expression of face generally, which was very repulsive. I must except the chief of the sect, however, who entered when all the rest had seated themselves on the floor, and after a brief genuflexion or two, took possession of a rich Angora carpet placed for him near the *mihrab*. He was a small old man, distinguished in his dress only by the addition of a green band to his cap, (the sign of his pilgrimage to Mecca,) and the entire absence of the sanctimonious look. Still he was serious, and there was no mark in his clear, intelligent eye and amiable features, of any hesitancy or want of sincerity in his devotion. He is said to be a learned man, and he is certainly a very prepossessing one, though he would be taken up as a beggar in any city in the United States. It is a thing one learns in "dangling about the world," by the way, to form opinions of men quite independently of their dress.

After sitting awhile in quaker meditation, the brotherhood rose one by one, (there were ten of them, I think,) and marched round the room with their toes turned in, to the music of a drum and a Persian flute played invisibly in some part of the gallery. As they passed the carpet of the cross-legged chief, they twisted dexterously and made three salaams, and then raising their arms, which they held out straight during the whole dance, they commenced twirling on one foot, using the other after the manner of a paddle to keep up the motion. I forgot to mention that they laid aside their outer dresses before commencing the dance.— They remained in dirty white tunics reaching to the floor, and very full at the bottom, so that with the regular motion of their whirl the wind blew them out into a circle, like what the girls in our country call “making cheeses.” They twisted with surprising exactness and rapidity, keeping clear of each other, and maintaining their places with the regularity of machines. I have seen a great deal of waltzing, but I think the dancing dervishes for precision and spirit might give a lesson even to the Germans.

We left them twisting. They had been going for half an hour, and it began to look very like perpetual motion. Unless their brains are addled, their devotion, during this dizzy performance at least, must be quite suspended. A man who could think of his Maker, while revolving so fast that his nose is indistinct, must have some power of abstraction.

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The frigate was visited to-day by the sultan's cabinet. The seraskier pasha came alongside first in his state caique, and embraced the commodore, as he stepped upon the deck, with great cordiality. He is a short, fat old man, with a snow-white beard, and so bow-legged as to be quite deformed. He wore the red Fez cap of the army, with a long blue frock-coat, the



collar so tight as nearly to choke him, and the body not shaped to the figure, but made to fall around him like a sack. The red bloated skin of his neck fell over, so as almost to cover the gold with which the collar was embroidered. He was formerly capitan pasha, or admiral-in-chief of the fleet; and, though a good-humoured merry-looking old man, has shown himself both in his former and present capacity, to be wily, cold, and a butcher in cruelty. He possesses unlimited influence over the sultan, and, though nominally subordinate to the grand vizier, is really the second if not the first person in the empire. He was originally a Georgian slave.

The seraskier was still talking with the commodore in the gangway, when the present capitan pasha mounted the ladder, and the old man, who is understood to be at feud with his successor, turned abruptly away and walked aft. The capitan pasha is a tall, slender man, of precisely that look and manner which we call gentlemanly. His beard grows untrimmed in the Turkish fashion, and is slightly touched with gray. His eye is anxious but resolute, and he looks like a man of resource and ability. His history is as singular as that of most other great men in Turkey. He was a slave of Mohammed Ali, the rebellious pasha of Egypt. Being intrusted by his master with a brig and cargo for Leghorn, he sold vessel and lading, lived like a gentleman in Italy for some years with the proceeds, and, as the best security against the retribution of his old master, offered his services to the sultan, with whom Ali was just commencing hostilities. Naval talent was in request, and he soon arrived at his present dignity. He is said to be the only officer in the fleet who knows any thing of his profession.

Haleil Pasha arrived last. The sultan's future son-in-law is a man of perhaps thirty-five. He is light-complexioned, stout, round-faced, and looks like a respectable grocer, "well to do in the world." He has

commanded the artillery long enough to have acquired a certain air of ease and command, and carries the promise of good fortune in his confident features. He is to be married almost immediately. He, too, was a Georgian, sent as a present to the sultan.

The three dignitaries made the rounds of the ship and then entered the cabin, where the piano-forte, (a novelty to the seraskier and Haleil Pasha, and to most of the attendant officers,) and the commodore's agreeable society and Champagne, promised to detain them the remainder of the day. They were like children with a holiday. I was engaged to dine on shore, and left them on board.

In a country where there is no education and no rank, except in the possession of present power, it is not surprising that men should rise from the lowest class to the highest offices, or that they should fill those offices to the satisfaction of the sultan. Yet it is curious to hear their histories. An English physician, who is frequently called in to the seraglio, and whose practice among all the families in power gives him the best means of information, has entertained me not a little with these secrets. I shall make use of them when I have more leisure, merely mentioning here, in connexion with the above accounts, that the present grand vizier was a boatman on the Bosphorus, and the commander of the sultan's body-guard—a shoemaker! The latter still employs all his leisure in making slippers, which he presents to the sultan and his friends, not at all ashamed of his former vocation. So far, indeed, are any of these mushroom officers from blushing at their origin, that it is common to prefix the name of their profession to the title of pasha, and they are addressed by it as a proper name. This is one respect in which their European education will refine them to their disadvantage.

## LETTER LI.

The grand bazaar of Constantinople, and its infinite variety of wonders—Silent shopkeepers—Female curiosity—Adventure with a black-eyed stranger—The Bezestein—The stronghold of Orientalism—Picture of a Dragoman—The kibaub-shop; a dinner without knives, forks, or chairs—Cistern of the thousand-and-one columns.

BRING all the shops of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston together around the City Hall; remove their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street; cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old mussulmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazaar of Constantinople. You can scarcely get an idea of it without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning, and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three-story houses, and the dim light so favourable to shopkeepers comes struggling down through skylights never cleaned except by the rains of Heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are as crowded

as a church-aisle after service; and, pushed aside one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, muffled to the eyes; the next by a fat slave carrying a child; again by a *kervas* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to draw in your elbows, and suffer the motley crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be two yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves. The purchaser seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to open his lips except to tell you the price. If he exclaims "*bono*," or "*kalo*," (the only word a real Turk ever knows of another language,) he is stared at by his neighbours as a man would be in Broadway who should break out with an Italian *bravura*. Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to his kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction of Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty. Five times a day, if he were running from the plague, the mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked slippers, Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmaks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the

desired article. Feeling not the least timidity, except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying "by your leave." Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness; or if you have rings or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles; but a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs, (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar,) and, wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbows in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and a white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and, as I leaned toward her, rubbed her forefinger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned Orientals, and she wished to satisfy

herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and, putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an Oriental salaam, but to my mortification the lady only gathered up her *yashmack*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constantinople friends inform me that I am to lay no "unction to my soul" from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half-dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying about as much space as the body of the City-hall in New York, is what is called the *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between seven and twelve of the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of Orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls are old and of established credit. Here are subjects for the pencil! If you can take your eye from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue, and see what a range there is of glorious old gray-beards, with their snowy turbans! These are the Turks of the old *régime*, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a "dog of a Christian," and broke in upon the customs of the Orient. These are your opium-eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who are as certain of the miracle of Mahomet's coffin as of the length of the pipe, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz.

I have spent many an hour in the bezestein, *steeping* my fancy in its rich Orientalism, and sometimes trying to make a purchase for myself or others. It is curious to see with what perfect indifference these old cross-legs attend to the wishes of a Christian. I was idling round one day with an English traveller, whom I had known in Italy, when a Persian robe of singular beauty hanging on one of the stalls arrested my companion's attention. He had with him his Turkish dragoman; and as the old merchant was smoking away and looking right at us, we pointed to the dress over his head, and the interpreter asked to see it. The mussulman smoked calmly on, taking no more notice of us than of the white clouds curling through his beard. He might have sat for Michael Angelo's Moses. Thin, pale, calm, and of a statue-like repose of countenance and posture, with a large old-fashioned turban, and a curling beard half-mingled with gray, his neck bare, and his fine bust enveloped in the flowing and bright-coloured drapery of the East—I had never seen a more majestic figure. He evidently did not wish to have any thing to do with us. At last I took out my snuff-box, and, addressing him with "Ef-fendi!" the Turkish title of courtesy, laid my hand on my breast and offered him a pinch. Tobacco in this unaccustomed shape is a luxury here, and the amber mouth-piece emerged from his moustache, and putting his three fingers into my box, he said "pekkhe!" the Turkish ejaculation of approval. He then made room for us on his carpet, and with a cloth measure took the robe from its nail, and spread it before us. My friend bought it unhesitatingly for a dressing-gown, and we spent an hour in looking at shawls, of prices perfectly startling, arms, chalices for incense, spotless amber for pipes, pearls, bracelets of the time of Sultan Selim, and an endless variety of "things rich and rare." The closing of the bezestein-gates interrupted our agreeable employment, and our old friend gave us the

parting salaam very cordially for a Turk. I have been there frequently since, and never pass without offering my snuff-box, and taking a whiff or two from his pipe, which I cannot refuse, though it is not out of his mouth, except when offered to a friend, from sunrise till midnight.

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One of the regular "lions" of Constantinople is a *kibaub-shop*, or Turkish restaurant. In a ramble with our consul, the other day, in search of the newly-discovered cistern of a "thousand-and-one columns," we found ourselves at the hungry hour of twelve, opposite a famous shop near the slave-market. I was rather staggered at the first glance. A greasy fellow, with his shirt rolled to his shoulders, stood near the door, commending his shop to the world by slapping on the flank a whole mutton that hung beside him, while, as a customer came in, he dexterously whipped out a slice, had it cut in a twinkling into bits as large as a piece of chalk, (I have stopped five minutes in vain, to find a better comparison,) strung upon a long iron skewer, and laid on the coals. My friend is an old Constantinopolitan, and had eaten *kibaubs* before. He entered without hesitation, and the adroit butcher, giving his big trousers a fresh hitch, and tightening his girdle, made a new cut for his "narrow-legged" customers, and wished us a good appetite; (the Turks look with great contempt on our tight pantaloons, and distinguish us by this epithet.) We got up on the platform, crossed our legs under us as well as we could, and I cannot deny that the savoury missives that occasionally reached my nostrils bred a gradual reconciliation between my stomach and my eyes.

In some five minutes, a tin platter was set between us, loaded with piping-hot *kibaubs*, sprinkled with salad, and mixed with bits of bread; our friend the cook, by



way of making the amiable, stirring it up well with his fingers, as he brought it along. As Modely says in the play, "In love or mutton, I generally fall to without ceremony," but, spite of its agreeable flavour, I shut my eyes, and selected a very small bit, before I commenced upon the *kibauks*. It was very good eating, I soon found out, and, my fingers once greased, (for you are indulged with neither knife, fork, nor skewer in Turkey,) I proved myself as good a trencher-man as my friend.

The middle and lower classes of Constantinople live between these shops and the *cafés*. A dish of *kibauks* serves them for dinner, and they drink coffee, which they get for about half a cent a cup, from morning till night. We paid for our mess, (which was more than any two men could eat at once, unless *very* hungry,) twelve cents.

We started again with fresh courage, in search of the cistern. We soon found the old one, which is an immense excavation, with a roof, supported by five hundred granite columns, employed now as a place for twisting silk; and escaping from its clamorous denizens, who rushed up after us to the daylight, begging *paras*, we took one of the boys for a guide, and soon found the object of our search.

Knocking at the door of a half-ruined house, in one of the loneliest streets in the city, an old, sore-eyed Armenian, with a shabby calpack and every mark of extreme poverty, admitted us, pettishly demanding our entrance-money before he let us pass the threshold. Flights of steps, dangerously ruinous, led us down, first into a garden, far below the level of the street, and thence into a dark and damp cavern, the bottom of which was covered with water. As the eye became accustomed to the darkness, we could distinguish tall and beautiful columns of marble and granite, with superb Corinthian capitals, perhaps thirty feet in height, receding as far as the limits of our obscured sight. The

old man said there were a thousand of them. The number was doubtless exaggerated, but we saw enough to convince us, that here was covered up, almost unknown, one of the most costly and magnificent works of the Christian emperors of Constantinople.

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## LETTER LII.

The perfection of bathing—Pipes—Downy cushions—Coffee—Rubbing down—"Circular justice," as displayed in the retribution of boiled lobsters—A deluge of suds—The shampoo—Luxurious helps to imagination—A pedestrian excursion—Story of an American tar, burdened with small change—Beauty of the Turkish children—A civilized monster—Glimpse at Sultan Mahmoud in an ill-humour.

"TIME is (not) money" in the East. We were three hours to-day at the principal bath of Constantinople, going through the ordinary process of the establishment, and were out-stayed, at last, by two Turkish officers who had entered with us. During this time, we had each the assiduous service of an attendant, and coffee, lemonade, and pipes *ad libitum*, for the consideration of half a Spanish dollar.

Although I have once described a Turkish bath, the metropolitan "pomp and circumstance" so far exceed the provincial in this luxury, that I think I shall be excused for dwelling a moment upon it again. The dressing-room opens at once from the street. We descended half-a-dozen steps to a stone floor, in the centre of which stood a large marble fountain. Its basin was kept full by several *jets d'eau*, which threw their

collar so tight as nearly to choke him, and the body not shaped to the figure, but made to fall around him like a sack. The red bloated skin of his neck fell over, so as almost to cover the gold with which the collar was embroidered. He was formerly capitan pasha, or admiral-in-chief of the fleet; and, though a good-humoured merry-looking old man, has shown himself both in his former and present capacity, to be wily, cold, and a butcher in cruelty. He possesses unlimited influence over the sultan, and, though nominally subordinate to the grand vizier, is really the second if not the first person in the empire. He was originally a Georgian slave.

The seraskier was still talking with the commodore in the gangway, when the present capitan pasha mounted the ladder, and the old man, who is understood to be at feud with his successor, turned abruptly away and walked aft. The capitan pasha is a tall, slender man, of precisely that look and manner which we call gentlemanly. His beard grows untrimmed in the Turkish fashion, and is slightly touched with gray. His eye is anxious but resolute, and he looks like a man of resource and ability. His history is as singular as that of most other great men in Turkey. He was a slave of Mohammed Ali, the rebellious pasha of Egypt. Being intrusted by his master with a brig and cargo for Leghorn, he sold vessel and lading, lived like a gentleman in Italy for some years with the proceeds, and, as the best security against the retribution of his old master, offered his services to the sultan, with whom Ali was just commencing hostilities. Naval talent was in request, and he soon arrived at his present dignity. He is said to be the only officer in the fleet who knows any thing of his profession.

Haleil Pasha arrived last. The sultan's future son-in-law is a man of perhaps thirty-five. He is light-complexioned, stout, round-faced, and looks like a respectable grocer, "well to do in the world." He has

commanded the artillery long enough to have acquired a certain air of ease and command, and carries the promise of good fortune in his confident features. He is to be married almost immediately. He, too, was a Georgian, sent as a present to the sultan.

The three dignitaries made the rounds of the ship and then entered the cabin, where the piano-forte, (a novelty to the seraskier and Haleil Pasha, and to most of the attendant officers,) and the commodore's agreeable society and Champagne, promised to detain them the remainder of the day. They were like children with a holiday. I was engaged to dine on shore, and left them on board.

In a country where there is no education and no rank, except in the possession of present power, it is not surprising that men should rise from the lowest class to the highest offices, or that they should fill those offices to the satisfaction of the sultan. Yet it is curious to hear their histories. An English physician, who is frequently called in to the seraglio, and whose practice among all the families in power gives him the best means of information, has entertained me not a little with these secrets. I shall make use of them when I have more leisure, merely mentioning here, in connexion with the above accounts, that the present grand vizier was a boatman on the Bosphorus, and the commander of the sultan's body-guard a shoemaker! The latter still employs all his leisure in making slippers, which he presents to the sultan and his friends, not at all ashamed of his former vocation. So far, indeed, are any of these mushroom officers from blushing at their origin, that it is common to prefix the name of their profession to the title of pasha, and they are addressed by it as a proper name. This is one respect in which their European education will refine them to their disadvantage.

## LETTER LI.

The grand bazaar of Constantinople, and its infinite variety of wonders—Silent shopkeepers—Female curiosity—Adventure with a black-eyed stranger—The Bezestein—The stronghold of Orientalism—Picture of a Dragoman—The kibaub-shop; a dinner without knives, forks, or chairs—Cistern of the thousand-and-one columns.

BRING all the shops of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston together around the City Hall; remove their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street; cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old mussulmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazaar of Constantinople. You can scarcely get an idea of it without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning, and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three-story houses, and the dim light so favourable to shopkeepers comes struggling down through skylights never cleaned except by the rains of Heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are as crowded

as a church-aisle after service; and, pushed aside one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, muffled to the eyes; the next by a fat slave carrying a child; again by a *kervas* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to draw in your elbows, and suffer the motley crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be two yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves. The purchaser seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to open his lips except to tell you the price. If he exclaims "*bono*," or "*kalo*," (the only word a real Turk ever knows of another language,) he is stared at by his neighbours as a man would be in Broadway who should break out with an Italian *bravura*. Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to his kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction of Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty. Five times a day, if he were running from the plague, the mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked slippers, Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmacks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the

desired article. Feeling not the least timidity, except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying "by your leave." Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness; or if you have rings or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles; but a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs, (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar,) and, wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbows in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and a white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and, as I leaned toward her, rubbed her forefinger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned Orientals, and she wished to satisfy

herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and, putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an Oriental salaam, but to my mortification the lady only gathered up her *yashmack*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constantinople friends inform me that I am to lay no "unction to my soul" from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half-dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying about as much space as the body of the City-hall in New York, is what is called the *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between seven and twelve of the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of Orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls are old and of established credit. Here are subjects for the pencil! If you can take your eye from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue, and see what a range there is of glorious old gray-beards, with their snowy turbans! These are the Turks of the old *régime*, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a "dog of a Christian," and broke in upon the customs of the Orient. These are your opium-eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who are as certain of the miracle of Mahomet's coffin as of the length of the pipe, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz.



## LETTER LIII.

Beauties of the Bosphorus—Summer-palace of the Sultan—Adventure with an old Turkish woman—The feast of Bairam—The Sultan his own butcher—His evil propensities—Visit to the mosques—A formidable dervish—Santa Sophia—Mosque of Sultan Achmet—Traces of Christianity.

FROM this elevated point, the singular effect of a desert commencing from the very streets of the city is still more observable. The compact edge of the metropolis is visible even upon the more rural Bosphorus, not an enclosure or a straggling house venturing to protrude beyond the closely-pressed limit. To repeat the figure, it seems, with the prodigious mass of habitations on either shore, as if all the cities of both Europe and Asia were swept to their respective borders; or as if the crowded masses upon the long-extending shores were the deposite of some mighty overflow of the sea.

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Among other bad traits, Mahmoud is said to be very avaricious. It is related of his youth, that he was permitted occasionally, with his brother, (who was murdered to make room for him on the throne,) to walk out in public on certain days with their governor; and that, upon these occasions, each was intrusted with a purse to be expended in charity. The elder brother soon distributed his piastres, and borrowed of his attendants to continue his charities; while Mahmoud quietly put the purse in his pocket, and added it to his private

board on his return. It is said, too, that he has a particular passion for upholstery, and, in his frequent change from one serai to another, allows no nail to be driven without his supervision. Add to this a spirit of perverse contradiction, so truculent that none but the most abject flatterers can preserve his favour, and you have a pretty handful of offsets against a character certainly not without some royal qualities.

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With one of the Reis Effendi's and one of the Seraskier's officers, followed by four *kervasses* in the Turkish military dress, and every man a pair of slippers in his pocket, we accompanied the commodore, to-day, on a visit to the principal mosques.

Landing first at Tophana, on the Pera side, we entered the court of the new mosque built by the present sultan, whose elegant exterior of white marble, and two freshly-gilded minarets we had admired daily, lying at anchor without sound of the muezzin. The morning prayers were just over, and the retiring Turks looked, with lowering brows, at us, as we pulled off our boots on the sacred threshold.

We entered upon what, but for the high pulpit, I should have taken for rather a superb ball-room. An unencumbered floor carpeted gaily; a small arabesque gallery over the door quite like an orchestra; chandeliers and lamps in great profusion, and walls painted of the brightest and most varied colours, formed an interior rather wanting in the "dim religious light" of a place of worship. We were shuffling round in our slippers from one side to the other, examining the marble *mihrab* and the narrow and towering pulpit, when a ragged and decrepit dervish, with his papooshes in his hand, and his toes and heels protruding from a very dirty pair of stockings, rose from his prayers and began walking backward and forward, eyeing us fero-

ciously and muttering himself into quite a passion. His charity for infidels was evidently at a low ebb. Every step we took upon the holy floor seemed to add to his fury. The *kervasses* observed him, but his sugar-loaf cap carried some respect with it, and they evidently did not like to meddle with him. He followed us to the door, fixing his hollow gray eyes with a deadly glare upon each one as he went out, and the Turkish officers seemed rather glad to hurry us out of his way. He left us in the vestibule, and we mounted a handsome marble staircase to a suite of apartments above, communicating with the sultan's private gallery. The carpets here were richer, and the divans, with which the half dozen saloons were surrounded, were covered with the most costly stuffs of the East. The gallery was divided from the area of the mosque by a fine brazen grating curiously wrought, and its centre occupied by a rich Ottoman, whereon the imperial legs are crossed in the intervals of his prostrations. It was about the size and had the air altogether of a private box at the Opera.

We crossed the Golden Horn, and passing the eunuch's guard, entered the gardens of the seraglio on our way to Santa Sophia. An inner wall still separated us from the gilded kiosks, at whose latticed windows, peering above the trees, we might have clearly perused the features of any peeping inmate; but the little crossed bars revealed nothing but their own provoking eye of the size of a rose leaf in the centre, and we reached the upper gate without even a glimpse of a waved handkerchief to stir our chivalry to the rescue.

A confused mass of buttresses without form or order, is all that you are shown for the exterior of that "wonder of the world," the mosque of mosques, the renowned Santa Sophia. We descended a dark avenue, and leaving our boots in a vestibule that the horse of Mahomet the Second, if he was lodged as ambitiously living as dead, would have disdained for his stable, we

entered the vaulted area. A long breath and an admission of its attributed almost supernatural grandeur followed our too hasty disappointment. It is indeed a "vast and wondrous dome!" Its dimensions are less than those of St. Peter's at Rome, but its effect, owing to its unity and simplicity of design is, I think, superior. The numerous small galleries let into its sides add richness to it without impairing its apparent magnitude; and its vast floor, upon which a single individual is almost lost, the sombre colours of its walls untouched probably for centuries, and the dim sepulchral light that struggles through the deep-niched and retiring windows, form altogether an interior from which the imagination returns, like the dove to the ark, fluttering and bewildered.

Our large party separated over its wilderness of a floor, and each might have had his hour of solitude, had the once Christian spirit of the spot (or the present pagan demon) affected him religiously. I found, myself, a singular pleasure in wandering about upon the elastic mats, (laid four or five thick all over the floor,) examining here a tattered banner hung against the wall, and there a rich Cashmere which had covered the tomb of the prophet; on one side a slab of transparent alabaster from the temple of Solomon, (a strange relic for a Mahometan mosque,) and on the other a dark *mihrab* surrounded by candles of incredible proportions, looking like the marble columns of some friezeless portico. The four "six-winged cherubim" on the roof of the dome, sole remaining trace as they are of the religion to which the building was first dedicated, had better been left to the imagination.—They are monstrous in mosaic. It is said that the whole interior of the mosque is cased beneath its dusky plaster with the same costly mosaic which covers the ceiling. To make a Mahometan mosque of a Christian church, however, it was necessary to erase Christian emblems from the walls; besides which the Turks

have a superstitious horror of all imitative arts, considering the painting of the human features particularly, as a mockery of the handiwork of Allah.

We went hence to the more modern mosque of Sultan Achmet, which is an imitation of Santa Sophia within, but its own beautiful prototype in exterior.— Its spacious and solemn court, its six heaven-piercing minarets, its fountains, and the mausoleums of the sultans, with their gilded cupolas, and sarcophagi covered with Cashmeres, (the murdering sultan and his murdered brothers lying in equal splendour side by side,) are of a style of richness peculiarly Oriental and imposing. We visited in succession Sultan Bajazet, Sulymanye, and Sultana Validé, all of the same arabesque exterior, and very similar within. The description of one leaves very little to be said of the other; and with the exception of Santa Sophia, of which I should like to make a lounge when I am in love with my own company, the mosques of Constantinople are a kind of “lion” well killed in a single visit.

## LETTER LIV.

Farewell to Constantinople—Europe and the East compared—The departure—Smyrna, the great mart for figs—An excursion into Asia Minor—Travelling equipments—Character of the hajjis—Encampment of Gipsies—A youthful Hebe—*Note*, Horror of the Turks for the “unclean animal”—An anecdote.

I HAVE spent the last day or two in farewell visits to my favourite haunts in Constantinople. I galloped up the Bosphorus, almost envying *les ames damnées* that skim so swiftly and perpetually from the Symplegades to Marmora, and from Marmora back to the Symplegades. I took a caique to the Valley of Sweet Waters, and rambled away an hour on its silken sward. I lounged a morning in the bazaars, smoked a parting-pipe with my old Turk in the Bezestein, and exchanged a last salaam with the venerable Armenian bookseller, still poring over his illuminated Hafiz. And last night, with the sundown-boat waiting at the pier, I loitered till twilight in the small and elevated cemetery between Galata and Pera, and, with feelings of even painful regret, gazed my last upon the matchless scene around me. In the words of the eloquent author of Anastasius, when taking the same farewell, “For the last time, my eye wandered over the dimpled hills, glided along the winding waters, and dived



## LETTER LIII.

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board on his return. It is said, too, that he has a particular passion for upholstery, and, in his frequent change from one serai to another, allows no nail to be driven without his supervision. Add to this a spirit of perverse contradiction, so truculent that none but the most abject flatterers can preserve his favour, and you have a pretty handful of offsets against a character certainly not without some royal qualities.

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With one of the Reis Effendi's and one of the Seraskier's officers, followed by four *kervasses* in the Turkish military dress, and every man a pair of slippers in his pocket, we accompanied the commodore, to-day, on a visit to the principal mosques.

Landing first at Tophana, on the Pera side, we entered the court of the new mosque built by the present sultan, whose elegant exterior of white marble, and two freshly-gilded minarets we had admired daily, lying at anchor without sound of the muezzin. The morning prayers were just over, and the retiring Turks looked, with lowering brows, at us, as we pulled off our boots on the sacred threshold.

We entered upon what, but for the high pulpit, I should have taken for rather a superb ball-room. An unencumbered floor carpeted gaily; a small arabesque gallery over the door quite like an orchestra; chandeliers and lamps in great profusion, and walls painted of the brightest and most varied colours, formed an interior rather wanting in the "dim religious light" of a place of worship. We were shuffling round in our slippers from one side to the other, examining the marble *mihrab* and the narrow and towering pulpit, when a ragged and decrepit dervish, with his papooshes in his hand, and his toes and heels protruding from a very dirty pair of stockings, rose from his prayers and began walking backward and forward, eyeing us fero-

ment of swinging an infant in a small wicker hammock, suspended in the centre of the tent. Her dark but prettily-rounded arm was decked with a bracelet of silver pieces; and just between two of the finest eyes I ever saw, was suspended, by a yellow thread, one of the small gold coins of Constantinople. Her softly moulded bust was entirely bare, and might have served for the model of a youthful Hebe. A girdle around her waist sustained loosely a long pair of full Turkish trousers, of the colour and fashion usually worn by women in the East, and, caught over her hip, hung suspended by its fringe the truant shawl that had been suffered to fall from her shoulders and expose her guarded beauty. I stood admiring her a full minute, before I observed a middle-aged woman in the opposite corner, who, bending over her work, was fortunately as late in observing my intrusive presence. As I advanced half a step, however, my shadow fell into the tent, and, starting with surprise, she rose and dropped the curtain.

We re-mounted, and I rode on, thinking of the vision of loveliness I was leaving in that wild dell. We travel a great way to see hills and rivers, thought I, but, after all, a human being is a more interesting object than a mountain. I shall remember the little gipsy of Hadjilar long after I have forgotten Hermus and Sipylus.

Our road dwindled to a mere bridle-path as we advanced, and the scenery grew wild and barren. The horses were all sad stumblers, and the uneven rocks gave them every apology for coming down whenever they could forget the spur; and so we entered the broad and green valley of *Yackerhem*, (I write it as I heard it pronounced,) and drew up at the door of a small hovel, serving the double purpose of a *café* and a guard-house.

A Turkish officer of the old *régime*, turbaned and cross-legged, and armed with pistols and ataghan, sat

smoking on one side the brazier of coals, and the *cafe-jee* exercised his small vocation on the other. Before the door, a raised platform of green sward, and a marble slab, facing toward Mecca, indicated the place for prayer; and a dashing rider of a Turk, who had kept us company from Smyrna, flying past us and dropping to the rear alternately, had taken off his slippers at the moment we arrived, and was commencing his noon devotions.

We gathered round our commissary's saddle-bags, and shocked our mussulman friends by producing the unclean beast\* and the forbidden liquor, which, with the delicious Turkey coffee, never better than in these way-side hovels, furnished forth a traveller's meal.

\* Talking of hams, two of the sultan's chief eunuchs applied to an English physician, a friend of mine, at Constantinople, to accompany them on board the American frigate. I engaged to wait on board for them on a certain day, but they did not make their appearance. They gave, as their apology, that they could not defile themselves by entering a ship polluted by the presence of that unclean animal, the hog.

palace-windows, announcing, in their first flourish, that Sultan Mahmoud had thrust his fingers into his *pillaw*, and his subjects were at liberty to dine. Not finding their music much to our taste, we ordered the *caikjees* to assist the current a little, and shooting past Stavros, we put across the Strait from the old palace of Shemshéh the vizier, and, in a few minutes, I was once more in my floating home, under the "star-spangled banner."

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Our devout companion left us at the first turning in the town, laying his hand to his breast in gratitude for having been suffered to annoy us all day with his brilliant equitation, and we stumbled in through the increasing shadows of twilight to the caravanserai.

It is very possible that the reader has but a slender conception of an Oriental hotel. Supposing it, at least, from the inadequacy of my own previous ideas, I shall allow myself a little particularity in the description of the conveniences which the travelling Zuleikas and Fatimas, the Maleks and Othmans, of Eastern story, encounter in their romantic journeys.

It was near the farther outskirt of the large city of Magnesia, (the accent, I repeat, is on the penult,) that we found the way encumbered with some scores of kneeling camels, announcing our vicinity to a khan. A large wooden building, rather off its perpendicular, with a great many windows, but no panes in them, and only here and there a shutter hanging by the eyelids, presently appeared; and entering its hospitable gateway, which had neither gate nor porter, we dismounted in a large court, lit only by the stars, and pre-occupied by any number of mules and horses. An inviting staircase led to a gallery encircling the whole area, from which opened thirty or forty small doors; but, though we made as much noise as could be expected of as many men and horses, no waiter looked over the balustrade, nor maid Cicely, nor Boniface, or their corresponding representatives in Turkey, invited us in. The suridjee looked to his horses, which was his business, and to look to ourselves was ours; though, with our stiff limbs and clamorous appetites, we set about it rather despairingly.

The Figaro of the Turks is a *cafejee*, who, besides shaving, making coffee and bleeding, is supposed to be capable of every office required by man. He is generally a Greek, the mussulman seldom having sufficient facility of character for the vocation. In a few mi-

nutes, then, the nearest Figaro was produced, who scarce dissembling his surprise at the improvidence of travellers who went about without pot or kettle, bag of rice or bottle of oil, led the way with his primitive lamp to our apartment. We might have our choice of twenty. Having looked at the other nineteen, we came back to the first, reconciled to it by sheer force of comparison. Of its two windows one alone had a shutter that would fulfil its destiny. It contained neither chair, table, nor utensil of any description. Its floor had not been swept, nor its walls whitewashed since the days of Timour the Tartar. "Kalo! Kalo!" (Greek for "you will be very comfortable,") cried our commissary, throwing down some old mats to spread our carpets upon. But the mats were alive with vermin, and, for sweeping the room, the dust would not have been laid till midnight. So, we threw down our carpets upon the floor, and driving from our minds the too luxurious thoughts of clean straw, and a corner in a warm barn, sat down, by the glimmer of a flaring taper, to wait, with what patience we might, for a chicken still breathing freely on his roost, and turn our backs as ingeniously as possible on a chilly December wind, that came in at the open window, as if it knew the caravanseraï were free to all comers. There is but one circumstance to add to this faithful description—and it is one which, in the minds of many very worthy persons, would turn the scale in favour of the hotels of the East, with all their disadvantages—there was nothing to pay!

Ali Bey, in his travels, predicts the fall of the Ottoman empire, from the neglected state of the khans; this inattention to the public institutions of hospitality being a falling away from the leading Mussulman virtue. They never gave the traveller more than a shelter, however, in their best days; and to enter a cold, unfurnished room, after a day's hard travel, even if the floor were clean, and the windows would shut, is rather comfortless. Yet such is Eastern travel, and the alter-

into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its sea-beat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed, in slow succession, every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticos, whose pinnacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress-trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever, descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sank my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bar of silvery light, pointing my way, as it were, to other unknown regions."

There are few intellectual pleasures like that of finding our own thoughts and feelings well described by another.

I certainly would not live in the East; and when I sum up its inconveniences and the deprivations to which the traveller from Europe, with his refined wants, is subjected, I marvel at the heart-ache with which I turn my back upon it, and the deep dye it has infused into my imagination. Its few peculiar luxuries do not compensate for the total absence of comfort; its lovely scenery cannot reconcile you to wretched lodgings; its picturesque costumes and poetical people, and golden sky, fine food for a summer's fancy as they are, cannot make you forget the civilized pleasures you abandon for them—the fresh literature, the arts and music, the refined society, the elegant pursuits, and the stirring intellectual collision of the cities of Europe.

Yet the world contains nothing like Constantinople.

If we could compel all our senses into one, and live by the pleasure of the eye, it were a Paradise untranscended. The Bosphorus—the superb, peculiar, incomparable Bosphorus! the dream-like, fairy-built seraglio! the sights within the city so richly strange, and the valleys and streams around it so exquisitely fair! the voluptuous softness of the dark eyes haunting your every step on shore, and the spirit-like swiftness and elegance of your darting caique upon the waters! In what land is the priceless sight such a treasure? Where is the fancy so delicately and divinely pampered?

Every heave at the capstan-bars drew upon my heart; and when the unwilling anchor, at last, let go its hold, and the frigate swung free with the outward current, I felt as if, in that moment, I had parted my hold upon a land of faëry. The dark cypresses and golden pinnacles of Seraglio Point, and the higher shafts of Sophia's sky-touching minarets, were the last objects in my swiftly-receding eye, and in a short hour or two, the whole bright vision had sunk below the horizon.

We crossed Marmora, and shot down the rapid Dardanelles in as many hours as the passage up had occupied days, and, rounding the coast of Anatolia, entered between Mitylene and the Asian shore, and, on the third day, anchored in the bay of Smyrna.

"Every body knows Smyrna," says MacFarlane, *'it is such a place for figs!'* It is a low-built town, at the head of the long gulf which bears its name, and, with the exception of the high rock immediately over it, topped by the ruins of an old castle, said to embody in its walls the ancient Christian Church, it has no very striking features. Extensive gardens spread away on every side, and without exciting much of your admiration for its beauty, there is a look of peace and rural comfort about the neighbourhood that affects the mind pleasantly.

Almost immediately on my arrival, I joined a party for a few days' tour in Asia Minor. We were five, and, with a baggage-horse and a mounted *suridjee*, our caravan was rather respectable. Our appointments were Orientally simple. We had each a Turkish bed, (alias, a small carpet,) a nightcap, and a "copyhold" upon a pair of saddle bags, containing certain things forbidden by the Koran, and therefore not likely to be found by the way. Our attendant was a most ill-favoured Turk, whose pilgrimage to Mecca (he was a hajji, and wore a green turban,) had, at least, imparted no sanctity to his visage. If he was not a rogue, nature had mislabelled him, and I shelter my want of charity under the Arabic proverb: "Distrust thy neighbour if he has made a hajji; if he has made two, make haste to leave thy house."

We wound our way slowly out of the narrow and ill-paved streets of Smyrna, and passing through the suburban gardens, yellow with lemons and oranges, crossed a small bridge over the Hermus. This is a favourite walk of the Smyrniotes; and if its classic river, whose "golden sands" (here, at least) are not golden, and its "Bath of Diana" near by, whose waters would scarcely purify her "silver bow," are something less than their sounding names, there is a cool dark cemetery beyond, less famous, but more practicable for sentiment, and many a shadowy vine and drooping tree in the gardens around, that might recompense lovers, perhaps, for the dirty labyrinth of the intervening suburb.

We spurred away over the long plain of Hadjilar, leaving to the right and left the pretty villages ornamented by the summer-residences of the wealthy merchants of Smyrna, and in two or three hours reached a small lone *café*, at the foot of its bounding range of mountains. We dismounted here to breathe our horses, and, while coffee was preparing, I discovered, in a green hollow hard by, a small encampment of

gipsies. With stones in our hands, as the *cafejee* told us the dogs were troublesome, we walked down into the little round-bottomed dell, a spot selected with "a lover's eye for nature," and were brought to bay by a dozen noble shepherd-dogs, within a few yards of their outer tent.

The noise brought out an old sun-burnt woman, and two or three younger ones, with a troop of boys, who called in the dogs, and invited us kindly within their limits. The tents were placed in a half-circle, with their doors inward, and were made with extreme neatness. There were eight or nine of them, very small and low, with round tops, the cloth stretched tightly over an inner frame, and bound curiously down on the outside with beautiful wicker-work. The curtains at the entrance were looped up to admit the grateful sun, and the compactly arranged interiors lay open to our prying curiosity. In the rounded corner farthest from the door lay uniformly the same goat-skin beds, flat on the ground; and in the centre of most of them stood a small loom, at which the occupant plied her task like an automaton, not betraying by any sign a consciousness of our presence. They sat cross-legged like the Turks, and had all a look of habitual sternness, which, with their thin, strongly marked gipsy features, and wild eyes, gave them more the appearance of men. It was the first time I had ever remarked such a character upon a class of female faces, and I should have thought I had mistaken their sex if their half-naked figures had not put it beyond a doubt. The men were probably gone to Smyrna, as none were visible in the encampment. As we were about returning, the curtain of the largest tent, which had been dropped on our entrance, was lifted cautiously by a beautiful girl, of perhaps thirteen, who, not remarking that I was somewhat in the rear of my companions, looked after them a moment, and then, fastening back the dingy folds by a string, returned to her employ-

rock, and probably, from their numerous niches, intended as family sepulchres. They are now the convenient eyries of great numbers of eagles, which circle continually around the summits, and poise themselves on the wing along the sides of these lonely mountains in undisturbed security.

We arrived early in the afternoon at Casabar, a pretty town at the foot of Mount Tmolus. Having eaten a melon, the only thing for which the place is famous, we proposed to go on to Achmet-lee, some three hours farther. The suridjee, however, whose horses were hired by the day, had made up his mind to sleep at Casabar; and so we were at issue. Our stock of Turkish was soon exhausted, and the hajji was coolly unbuckling the girths of the baggage-horse, without condescending even to answer our appeal with a look. The Mussulman idlers of the *café* opposite took their pipes from their mouths and smiled. The gay *cafejee* went about his arrangements for our accommodation, quite certain that we were there for the night. I had given up the point myself, when one of my companions, with a look of the most confident triumph, walked up to the suridjee, and, tapping him on the shoulder, held before his eyes a paper with the seal of the pasha of Smyrna in broad characters at the top. After the astonished Turk had looked at it for a moment, he commenced in good round English and poured upon him a volume of incoherent rhapsody, slapping the paper violently with his hand and pointing to the road. The effect was instantaneous. The girth was hastily rebuckled, and the frightened suridjee put his hand to his head in token of submission, mounted in the greatest hurry, and rode out of the court of the caravanserai. The *cafejee* made his salaam, and the spectators wished us respectfully a good journey. The magic paper was an old passport, and our friend had calculated securely on the natural dread of the incomprehensible, quite sure that there was not more than one man in the vil-

lage that could read, and none short of Smyrna who could understand his English.

The plain between Casabar and Achmet-lee is quite a realization of poetry. It is twelve miles of soft, bright green-sward, broken only with clumps of luxuriant oleanders, an occasional cluster of the "black tents of Kedar" with their flocks about them, and here and there a loose and grazing camel indolently lifting his broad foot from the grass as if he felt the coolness and verdure to its spongy core. One's heart seems to stay behind as he rides onward through such places.

The village of Achmet-lee consists of a coffee-house with a single room. We arrived about sunset, and found the fireplace surrounded by six or seven Turks, squatted on their hams, travellers like ourselves, who had arrived before us. There was fortunately a second fireplace, which was soon blazing with fagots of fig and oleander, and, with a *pillaw* between us, we crooked our tired legs under us on the earthen floor, and made ourselves as comfortable as a total absence of every comfort would permit. The mingled smoke of tobacco and the chimney drove me out of doors as soon as our greasy meal was finished, and the contrast was enough to make one in love with nature. The moon was quite full, and pouring her light down through the transparent and dazzling sky of the East with indescribable splendour. The fires of twenty or thirty caravans were blazing in the fields around, and the low cries of the camels, and the hum of voices from the various groups, were mingled with the sound of a stream that came noisily down its rocky channel from the nearest spur of Mount 'Tmolus. I walked up and down the narrow camel-path till midnight; and if the kingly spirits of ancient Lydia did not keep me company in the neighbourhood of their giant graves, it was perhaps because the feet that trod down their ashes came from a world of which Cræsus and Abyattis never heard.



The sin of late rising is seldom chargeable upon an earthen bed, and we were in the saddle by sunrise, breathing an air that, after our smoky cabin, was like a spice-wind from Arabia. Winding round the base of the chain of mountains which we had followed for twenty or thirty miles, we ascended a little, after a brisk trot of two or three hours, and came in sight of the citadel of ancient Sardis, perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a slender rock. A natural terrace, perhaps a hundred feet above the plain, expanded from the base of the hill, and this was the commanding site of the capital of Lydia. Dividing us from it ran the classic and "golden-sanded" Pactolus, descending from the mountains in a small, narrow valley, covered with a verdure so fresh, that it requires some power of fancy to realize that a crowded empire ever swarmed on its borders. Crossing the small, bright stream, we rode along the other bank, winding up its ascending curve, and dismounted at the ruins of the Temple of Cybele, a heap of gigantic fragments strewn confusedly over the earth, with two majestic columns rising lone and beautiful into the air.

A Dutch artist, who was of our party, spread his drawing-broad and pencils upon one of the fallen Ionic capitals; the suridjee tied his horses' heads together, and laid himself at his length upon the grass, and the rest of us ascended the long steep hill to the citadel. With some loss of breath, and a battle with the dogs of a gipsy encampment, hidden so as almost to be invisible among the shrubbery of the hill-side, we stood at last upon a peak, crested with one tottering remnant of a wall, the remains of a castle, whose foundations have crumbled beneath it. It looks as if the next rain must send the whole mass into the valley.

It puzzled my unmilitary brain to conceive how Alexander and his Macedonians climbed these airy precipices, if taking the citadel was a part of his conquest of Lydia. The fortifications in the rear have a

sheer descent from their solid walls of two or three hundred perpendicular feet, with scarce a vine clinging by the way. I left my companions discussing the question, and walked to the other edge of the hill, overlooking the immense plains below. The tumuli which mark the sepulchres of the kings of Lydia rose like small hills on the opposite and distant bank of the Hermus. The Broad fields, which were once the "wealth of Cræsus," lay still fertile and green along the banks of their historic river. Thyatira and Philadelphia were almost within reach of my eye, and I stood upon Sardis—in the midst of the sites of the Seven Churches. Below lay the path of the myriad armies of Persia, on their march to Greece; here Alexander pitched his tents after the battle of Granicus, whiling away the winter in the lap of captive Lydia; and over the small ruin just discernible on the southern bank of the Pactolus, "the angel of the church of Sardis" brooded with his protecting wings, till the few who had "not defiled their garments" were called to "walk in white," in the promised reward of the Apocalypse.

We descended again to the Temple of Cybele, and mounting our horses, rode down to the Palace of Cræsus. Parts of the outer walls, the bases of the portico, and the marble steps of an inner court, are all that remain of the splendour that Solon was called upon in vain to admire. With the permission of six or seven storks, whose coarse nests were built upon the highest points of the ruins, we selected the broadest of the marble blocks lying in the deserted area, and, spreading our travellers' breakfast upon it, forgot even the kingly builder in our well-earned appetites.

There are three parallel walls remaining of the ancient church of Sardis. They stand on a gentle slope, just above the edge of the Pactolus, and might easily be rebuilt into a small chapel, with only the materials within them. There are many other ruins on the site

of the city, but none designated by a name. We loitered about, collecting relics, and indulging our fancies, till the suridjee reminded us of the day's journey before us; and with a drink from the Pactolus, and a farewell look at the beautiful Ionic columns standing on its lonely bank, we put spurs to our horses and galloped once more down into the valley.

Our Turkish saddles grew softer on the third day's journey, and we travelled more at ease. I found the freedom and solitude of the wide and unfenced country growing at every mile more upon my liking. The heart expands as one gives his horse the rein and gallops over these wild paths without toll-gate or obstacle. I can easily understand the feeling of Ali Bey on his return to Europe from the East.

Our fourth day's journey lay through the valley between the Tmolus and Semering—the fairest portion of the dominions of Timour the Tartar. How gracefully shaped were those slopes to the mountains! How bright the rivers! How green the banks! How like a new-created and still unpeopled world it seemed, with every tree and flower and fruit, the perfect model of its kind!

Leaving the secluded village of Nymphæ nested in the mountains on our left, as we approached the end of our circuitous journey, we entered early in the afternoon the long plains of Hadjilar, and with tired horses and (*malgré* romance) an agreeable anticipation of Christian beds and supper, we dismounted in Smyrna at sunset.

## LETTER LVII.

Smyrna—Charms of its society—Hospitality of foreign residents—  
The Marina—The Casino—A narrow escape from the plague—  
Departure of the frigate—American navy—A tribute of respect  
and gratitude—The farewell.

WHAT can I say of Smyrna? Its mosques and bazaars scarce deserve description after those of Constantinople. It has neither pictures, scenery, nor any peculiarities of costume or manners. There are no "lions" here. It is only one of the most agreeable places in the world, exactly the sort of thing that (without compelling private individuals to sit for their portraits)\* is the least describable. Of the fortnight of constant pleasure that I have passed here, I do not well know how I can eke out half a page that would amuse you.

The society of Smyrna has some advantages over that of any other city I have seen. It is composed entirely of the families of merchants, who, separated from

\* A courteous old traveller, of the last century, whose book I have somewhere fallen in with, indulges his recollections of Smyrna with less scruple. "Mrs. B.," he says, "who has travelled a great deal, is mistress of both French and Italian. The Misses W. are all amiable young ladies. A Miss A., whose name is expressive of the passion she inspires, without being beautiful, possesses a *je ne sais quoi*, which fascinates more than beauty itself. Not to love her, one must never have seen her. And who would not be captivated by the vivacity of Miss B.?" How charming thus to go about the world, describing the fairest of its wonders, instead of stupid mountains and rivers!

the Turkish inhabitants, occupy a distinct quarter of the town, are responsible only to their consuls, and having no nobility above, and none but dependants below them, live in a state of cordial republican equality that is not found even in America. They are of all nations, and the principal languages of Europe are spoken by every body. Hospitality is carried to an extent more like the golden age, than these "days of iron;" and, as a necessary result of the free mixture of languages and feelings, there is a degree of information, and liberality of sentiment among them, united to a free and joyous tone of manners, and habits of living, that is quite extraordinary in men of their care-fraught profession. Our own country, I am proud to say, is most honourably represented. There is no traveller to the East, of any nation, who does not carry away with him from Smyrna grateful recollections of one at least whose hospitality is as open as his gate. This living over warehouses of opium, I am inclined to think, is healthy for the heart.

After having seen the packing of figs; wondered at the enormous burdens carried by the porters; ridden to Bougiar and the castle on the hill, and admired the caravan of the Bey-Oglou, whose camels are, certainly, the handsomest that come into Smyrna, one has nothing to do but dine, dance, and walk on the Marina. The last is a circumstance the traveller does well not to miss. A long street extends along the bay, lined with the houses of the rich merchants of the town; and for the two hours before sunset, every family is to be seen sitting outside its door upon the public pavement, while beaux and belles stroll up and down in all the gaiety of perpetual holiday. They are the most out-of-doors people, the Smyrniotes, that I have ever seen. And one reason, perhaps, is, that they have a beauty which has nothing to fear from the daylight. The rich, classic, glowing faces of the Greeks, the paler and livelier French, the serious and

impassioned Italian, the blooming English, and the shrinking and fragile American, mingle together in this concourse of grace and elegance, like the varied flowers in the garden. I would match Smyrna against the world for beauty. And, then, such sociability, such primitive cordiality of manners as you find among them! It is quite a Utopia. You would think that little republic of merchants; separate from the Christian world, on a heathen shore, had commenced *de novo*, from Eden—ignorant, as yet, of jealousy, envy, suspicion, and the other ingredients with which the old world mingles up its refinements. It is a very pleasant place, Smyrna.

The stranger, on his arrival, is immediately introduced to the Casino—a large palace, supported by the subscription of the residents, containing a reading-room furnished with all the gazettes and reviews of Europe, a ball-room frequently used, a coffee-room, whence the delicious mocha is brought to you whenever you enter, billiard-tables, card-rooms, &c. &c. The merchants are all members, and any member can introduce a stranger, and give him all the privileges of the place during his stay in the city. It is a courtesy that is not a little drawn upon. English, French, and American ships of war are almost always in the port, and the officers are privileged guests. Every traveller to the East passes by Smyrna, and there are always numbers at the Casino. In fact, the hospitality of this kindest of cities has not the usual demerit of being rarely called upon. It seems to have grown with the demand for it.

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Idling away the time very agreeably at Smyrna, waiting for a vessel to go—I care not where. I have offered myself as a passenger in the first ship that sails. I rather lean toward Palestine and Egypt, but there are no vessels for Jaffa or Alexandria. A brig, crowded with hajjis to Jerusalem, sailed on the first day of my

arrival at Smyrna, and I was on the point of a hasty embarkation, when my good angel, in the shape of a sudden caprice, sent me off to Sardis. The plague broke out on board immediately on leaving the port, and nearly the whole ship's company perished at sea!

There are plenty of vessels bound to Trieste and the United States, but there would be nothing new to me in Illyria and Lombardy; and much as I love my country, I am more enamoured, for the present, of my "sandal-shoon." Besides, I have a yearning to the south, and the cold "Bora" of that bellows-like Adriatic, and the cutting winter winds of my native shore, chill me even in the thought. Mean time, I breathe an air borrowed by December of May, and sit with my windows open, warming myself in a broad beam of the soft sun of Asia. With such "appliances," even suspense is agreeable.

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The commodore sailed this morning for his winter-quarters in Minorca. I watched the ship's preparations for departure from the balcony of the hotel, with a heavy heart. Her sails dropped from the yards, her head turned slowly outward as the anchor brought away, and with a light breeze in her topsails, the gallant frigate moved majestically down the harbour, and, in an hour, was a speck on the horizon. She had been my home for more than six months. I had seen from her deck, and visited in her boats, some of the fairest portions of the world. She had borne me to Sicily, to Illyria, to the Isles and shore of Greece, to Marmora and the Bosphorus; and the thousand lovely pictures with which that long summer voyage had stored my memory, and the thousand adventures, and still more numerous kindnesses and courtesies, linked with these interesting scenes, crowded on my mind as the noble ship receded from my eye, with an emotion that I could not repress.

There is a "pomp and circumstance" about a man-

of-war, which is exceedingly fascinating. Her imposing structure and appearance, the manly and deferential etiquette, the warlike appointment and impressive order upon her decks, the ready and gallantly manned boat, the stirring music of the band, and the honour and attention with which her officers are received in every port, conspire in keeping awake an excitement, a kind of chivalrous elation, which, it seems to me, would almost make a hero of a man of straw. From the hoarse "seven bells, sir!" with which you are turned out of your hammock in the morning, to the blast of the bugle, and the report of the evening gun, it is one succession of elevating sights and sounds, without any of that approach to the ridiculous which accompanies the sublime or the impressive on shore.

From the comparisons I have made between our own ships and the ships of war of other nations, I think we may well be proud of our navy. I had learned in Europe, long before joining the "United States," that the respect we exact from foreigners is paid more to America afloat, than to a continent they think as far off at least as the moon. They see our men-of-war, and they know very well what they have done, and from the appearance and character of our officers, what they might do again—and there is a tangibility in the deductions from knowledge and eye-sight, which beats books and statistics. I have heard Englishmen deny, one by one, every claim we have to political and moral superiority; but I have found no one illiberal enough to refuse a compliment, and a handsome one, to *Yankee* ships.

I consider myself, I repeat, particularly fortunate to have made a cruise on board an American frigate. It is a chapter of observation in itself, which is worth much to any one. But, in addition to this, it was my good fortune to have happened upon a cruise directed by a mind full of taste and desire for knowledge, and a



cruise which had, for its principal objects, improvement and information. Commodore Patterson knew the ground well, and was familiar with the history and localities of the interesting countries visited by the ship; and every possible facility and encouragement was given by him to all to whom the subjects and places were new. An enlightened and enterprising traveller himself, he was the best of advisers, and the best and kindest of guides. I take pleasure in recording almost unlimited obligations to him.

And so, to the gallant ship—to the “warlike world within”—to the decks I have so often promenaded, and the moonlight watches I have so often shared—to the groups of manly faces I have learned to know so well—to the drum-beat and the bugle-call, and the stirring music of the band—to the hammock in which I swung and slept so soundly—and last and nearest my heart, to the gay and hospitable mess, with whom, for six happy months, I have been a guest and a friend, whose feelings I have learned but to honour my country more, and whose society has become to me even a painful want—to all this catalogue of happiness, I am bidding a heavy-hearted farewell. Luck and Heaven’s blessing to ship and company!

## LETTER LVIII.

## MILAN.

Journey through Italy—Bologna—Malibran—Parma—Nightingales of Lombardy—Piacenza—Austrian soldiers—The Simplon—Milan—Resemblance to Paris—The cathedral—Guercino's Hagar—Milanese exclusiveness.

My fifth journey over the Appennines—dull of course. On the second evening, we were at Bologna. The long colonnades pleased me less than before, with their crowds of foreign officers and ill-dressed inhabitants; and a placard for the opera, announcing Malibran's last night, relieved us of the prospect of a long evening of weariness. The divine music of *La norma*, and a crowded and brilliant audience, enthusiastic in their applause, seemed to inspire this still incomparable creature even beyond her wont. She sang with a fulness, an abandonment, a passionate energy and sweetness that seemed to come from a soul rapt and possessed beyond control with the melody it had undertaken. They were never done calling her on the stage after the curtain had fallen. After six-reappearances, she came out once more to the foot-lights, and murmuring something inaudible from lips that showed strong agitation, she pressed her hands together, bowed till her long hair, falling over her shoulders, nearly touched her feet, and retired in tears. She is the siren of Europe for me!

I was happy to have no more to do with the Duke of Modena, than to eat a dinner in his capital. We did not "forget the picture," but my inquiries for it were as fruitless as before. I wonder whether the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" has the pleasure of remembering having seen the picture himself.—"Tassoni's bucket, which is not the true one," is still shown in the Tower, and the keeper will kiss the cross upon his fingers, that Samuel Rogers has written a false line.

At Parma we ate parmesan, and saw *the* Correggio. The angel who holds the book up to the infant Saviour; the female laying her cheek to his feet: the countenance of the holy child himself, are creations that seem apart from all else in the schools of painting. They are like a group, not from life, but from heaven. They are super-human, and; unlike other pictures of beauty, which stir the heart as if they resembled something one had loved or might have loved, these mount into the fancy like things transcending sympathy, and only within reach of an intellectual and elevated wonder. This is the picture that Sir Thomas Lawrence returned six times in one day to see. It is the only thing I saw to admire in the duchy of Maria Louisa. An Austrian regiment marched into the town as we left it, and an Italian at the gate told us that the Duchess had disbanded her last troops of the country, and supplied their place with these yellow and black Croats and Illyrians. Italy is Austria now to the foot of the Appennines—if not to the top of Radicofani.

Lombardy is full of nightingales. They sing by *day*, however, (as not specified in poetry.) They are up quite as early as the lark, and the green hedges are alive with their gurgling and changeful music till twilight. Nothing can exceed the fertility of these endless plains. They are four or five hundred miles of uninterrupted garden. The same eternal level road; the same rows of elms and poplars on either side;

the same long, slimy canals; the same square, vine-laced, perfectly green pastures and corn-fields; the same shaped houses; the same-voiced beggars with the same sing-song whine, and the same villanous Austrians poring over your passports and asking to be paid for it, from the Alps to the Appennines. It is wearisome, spite of green leaves and nightingales. A bare rock or a good brigand-looking mountain would so refresh the eye!

At Piacenza, one of those admirable German bands was playing in the public square, while a small corps of picked men were manœuvred. Even an Italian, I should think, though he knew and felt it was the music of his oppressors, might have been pleased to listen. And pleased they seemed to be—for there were hundreds of dark-haired and well-made men, with faces and forms for heroes, standing and keeping time to the well-played instruments, as peacefully as if there were no such thing as liberty, and no meaning in the foreign uniforms crowding them from their own pavement. And there were the women of Piacenza, nodding from the balconies to the white mustachios and padded coats strutting below, and you would never dream Italy thought herself wronged, watching the exchange of courtesies between her dark-eyed daughters and these fair-haired coxcombs.

We crossed the Po, and entered Austria's *nominal* dominions. They rummaged our baggage as if they smelt republicanism somewhere; and after showing a strong disposition to retain a volume of very bad poetry as suspicious, and detaining us two long hours, they had the modesty to ask to be paid for letting us off lightly. When we declined it, the *chef* threatened us a precious searching "*the next time*." How willingly I would submit to the annoyance to have that *next time* assured to me! Every step I take toward the bounds of Italy pulls so upon my heart!

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As most travellers come into Italy over the Simplon, Milan makes generally the first enthusiastic chapter in their books. I have reversed the order myself, and have a better right to praise it from comparison. For exterior, there is certainly no city in Italy comparable to it. The streets are broad and noble; the buildings magnificent; the pavement quite the best in Europe; and the Milanese (all of whom I presume I have seen, for it is Sunday, and the streets swarm with them,) are better dressed, and look "better to do in the world" than the Tuscans, who are gayer and more Italian, and the Romans, who are graver and vastly handsomer. Milan is quite like Paris. The showy and mirror-lined *cafés*; the elegant shops; the variety of strange people and costumes, and a new gallery lately opened in imitation of the glass-roofed *passages* of the French capital, make one almost feel that the next turn will bring him upon the Boulevards.

The famous cathedral, nearly completed by Napoleon, is a sort of Aladdin creation, quite too delicate and beautiful for the open air. The filmy traceries of Gothic fretwork; the needle-like minarets; the hundreds of beautiful statues with which it is studded; the intricate, graceful, and bewildering architecture of every window and turret, and the frost-like frailness and delicacy of the whole mass, make an effect altogether upon the eye that must stand high on the list of new sensations. It is a vast structure withal; but a middling easterly breeze, one would think, in looking at it, would lift it from its base, and bear it over the Atlantic like the meshes of a cobweb. Neither interior nor exterior impresses you with the feeling of awe common to other large churches. The sun struggles through the immense windows of painted glass, staining every pillar and carved cornice with the richest hues; and wherever the eye wanders, it grows giddy with the wilderness of architecture. The people on their knees are like paintings in the strong

artificial light; the checkered pavement seems trembling with a quivering radiance; the altar is far and indistinct, and the lamps burning over the tomb of Saint Carlo shine out from the centre like gems glistening in the midst of some enchanted hall. This reads very like rhapsody, but it is the way the place impressed me. It is like a great dream. Its excessive beauty scarce seems constant while the eye rests upon it.

The *Brera* is a noble palace, occupied by the public galleries of statuary and painting. I felt on leaving Florence that I could give pictures a very long holiday. To live on them, as one does in Italy, is like dining from morn till night. The famous Guercino is at Milan, however,—the “Hagar,” which Byron talks of so enthusiastically, and I once more surrendered myself to a cicerone. The picture catches your eye on your first entrance. There is that harmony and effect in the colour that mark a masterpiece, even in a passing glance. Abraham stands in the centre of the group, a fine, prophet-like “green old man,” with a mild decision in his eye, from which there is evidently no appeal. Sarah has turned her back, and you can just read in the half-profile glance of her face that there is a little pity mingled in her hard-hearted approval of her rival’s banishment. But Hagar—who can describe the world of meaning in her face? The closed lips have in them a calm incredulousness, contradicted with wonderful nature in the flushed and troubled forehead, and the eyes red with long weeping. The gourd of water is hung over her shoulder, her hand is turning her sorrowful boy from the door, and she has looked back once more, with a large tear coursing down her cheek, to read in the face of her master if she is indeed driven forth for ever. It is the instant before pride and despair close over her heart. You see in the picture that the next moment is the crisis of her life. Her gaze is straining upon the old man’s

lips, and you wait breathlessly to see her draw up her bending form, and depart in proud sorrow for the wilderness. It is a piece of powerful and passionate poetry. It affects you like nothing but a reality. The eyes get warm, and the heart beats quick; and as you walk away you feel as if a load of oppressive sympathy was lifting from your heart.

I have seen little else in Milan, except Austrian soldiers, of whom there are fifteen thousand in this single capital! The government has issued an order to officers not on duty, to appear in citizens' dress; it is supposed, to diminish the appearance of so much military preparation. For the rest, they make a kind of coffee here, by boiling it with cream, which is better than any thing of the kind either in Paris or Constantinople; and the Milanese are, for slaves, the most civil people I have seen, after the Florentines. There is little English society; I know not why, except that the Italians are rich enough to be exclusive, and make their houses difficult of access to strangers.

## LETTER LVIII.

## LOMBARDY—AUSTRIA—THE ALPS.

A melancholy procession—Lago Maggiore—Isola Bella—the Simplon—Meeting a fellow-countryman—The valley of the Rhone.

IN going out of the gates of Milan, we met a cart full of peasants, tied together and guarded by *gens-d'armes*—the fifth sight of the kind that has crossed us since we passed the Austrian border. The poor fellows looked very innocent and very sorry. The extent of their offences probably might be the want of a passport, and a desire to step over the limits of his majesty's possessions. A train of beautiful horses, led by soldiers along the ramparts, (the property of the Austrian officers,) were in melancholy contrast to their sad faces.

The clear snowy Alps soon came in sight, and their cold beauty refreshed us in the midst of a heat that prostrated every nerve in the system. It is only the first of May, and they are mowing the grass every where on the road, the trees are in their fullest leaf, the frogs and nightingales singing each other down, and the grasshopper would be a burden. Toward night we crossed the Sardinian frontier, and in an hour



were set down at an auberge on the bank of Lake Maggiore, in the little town of Arona. The mountains on the other side of the broad and mirror-like water are specked with ruined castles; here and there a boat is leaving its long line of ripples behind in its course; the cattle are loitering home; the peasants sit on the benches before their doors; and all the lovely circumstances of a rural summer's sunset are about us, in one of the very loveliest spots in nature. A very old Florence friend is my companion, and what with mutual reminiscences of sunny Tuscany, and the deepest love in common for the sky over our heads, and the green land around us, we are noting down "red days" in our calendar of travel.

We walked from Arona by sunrise, four or five miles along the borders of Lake Maggiore. The kind-hearted peasants on their way to the market raised their hats to us in passing, and I was happy that the greeting was still "*buon giorno*." Those dark-lined mountains before us were to separate me too soon from the mellow accents in which it was spoken. As yet, however, it was all Italian—the ultra-marine sky, the clear, half-purpled hills, the inspiring air—we felt in every pulse that it was still Italy.

We were at Baveno at an early hour, and took a boat for *Isola Bella*. It looks like a gentleman's villa afloat. A boy might throw a stone entirely over it in any direction. It strikes you like a kind of toy as you look at it from a distance, and, getting nearer, the illusion scarcely dissipates—for, from the water's edge, the orange-laden terraces are piled one above another like a pyramidal fruit-basket; the villa itself peers above like a sugar castle, and it scarce seems real enough to land upon. We pulled round to the northern side, and disembarked at a broad stone staircase, where a cicerone, with the look of suppressed wisdom common to his vocation, met us with the offer of his services.

The entrance-hall was hung with old armour, and a magnificent suite of apartments above, opening on all sides upon the lake, was lined thickly with pictures—none of them remarkable, except one or two landscapes by the savage Tempesta. Travellers going the other way would probably admire the collection more than we. We were glad to be handed over by our pragmatistical custode to a pretty contadina, who announced herself as the gardener's daughter, and gave us each a bunch of roses. It was a proper commencement to an acquaintance upon Isola Bella. She led the way to the water's edge, where, in the foundations of the palace, a suite of eight or ten spacious rooms is constructed *à la grotte*—with a pavement laid of small stones of different colours; walls and roof of fantastically set shells and pebbles, and statues that seem to have reason in their nudity. The only light came in at the long doors opening down to the lake; and the deep leathern sofas, and dark cool atmosphere, with the light break of the waves outside, and the long views away toward Isola Madre, and the far-off opposite shore, composed altogether a most seductive spot for an indolent humour and a summer's day. I shall keep it as a cool recollection till sultry summers trouble me no more.

But the garden was the prettiest place. The lake is lovely enough any way; but to look at it through perspectives of orange alleys, and have the blue mountains broken by stray branches of tulip-trees, clumps of crimson rhododendron, and clusters of citron, yellower than gold—to sit on a garden-seat in the shade of a thousand roses, with sweet-scented shrubs and verbenums, and a mixture of novel and delicious perfumes embalming the air about you, and gaze up at snowy Alps and sharp precipices, and down upon a broad smooth mirror in which the islands lie like clouds, and over which the boats are silently creeping with their white sails, like birds asleep in the sky—why,

(not to disparage nature,) it seems to my poor judgment, that these artificial appliances are an improvement even to Lago Maggiore.

On one side, without the villa walls, are two or three small houses, one of which is occupied as a hotel; and here, if I had a friend with matrimony in his eye, would I strongly recommend lodgings for the honeymoon. A prettier cage for a pair of billing doves no poet would conceive you.

We got on to Domo d'Ossola to sleep, saying many an oft-said thing about the entrance to the valleys of the Alps. They seem common when spoken of, these romantic places, but they are not the less new in the glow of a first impression.

We were a little in start of the sun this morning, and commenced the ascent of the Simplon by a gray summer's dawn, before which the last bright star had not yet faded. From Domo d'Ossola we rose directly into the mountains, and soon wound into the wildest glens, by a road which was flung along precipices and over chasms and water-falls like a waving riband. The horses went on at a round trot, and so skilfully are the difficulties of the ascent surmounted, that we could not believe we had passed the spot that from below hung above us so appallingly. The route follows the foaming river Vedro, which frets and plunges along at its side, or beneath its hanging bridges, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, where the stream is swollen at every short distance with pretty waterfalls—messengers from the melting snows on the summits. There was one, a *water-slide* rather than a fall, which I stopped long to admire. It came from near the peak of the mountain, leaping at first from a green clump of firs, and descending a smooth inclined plane, of perhaps two hundred feet. The effect was like drapery of the most delicate lace, dropping into festoons from the hand. The slight waves overtook each other and mingled and separated, always preserving their elliptical and foam-

ing curves, till, in a smooth scoop near the bottom, they gathered into a snowy mass, and leaped into the Vedro in the shape of a twisted shell. If wishing could have witched it into Mr. Cole's sketch-book, he would have a new variety of water for his next composition.

After seven hours' driving, which scarce seemed ascending, but for the snow and ice and the clear air it brought us into, we stopped to breakfast at the village of Simplon, "three thousand two hundred and sixteen feet above the sea level." Here we first realized that we had left Italy. The landlady spoke French, and the postilions German! My sentiment has grown threadbare with travel, but I don't mind confessing that the circumstance gave me an unpleasant thickness in the throat. I threw open the southern window, and looked back toward the marshes of Lombardy, and if I did not say the poetical thing, it was because

"It is the silent grief that cuts the heart-strings."

In sober sadness, one may well regret any country where his life has been filled fuller than elsewhere of sunshine and gladness; and such, by a thousand enchantments, has Italy been to me. Its climate is life in my nostrils; its hills and valleys are the poetry of such things; and its marbles, pictures, and palaces, beset the soul like the very necessities of existence. You can exist elsewhere, but, oh! you *live* in Italy!

I was sitting by my English companion on a sledge in front of the hotel, enjoying the sunshine, when the Diligence drove up, and six or eight young men alighted. One of them, walking up and down the road to get the cramp of a confined seat out of his legs, addressed a remark to us in English. We had neither of us seen him before, but we exclaimed, simultaneously, as he turned away, "That's an American." "How did you know he was not an Englishman?" I asked. "Because," said my friend, "he spoke to us without an in-

introduction and without a reason, as Englishmen are not in the habit of doing, and because he ended his sentence with 'Sir,' as no Englishman does, except he is talking to an inferior, or wishes to insult you." "And how did *you* know it?" asked he. "Partly by instinct," I answered, "but more because, though a traveller, he wears a new hat that cost him ten dollars, and a new cloak that cost him fifty; (a peculiarly American extravagance;) because he made no inclination of his body either in addressing or leaving us, though his intention was to be civil; and because he used fine dictionary words to express a common idea, which, by the way, too, betrays his southern breeding. And, if you want other evidence, he has just asked the gentleman near him to ask the conducteur something about his breakfast, and an American is the only man in the world that ventures to come abroad without at least French enough to keep himself from starving." It may appear ill-natured to write down such criticisms on one's own countryman; but the national peculiarities by which we are distinguished from foreigners, seemed so well defined in this instance, that I thought it worth mentioning. We found afterward that our conjecture was right. His name and country were on the brass plate of his portmanteau, in most legible letters, and I recognised it directly as the address of an amiable and excellent man, of whom I had once or twice heard in Italy, though I had never before happened to meet him. Three of the faults oftenest charged upon our countrymen, are over-fine clothes, over-fine words, and over-fine or over-free manners.

From Simplon we drove two or three miles between heaps of snow, lying in some places from six to ten feet deep. Seven hours before, we had ridden through fields of grain almost ready for the harvest! After passing one or two galleries built over the road, to protect it from the avalanches where it ran beneath the loftier precipices, we got out of the snow, and saw

Brigg, the small town at the foot of the Simplon, on the other side, lying almost directly beneath us. It looked as if one might toss his cap down into its pretty gardens. Yet we were four or five hours in reaching it, by a road that seemed in most parts scarcely to descend at all. The views down the valley of the Rhone, which opened continually before us, were of exquisite beauty. The river itself, which is here near its source, looked like a meadow rivulet in its silver windings; and the gigantic Helvetian Alps, which rose in their snow on the other side of the valley, were glittering in the slant rays of a declining sun, and of a grandeur of size and outline which diminished, even more than distance, the river and the clusters of villages at their feet.

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## LETTER LIX.

### SWITZERLAND.

La Valais—The cretins and the goitres—A Frenchman's opinion of Niagara—Lake Lemman—Castle of Chillon—Rocks of Meillerie—Republican air—Mont Blanc—Geneva.

WE have been two days and a half loitering down through the Swiss canton of La Valais, and admiring every hour the magnificence of these snow-capped and green-footed Alps. The little chalets seem just lodged by accident on the crags, or stuck against slopes so steep, that the mowers of the mountain-grass are literally let down by ropes to their dizzy occupation.

The goats alone seem to have an exemption from all ordinary laws of gravitation, feeding against cliffs which it makes one giddy to look on only; and the short-waisted girls, dropping a courtesy and blushing as they pass the stranger, emerge from the little mountain-paths, and stop, by the first spring, to put on their shoes and arrange their ribands coquetishly, before entering the village.

The two dreadful curses of these valleys meet one at every step—the *cretins*, or natural fools, of which there is at least one in every family; and the *goitre*, or swelled throat, to which there is hardly an exception among the women. It really makes travelling in Switzerland a melancholy business, with all its beauty; at every turn in the road, a gibbering and mowing idiot, and in every group of females, a disgusting array of excrescences too common even to be concealed. Really, to see girls that else were beautiful, arrayed in all their holiday finery, but with a defect that makes them monsters to the unaccustomed eye—their throats swollen to the size of their heads, seems to me one of the most curious and pitiable things I have met with in my wanderings. Many attempts have been made to account for the growth of the *goitre*, but it is yet unexplained. The men are not so subject to it as the women, though among them, even, it is frightfully common. But how account for the continual production by ordinary parents of this brute race of *cretins*? They all look alike—dwarfish, large-mouthed, grinning, and of hideous features and expression. It is said that the children of strangers, born in the valley, are very likely to be idiots, resembling the cretin exactly. It seems a supernatural curse upon the land. The Valaisians, however, consider it a blessing to have one in the family.

The dress of the women of La Valais is excessively unbecoming, and a pretty face is rare. Their manners are kind and polite, and at the little *auberges*,

where we have stopped on the road, there has been a cleanliness and a generosity in the supply of the table, which prove virtues among them not found in Italy.

At Turtmann, we made a little excursion into the mountains to see a cascade. It falls about a hundred feet, and has just now more water than usual from the melting of the snows. It is a pretty fall. A Frenchman writes in the book of the hotel, that he has seen Niagara and Trenton Falls, in America, and that they do not compare with the cascade of Turtmann!

From Martigny the scenery began to grow richer, and, after passing the celebrated Fall of Pissevache, (which springs from the top of a high Alp almost into the road, and is really a splendid cascade,) we approached Lake Lemman in a gorgeous sunset. We rose a slight hill, and over the broad sheet of water on the opposite shore, reflected with all its towers in a mirror of gold, lay the Castle of Chillon. A bold green mountain rose steeply behind; the sparkling village of Vevay lay farther down on the water's edge; and away toward the sinking sun, stretched the long chain of the Jura, tinted with all the hues of a dolphin. Never was such a lake of beauty—or it never sat so pointedly for its picture. Mountains and water, chateaux and shallows, vineyards and verdure, could do no more. We left the carriage and walked three or four miles along the southern bank under the "Rocks of Meillerie," and the spirit of St. Preux's Julie, if she haunt the scene where she caught her death of a sunset in May, is the most enviable of ghosts. I do not wonder at the prating in albums of Lake Lemman. For me, it is (after Val d'Arno from Fiesole) the *ne plus ultra* of a scenery Paradise.

We are stopping for the night at St. Gingoulf, on a swelling bank of the lake, and we have been lying under the trees in front of the hotel till the last perceptible tint is gone from the sky over Jura. Two pedestrian gentlemen, with knapsacks and dogs, have just arrived; and a whole family of French people, includ-



ing parrots and monkeys, came in before us, and are deafening the house with their chattering. A cup of coffee, and then good night!

My companion, who has travelled all over Europe on foot, confirms my opinion that there is no drive on the Continent equal to the forty miles between the rocks of Meillerie and Geneva, on the southern bank of the Lemman. The lake is not often much broader than the Hudson: the shores are the noble mountains sung so gloriously by Childe Harold: Vevay, Lausanne, Copet, and a string of smaller villages, all famous in poetry and story, fringe the opposite water's edge with cottages and villages, while you wind for ever along a green lane following the bend of the shore, the road as level as your hall pavement, and green hills massed up with trees and verdure, overshadowing you continually. The world has a great many sweet spots in it, and I have found many a one which would make fitting scenery for the brightest act of life's changeful drama—but here is one, where it seems to me as difficult not to feel genial and kindly, as for Taglioni to keep from floating away like a smoke-curl when she is dancing in La Bayadere.

We passed a bridge and drew in a long breath to try the difference in the air—we were in the *republic* of Geneva. It smelt very much as it did in the dominions of his majesty of Sardinia—sweetbrier, hawthorn, violets and all. I used to think when I first came from America, that the flowers (republicans by nature as well as birds) were less fragrant under a monarchy.

Mont Blanc loomed up very white in the south; but, like other distinguished persons of whom we form an opinion from the descriptions of poets, the “monarch of mountains” did not seem to me so *very* superior to his fellows. After a look or two at him as we approached Geneva, I ceased straining my head out of the cabriolet, and devoted my eyes to things more within the scale of my affections—the scores of lovely vil-

las sprinkling the hills and valleys by which we approached the city. Sweet—sweet places they are, to be sure! And then, the month is May, and the straw-bonneted and white-aproned girl,—ladies and peasants alike,—were all out at their porches and balconies: lover-like couples were sauntering down the park-lanes; *one* servant passed us with a tri-cornered blue billet-doux between his thumb and finger; the night-ingales were singing their very hearts away to the new-blown roses, and a sense of summer and seventeen, days of sunshine and sonnet-making, came over me irresistibly. I should like to see June out in Geneva.

The little steamer that makes the tour of Lake Lemman began to fizz by sunrise directly under the windows of our hotel. We were soon on the pier, where our entrance into the boat was obstructed by a cluster of weeping girls, embracing and parting very unwillingly with a young lady of some eighteen years, who was lovely enough to have been wept for by as many grown-up gentlemen. Her own tears were under better government, though her sealed lips showed that she dared not trust herself with her voice. After another and another lingering kiss, the boatman expressed some impatience, and she tore herself from their arms and stepped into the waiting bateau. We were soon alongside the steamer, and sooner under weigh, and then, having given one wave of her handkerchief to the pretty and sad group on the shore, our fair fellow-passenger gave way to her feelings, and, sinking upon a seat, burst into a passionate flood of tears. There was no obtruding on such sorrow, and the next hour or two were employed by my imagination in filling up the little drama of which we had seen but the touching conclusion.

I was pleased to find the boat (a new one) called the "Winkelreid," in compliment to the vessel which makes the same voyage in Cooper's "Headsman of Berne."

The day altogether had begun like a chapter in romance—

“Lake Leman woo’d us with its crystal face,”

but there was the filmiest conceivable veil of mist over its unruffled mirror, and the green uplands that rose from its edge had a softness like dream-land upon their verdure. I know not whether the tearful girl whose head was drooping over the railing felt the sympathy, but I could not help thanking nature for her in my heart, the whole scene was so of the complexion of her own feelings. I could have thrown my ring into the sea,” like Policrates Samius, “to have cause for sadness too.”

The “Winkelreid” has (for a republican steamer) rather the aristocratical arrangement of making those who walk *aft* the funnel pay twice as much as those who choose to promenade *forward*—for no earthly reason that I can divine, other than that those who pay dearest have the full benefit of the oily gases from the machinery, while the humbler passenger breathes the air of heaven before it has passed through that improving medium. Our youthful Niobe, two French ladies not particularly pretty, an Englishman with a fishing-rod and gun, and a coxcomb of a Swiss artist to whom I had taken a special aversion at Rome, (from a criticism I overheard upon my favourite picture in the Colonna,) my friend and myself, were the exclusive inhalers of the oleaginous atmosphere of the stern. A crowd of the ark’s own miscellaneousness thronged the fore-castle—and so you have the programme of a day on Lake Leman.

## LETTER LX.

## SWITZERLAND.

Lake Lemman—American appearance of the Genevese—Steamboat on the Rhone—Gibbon and Rousseau—Adventure of the lilies—Genevese jewellers—Residence of Voltaire—Byron's nightcap—Voltaire's walking-stick and stockings.

THE water of Lake Lemman looks very like other water, though Byron and Shelley were nearly drowned in it; and Copet, at a little village on the Helvetian side, where we left three women and took up one man, (the village ought to be very much obliged to us,) is no Paradise, though Madame de Stael made it her residence. There *are* Paradises, however, with very short distances between, all the way down the northern shore, and angels in them—if women are angels—a specimen or two of the sex being visible with the aid of the spy-glass in nearly every balcony and belvidere, looking upon the water. The taste in country-houses seems to be here very much the same as in New England, and quite unlike the half-palace, half-castle style common in Italy and France. Indeed the dress, physiognomy, and manners of old Geneva might make an American Genevese fancy himself at home on the Lemman. There is that subdued decency; that grave respectability; that black-coated straight-haired, saint-like kind of look, which is universal in the small towns of our country, and which is as

unlike France and Italy, as a play house is unlike a methodist chapel. You would know the people of Geneva were Calvinists, whisking through the town merely in a Diligence.

I lost sight of the town of Morges, eating a tête-à-tête breakfast with my friend in the cabin. Switzerland is the only place out of America where one gets cream for his coffee. I cry Morges mercy on that plea.

We were at Lausanne at eleven, having steamed forty miles in five hours. This is not quite up to the thirty-milers on the Hudson, of which I see accounts in the papers, but we had the advantage of not being blown-up either going or coming, and of looking for a continuous minute on a given spot in the scenery.—Then we had an iron-railing between us and that portion of the passengers who prefer garlic to lavender-water, and we achieved our breakfast without losing our tempers or complexions in a scramble. The question of superiority between Swiss and American steamers, therefore, depends very much on the value you set on life, temper, and time. For me, as my time is not measured in “diamond sparks,” and as my life and temper are the only gifts with which fortune has blessed me, I prefer the Swiss.

Gibbon lived at Lausanne, and wrote here the last chapter of his History of Rome—a circumstance which he records with an affection. It is a spot of no ordinary beauty, and the public promenade, where we sat and looked over to Vevay and Chillon, and the Rocks of Meillerie, and talked of Rousseau, and agreed that it was a scene “*faite pour une Julie pour une Claire et pour un Saint Preux*,” is one of the places where, if I were to “play statue,” I should like to grow to my seat, and compromise merely for eyesight. We have one thing against Lausanne, however—it is up hill and a mile from the water; and if Gibbon walked often from Ouchet at noon, and “larded the lean earth” as

freely as we, I make myself certain he was not the fat man his biographers have drawn him.

There were some other circumstances at Lausanne which interested *us*—but which criticism has decided cannot be obtruded upon the public. We looked about for “Julie” and “Claire,” spite of Rousseau’s “*ne les y cherchez pas*,” and gave a blind beggar a sous (all he asked) for a handful of lilies-of-the-valley, pitying him ten times more than if he had lost his eyes out of Switzerland. To be blind on Lake Lemman! blind within sight of Mont Blanc! We turned back to drop another sous into his hat, as we reflected upon it.

The return steamer from Vevay (I was sorry not to go to Vevay, for Rousseau’s sake, and as much for Cooper’s) took us up on its way to Geneva, and we had the advantage of seeing the same scenery in a different light. Trees, houses, and mountains, are so much finer seen *against* the sun, with the deep shadows toward you!

Sitting by the stern was a fat and fair French-woman, who, like me, had bought lilies, and about as many. With a very natural facility of dramatic position, I imagined it had established a kind of sympathy between us, and proposed to myself, somewhere in the four hours, to make it serve as an introduction. She went into the cabin after awhile, to lunch on cutlets and beer, and returned to the deck without her lilies. Mine lay beside me, within reach of her four fingers; and, as I was making up my mind to offer to replace her loss, she coolly took them up, and without even a French monosyllable, commenced throwing them overboard, stem by stem. It was very clear she had mistaken them for her own. As the last one flew over the taffarel, the gentleman who paid for *la bierre et les cotelettes*, husband or lover, came up with a smile and a flourish, and reminded her that she had left her bouquet between the mustard and the beer-bottle. *Sequitur*—a scene. The lady apologized, and

I disclaimed; and the more I insisted on the delight she had given me by throwing my pretty lilies into Lake Lemán, the more she made herself unhappy, and insisted on my being inconsolable. One should come abroad to know how much may be said upon throwing overboard a bunch of lilies.

The clouds gathered, and we had some hopes of a storm, but the "darkened Jura" was merely dim, and the "live thunder" waited for another Childe Harold. We were at Geneva at seven, and had the whole population to witness our debarkation. The pier where we landed, and the new bridge across the outlet of the Rhone, are the evening promenade.

The far-famed jewellers of Geneva are rather an aristocratic class of merchants. They are to be sought in chambers, and their treasures are produced box by box, from locked drawers, and bought, if at all, without the pleasure of "beating down." They are, withal, a gentlemanlike class of men; and, of the principal one, as many stories are told as of Beau Brummel. He has made a fortune by his shop, and has the manners of a man who can afford to buy the jewels out of a king's crown.

We were sitting at the *table d'hôte*, with about forty people, on the first day of our arrival, when the servant brought us each a gilt-edged note, sealed with an elegant device—invitations, we presumed, to a ball, at least. Mr. So-and-so, (I forget the name) begged pardon for the liberty he had taken, and requested us to call at his shop in the Rue de Rhone, and look at his varied assortment of bijouterie. A card was enclosed, and the letter in courtly English. We went, of course; as who would not? The cost to him was a sheet of paper, and the trouble of sending to the hotel for a list of the new arrivals. I recommend the system to all callow Yankees commencing a "pushing business."

Geneva is full of foreigners in the summer, and it

has quite the complexion of an agreeable place. The environs are, of course, unequalled, and the town itself is a stirring and gay capital, full of brilliant shops, handsome streets and promenades, where every thing is to be met but pretty women. Female beauty would come to a good market any where in Switzerland.— We have seen but one pretty girl (our Niobe of the steamer) since we lost sight of Lombardy. They dress well here, and seem modest, and have withal an air of style; but of some five hundred ladies, whom I may have seen in the valley of the Rhone, and about this neighbourhood, it would puzzle a modern Appelles to compose an endurable Venus. I understand a fair countrywoman of ours is about taking up her residence in Geneva; and if Lake Lemman does not “woo her,” and the “live thunder” leap down from Jura, the jewellers, at least, will crown her queen of the Canton, and give her the tiara at cost.

I hope “Maria Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs” will forgive me for having gone to Ferney in an *omnibus*! Voltaire lived just under the Jura, on a hill-side, overlooking Geneva and the lake, with a landscape before him in the foreground that a painter could not improve, and Mont Blanc and its neighbour mountains the breaks to his horizon.

At six miles off, Geneva looks very beautifully, astride the exit of the Rhone from the lake; and the lake itself looks more like a broad river, with its edges of verdure and its outer-frame of mountains. We walked up an avenue to a large old villa, imbosomed in trees, where an old gardener appeared, to show us the grounds. We said the proper thing under the tree planted by the philosopher; fell in love with the view from twenty points; met an English lady in one of the arbours, the wife of a French nobleman to whom the house belongs, and were bowed into the hall by the old man, and handed over to his daughter to be shown the curiosities of the interior. There were Voltaire's



rooms, just as he left them. The ridiculous picture of his own apotheosis, painted under his own direction, and representing him offering his *Henriade* to-Apollo with all the authors of his time dying of envy at his feet, occupies the most conspicuous place over his chamber-door. Within was his bed—the curtains nibbled quite bare by relic-gathering travellers; a portrait of the Empress Catherine, embroidered by her own hand, and presented to Voltaire; his own portrait and Frederick the Great's, and many of the philosophers, including Franklin. A little monument stands opposite the fire-place, with the inscription "*Mon esprit est partout, et mon cœur est ici.*" It is a snug little dormitory, opening with one window to the west; and, to those who admire the character of the once illustrious occupant, a place for very tangible musing. They showed us afterward his walking-stick, a pair of silk stockings he had half-worn, and a night-cap. The last article is getting quite fashionable as a relic of genius. They show Byron's at Venice.

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## LETTER LXI.

### FRANCE.

Practical bathos of celebrated places—Travelling companions at the Simplon—Custom-house comforts—Trials of temper—Different aspects of France, Italy, and Switzerland—Force of politeness.

WHETHER it was that I had offended the genius of the spot by coming in an omnibus, or from a desire I never can resist in such places—to travesty and ridi-

cule the mock solemnity with which they are exhibited, certain it is that I left Ferney without having encountered, even in the shape of a more serious thought, the spirit of Voltaire. One reads the third canto of *Childe Harold* in his library, and feels as if "*Lausanne and Ferney*" *should* be interesting places to the traveller; and yet when he is shown Gibbon's bower by a fellow scratching his head and hitching up his trousers the while, and the nightcap that enclosed the busy brain from which sprang the fifty brilliant *tomes* on his shelves, by a country-girl, who hurries through her drilled description, with her eye on the silver *douceur* in his fingers, he is very likely to rub his hand over his eyes, and disclaim, quite honestly, all pretensions to enthusiasm. And yet, I dare say, I shall have a great deal of pleasure in remembering that I *have been* at Ferney. As an English traveller would say, "I have *done* Voltaire!"

Quite of the opinion that it was not doing justice to Geneva to have made but a three days' stay in it—regretting not having seen Sismondi, Simond, and a whole coterie of scholars and authors, whose home it is, and with a mind quite made up to return to Switzerland, when my *beaux jours* of love, money, and leisure shall have arrived. I crossed the Rhone at sunrise, and turned my face toward Paris.

The Simplon is much safer travelling than the pass of the Jura. We were all day getting up the mountains by roads that would make me anxious if there were a neck in the carriage I would rather should not be broken. My company, fortunately, consisted of three Scotch spinsters, who would try any precipice of the Jura, I think, if there were a lover at the bottom. If the horses had backed in the wrong place, it would have been to all three, I am sure, a deliverance from a world in whose volume of happiness

"their leaf

By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced."

As to my own neck and my friend's, there is a special providence for bachelors, even if they were of importance enough to merit a care. Spinsters and bachelors, we all arrived safely at Rousses, the entrance to France; and here, if I were to write before repeating the alphabet, you would see what a pen could do in a passion.

The carriage was stopped by three custom-house officers, and taken under a shed, where the doors were closed behind it. We were then required to dismount and give our honours that we had nothing new in the way of clothes; "no jewellery; no unused manufactures of wool, thread or lace; no silks or floss silk; no polished metals, plated or varnished; no toys, (except a heart each;) nor leather, glass, or crystal manufactures." So far, I kept my temper. •

Our trunks, carpet-bags, hat-boxes, dressing-cases, and *portfeuilles*, were then dismounted and critically examined, every dress and article unfolded; shirts, cravats, unmentionables and all, and searched thoroughly by two ruffians, whose fingers were no improvement upon the labours of the washerwoman. In an hour's time or so we were allowed to commence repacking. Still, I kept my temper!

We were then requested to walk into a private room, while the ladies, for the same purpose, were taken, by a woman, into another. Here we were requested to unbutton our coats, and, begging pardon for the liberty, these courteous gentlemen thrust their hands into our pockets, felt in our bosoms, pantaloons, and shoes, examined our hats, and even eyed our "pet curls" very earnestly, in the expectation of finding us crammed with Geneva jewellery. Still, I kept my temper!

Our trunks were then put upon the carriage, and a sealed string put upon them, which we were not to cut till we arrived in Paris. (Nine days!) They then demanded to be paid for the sealing, and the fellows who had unladen the carriage were to be paid for

their labour. This done, we were permitted to drive on. Still, I kept my temper!

We arrived, in the evening, at Morez, in a heavy rain. We were sitting around a comfortable fire, and the soup and fish were just brought upon the table.—A soldier entered, and requested us to walk to the police-office. "But it rains hard, and our dinner is just ready." The man in the moustache was inexorable. The commissary closed his office at eight, and we must go instantly to certify to our passports, and get new ones for the interior. Cloaks and umbrellas were brought, and, *bon gré, mal gré*, we walked half a mile in the mud and rain to a dirty commissary, who kept us waiting in the dark fifteen minutes, and then, making out a description of the persons of each, demanded half a dollar for the new passport, and permitted us to wade back to our dinner. This had occupied an hour, and no improvement to soup or fish. Still, I kept my temper—rather.

The next morning, while we were forgetting the annoyances of the previous night, and admiring the new-pranked livery of May by a glorious sunshine, a civil *arrêtez vous* brought up the carriage to the door of another custom-house! The order was to dismount, and down came, once more, carpet-bags, hat boxes, and dressing-cases, and a couple of hours were lost again in a fruitless search for contraband articles. When it was all through, and the officers and men *paid* as before, we were permitted to proceed with the gracious assurance that we should not be troubled again till we got to Paris! I bade the commissary good morning—felicitated him on the liberal institutions of his country and his zeal in the exercise of his own agreeable vocation, and—I am free to confess—lost my temper! Job and Xantippe's husband! could I help it!

I confess I expected better things of *France*. In Italy, where you come to a new dukedom every half-day, you do not much mind opening your trunks, for they are petty princes and need the pitiful revenue of

contraband articles and the officer's fee. Yet even they leave the person of the traveller sacred; and where in the world, except in France, is a party travelling evidently for pleasure subjected *twice at the same border* to the degrading indignity of a search? Ye "hunters of Kentucky"—thank heaven that you can go into Tennessee without having your "plunder" overhauled and your pockets searched by successive parties of scoundrels, whom you are to pay, "by order of the government," for their trouble!

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The Simplon, which you pass in a day, divides two nations, each other's physical and moral antipodes. The handsome, picturesque, lazy, unprincipled Italian is left in the morning in his own dirty and exorbitant inn; and on the evening of the same day, having crossed but a chain of mountains, you find yourself in a clean auberge; nestled in the bosom of a Swiss valley; another language spoken around you, and in the midst of a people who seem to require the virtues they possess to compensate them for more than their share of uncomeliness. You travel a day or two down the valley of the Rhone, and when you are become reconciled to *cretins* and *goitres*, and ill-dressed and worse formed men and women, you pass in another single day the chain of the Jura, and find yourself in France—a country as different from both Switzerland and Italy as they are from each other. How is it that these diminutive cantons preserve so completely their nationality? It seems a problem to the traveller who passes from one to the other without leaving his carriage.

One is compelled to like France in spite of himself. You are no sooner over the Jura than you are enslaved, past all possible ill-humour, by the universal politeness. You stop for the night at a place, which, as my friend remarked, resembles an inn only in its in-attention, and after a bad supper, worse beds, and every kind of annoyance, down comes my lady-hostess

in the morning to receive her coin ; and if you can fly into a passion with *such* a cap, and *such* a smile, and *such* a "*bon jour*," you are of less penetrable stuff than man is commonly made of.

"Politeness is among the virtues," says the philosopher. Rather, it takes the place of them all. What can you believe ill of a people whose slightest look toward you is made up of grace and kindness?

We are dawdling along thirty miles a day through Burgundy, sick to death of the bare vine-stakes, and longing to see a festooned vineyard of Lombardy. France is such an ugly country ! The Diligences lumber by, noisy and ludicrous ; the cow-tenders wear cocked hats ; the beggars are in the true French extreme, theatrical in all their misery ; the climate is rainy and cold, and as unlike that of Italy, as if a thousand leagues separated them ; and the roads are long, straight, dirty, and uneven. There is neither pleasure nor comfort, neither scenery nor antiquities, nor accommodations for the weary—nothing but *politeness*. And it is odd how it reconciles you to it all,

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## LETTER LXII.

### PARIS AND LONDON.

Paris and the Parisians—Lafayette's funeral—Royal respect and gratitude—England—Dover—English neatness and comfort—Specimen of English reserve.—The gentleman driver of fashion—A case for Mrs. Trollope.

It is pleasant to get back to Paris. One meets every body there one ever saw : and operas and coffee ; Taglioni and Leontine Fay ; the belles and the

Boulevards; the shops, spectacles, life, lions, and lures to every species of pleasure, rather give you the impression that, outside the barriers of Paris, time is wasted in travel.

What pleasant idlers they look! The very shopkeepers seem standing behind their counters for amusement. The *soubrette* who sells you a cigar, or ties a crape on your arm, (it was for poor old Lafayette,) is coiffed as for a ball; the *frotteur* who takes the dust from your boots, sings his love-song as he brushes away; the old man has his bouquet in his bosom, and the beggar looks up at the new statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendome—every body has some touch of fancy, some trace of a heart on the look-out at least for pleasure.

I was at Lafayette's funeral. They buried the old patriot like a criminal. Fixed bayonets before and behind his hearse—his own National Guard disarmed, and troops enough to beleaguer a city, were the honours paid by the "citizen king" to the man who had made him! The indignation, the scorn, the bitterness expressed on every side among the people, and the ill-smothered cries of disgust as the two *empty* royal carriages went by, in the funeral train, seemed to me strong enough to indicate a settled and universal hostility to the government.

I met Dr. Bowring on the Boulevard after the funeral was over. I had not seen him for two years, but he could talk of nothing but the great event of the day.

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After three delightful days in Paris, we took the northern Diligence; and, on the second evening, having passed hastily through Montreuil, Abbeville, Boulogne, and voted the road the duller couple of hundred miles we had seen in our travels, we were set down in Calais. A stroll through some very indifferent streets; a farewell visit to the last French *café* we were likely to see for a long time, and some unsatisfactory inqui-

ries about Beau Brummel, who is said to live here still, filled up, till bed-time, our last day on the Continent.

The celebrated Countess of J—— was on board the steamer, and some forty or fifty plebeian stomachs shared, with her fashionable ladyship and ourselves, the horrors of a passage across the Channel. It is rather the most disagreeable sea I ever traversed, though I *have* seen “the Euxine,” “the roughest sea the traveller e’er ——s in,” &c., according to Don Juan.

I was lying on my back in my berth when the steamer reached her moorings at Dover, and had neither eyes nor disposition to indulge in the proper sentiment on approaching the “white cliffs” of my fatherland. I crawled on deck, and was met by a wind as cold as December, and a crowd of rosy English faces on the pier, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, and indulging curiosity evidently at the expense of a shiver. It was the first of June!

My companion led the way to a hotel, and we were introduced by *English* waiters, (I had not seen such a thing in three years, and it was quite like being waited on by gentlemen,) to two blazing coal fires in the coffee-room of the ship. Oh what a comfortable place it appeared! A rich Turkey carpet snugly fitted; nicely-rubbed mahogany tables; the morning papers from London; bell-ropes that *would* ring the bell; doors that *would* shut; a landlady that spoke English, and was kind and civil; and, though there were eight or ten people in the room, no noise above the rustle of a newspaper, and positively rich red damask curtains, neither second-hand nor shabby, to the windows! A greater contrast than this to the things that answer to them on the Continent, could scarcely be imagined.

*Malgré* all my observations on the English, whom I have found every where the most open-hearted and social people in the world, they are said by themselves and others to be just the contrary; and, presuming they were different in England, I had made up my mind to seal my lips in all public places, and be con-



scious of nobody's existence but my own. There were several elderly persons dining at the different tables, and one party, of a father and son, waited on by their own servants. Candles were brought in; the different cloths were removed, and, as my companion had gone to bed, I took up a newspaper to keep me company over my wine. In the course of an hour, some remark had been addressed to me, provocative of conversation, by almost every individual in the room! The subjects of discussion soon became general, and I have seldom passed a more social and agreeable evening. And so much for the first specimen of English reserve!

The fires were burning brilliantly, and the coffee-room was in the nicest order when we descended to our breakfast at six the next morning. The tea-kettle sung on the hearth, the toast was hot, and done to a turn, and the waiter was neither sleepy nor uncivil—all, again, very unlike a morning at a hotel in *la belle France*.

The coach rattled up to the door punctually at the hour; and, while they were putting on my way-worn baggage, I stood looking in admiration at the carriage and horses. They were four beautiful bays, in small, neat harness of glazed leather, brass-mounted; their coats shining like a racer's; their small blood-looking heads curbed up to stand exactly together, and their hoofs blacked and brushed with the polish of a gentleman's boots. The coach was gaudily painted, the only thing out of taste about it; but it was admirably built—the wheel-horses were quite under the coachman's box, and the whole affair, though it would carry twelve or fourteen people, covered less ground than a French one-horse cabriolet. It was altogether quite a study.

We mounted to the top of the coach; "all right," said the hostler, and away shot the four fine creatures, turning their small ears, and stepping together with the ease of a cat, at ten miles in the hour. The driver was dressed like a Broadway idler, and sat in his place, and held his "ribands" and his tandem-whip with a

confident air of superiority, as if he were quite convinced that he and his team were beyond criticism—and so they were. I could not but smile at contrasting his silence and the speed and ease with which we went along, with the clumsy, cumbrous Diligence or vetturino, and the crying, whipping, cursing, and ill-appointed postillions of France and Italy. It seems odd, in a two-hours' passage, to pass over such strong lines of national difference—so near, and not even a shading of one into the other.

England is described always very justly, and always in the same words—"it is all one garden." There is scarce a cottage between Dover and London, (seventy miles,) where a poet might not be happy to live. I saw a hundred little spots I coveted with quite a heart-ache. There was no poverty on the road. Every body seemed employed, and every body well-made and healthy. The relief from the deformity and disease of the way-side beggars of the Continent was very striking.

We were at Canterbury before I had time to get accustomed to my seat. The horses had been changed twice—the coach, it seemed to me, hardly stopping while it was done; way-passengers were taken up and put down, with their baggage, without a word, and in half a minute; money was tossed to the keeper of the turnpike-gate, as we dashed through; the wheels went over the smooth road without noise, and with scarce a sense of motion—it was the perfection of travel.

The new driver from Canterbury rather astonished me. He drove into London every day, and was more of a "*swell*." He owned the first team himself, four blood horses of great beauty, and it was a sight to see him drive them. His language was free from all slang; very gentleman-like and well-chosen, and he discussed every thing. He found out that I was an American, and said we did not think enough of the memory of Washington. Leaving his bones in the miserable brick tomb, of which he had read descriptions, was

not, in his opinion, worthy of a country like mine. He went on to criticise Giulia Grisi, (the new singer just then setting London on fire;) hummed airs from "*Il Pirata*," to show her manner; sang an English song like Braham; gave a decayed count, who sat on the box, some very sensible advice about the management of a wild son; drew a comparison between French and Italian women; (he had travelled;) told us who the old count was in very tolerable French, and preferred Edmund Kean and Fanny Kemble to all actors in the world. His taste and his philosophy, like his driving, were quite unexceptionable. He was, withal, very handsome, and had the easy and respectful manners of a well-bred person. It seemed very odd to give him a shilling at the end of the journey.

At Chatham we took up a very elegantly dressed young man, who had come down on a fishing excursion. He was in the army, and an Irishman. We had not been half an hour on the seat together, before he had discovered, by so many plain questions, that I was an American, a stranger in England, and an acquaintance of a whole regiment of his friends in Malta and Corfu. If this had been a yankee, thought I, what a chapter it would have made for Basil Hall or Madame Trollope! With all his inquisitiveness I liked my companion, and half-accepted his offer to drive me down to Espom the next day to the races. I know no American who would have beaten *that* on a stage-coach acquaintance,

## LETTER LXIII.

## LONDON.

First view of London—The king's birth day—Procession of mail-coaches—Regent-street—Lady B——, &c. &c.

From the top of Shooter's Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. "That is St. Paul's!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower!" What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

From Blackheath (seven or eight miles from the centre of London,) the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park; but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand's-breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapsful of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

After crossing Waterloo Bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of

people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a “jarvey” at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James’s-street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. “Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,” however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

I was sitting in the little parlour alone over a fried sole and, a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting-whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for awhile in true English silence.

“From Oxford, sir, I presume?” he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

“No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford.

“R—e—ally! may I take a glass of wine with you, sir?”

We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged port and sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James’s-street. It was the king’s birthday, and the people were thronging to see the carriages come in state from the royal *levée*. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome or Vien-

na, but it excited far more of my admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly—the Duke of Wellington's among others. I looked hard to see his Grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the back-seat carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

The annual procession of mail-coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guards in their bright red and gold uniforms; the admirable horses driven so beautifully; the neat harness; the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticised the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about "gammon," evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the handsomest street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples; the Corso of Rome, the Kohl-market of Vienna; the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent Street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings—though all of the same scale and material—and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with any thing between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included.

It is the custom for the king's tradesmen to illuminate

contraband articles and the officer's fee. Yet even they leave the person of the traveller sacred; and where in the world, except in France, is a party travelling evidently for pleasure subjected *twice at the same border* to the degrading indignity of a search? Ye "hunters of Kentucky"—thank heaven that you can go into Tennessee without having your "plunder" overhauled and your pockets searched by successive parties of scoundrels, whom you are to pay, "by order of the government," for their trouble!

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The Simplon, which you pass in a day, divides two nations, each other's physical and moral antipodes. The handsome, picturesque, lazy, unprincipled Italian is left in the morning in his own dirty and exorbitant inn; and on the evening of the same day, having crossed but a chain of mountains, you find yourself in a clean auberge; nestled in the bosom of a Swiss valley; another language spoken around you, and in the midst of a people who seem to require the virtues they possess to compensate them for more than their share of uncomeliness. You travel a day or two down the valley of the Rhone, and when you are become reconciled to *cretins* and *goitres*, and ill-dressed and worse formed men and women, you pass in another single day the chain of the Jura, and find yourself in France—a country as different from both Switzerland and Italy as they are from each other. How is it that these diminutive cantons preserve so completely their nationality? It seems a problem to the traveller who passes from one to the other without leaving his carriage.

One is compelled to like France in spite of himself. You are no sooner over the Jura than you are enslaved, past all possible ill-humour, by the universal politeness. You stop for the night at a place, which, as my friend remarked, resembles an inn only in its *in-attention*, and after a bad supper, worse beds, and every kind of annoyance, down comes my lady-hostess

in the morning to receive her coin ; and if you can fly into a passion with *such* a cap, and *such* a smile, and *such* a "*bon jour*," you are of less penetrable stuff than man is commonly made of.

"Politeness is among the virtues," says the philosopher. Rather, it takes the place of them all. What can you believe ill of a people whose slightest look toward you is made up of grace and kindness?

We are dawdling along thirty miles a day through Burgundy, sick to death of the bare vine-stakes, and longing to see a festooned vineyard of Lombardy. France is such an ugly country ! The Diligences lumber by, noisy and ludicrous ; the cow-tenders wear cocked hats ; the beggars are in the true French extreme, theatrical in all their misery ; the climate is rainy and cold, and as unlike that of Italy, as if a thousand leagues separated them ; and the roads are long, straight, dirty, and uneven. There is neither pleasure nor comfort, neither scenery nor antiquities, nor accommodations for the weary—nothing but *politeness*. And it is odd how it reconciles you to it all,

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## LETTER LXII.

### PARIS AND LONDON.

Paris and the Parisians—Lafayette's funeral—Royal respect and gratitude—England—Dover—English neatness and comfort—Specimen of English reserve.—The gentleman driver of fashion—A case for Mrs. Trollope.

It is pleasant to get back to Paris. One meets every body there one ever saw : and operas and coffee ; Taglioni and Leontine Fay ; the belles and the



D'I—— the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'I—— the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of learned leisure, each day hoarding up and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners, D'I—— the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey; full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature and a perfect frankness of character."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her Ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was much amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming Countess—for charming you must be since you have written the Conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to every body. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. "America," I said, "has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer on this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely

conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations; I, for one, would never write another line."

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. A great proportion of the people in England are refined down to such heartlessness; criticism, private and public, is so much influenced by politics, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed, I think many of our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her Ladyship had known many Americans?

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord B—— in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there, ten or eleven years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us frequently of an evening on board the yacht or the frigate, and I remember very well the bands playing always 'God save the King,' as we went up the side. Count D'O—— here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for 'Yankee Doodle,' and it was always played at his request."

The Count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess G—— on the Continent, and I asked Lady B—— if she knew her.

"Yes, very well. We were at Genoa when they were living there, but we never saw her. It was at

Rome, in the year 1828, that I first knew her, having formed her acquaintance at Count Funchal's, the Portuguese Ambassador's."

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of Lady B——, in the 'Book of Beauty,' is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavourable likeness. A picture, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*. She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows,) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it,) was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *feronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a right fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good-humour. Add to all

this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

There is one remark I may as well make here, with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London. America is much farther off from England than England from America. You, in New York, read the periodicals of this country, and know every thing that is done or written here, as if you lived within the sound of Bow-bell. The English, however, just know of our existence; and if they get a general idea, twice a year, of our progress in politics, they are comparatively well informed. Our periodical literature is never even heard of. Of course, there can be no offence to the individuals themselves in any thing which a visitor could write, calculated to convey an idea of the person or manners of distinguished people to the American public. I mention it, lest, at first thought, I might seem to have abused the hospitality or frankness of those on whom letters of introduction have given me claims for civility.

## LETTER LXIV.

## THE LITERATI OF LONDON.

Lady B———,—The Author of “Rejected Addresses”—Henry  
B——— —Count D’O——— —The Author of “Pelham.”

SPENT my first day in London in wandering about the finest part of the West End. It is nonsense to compare it to any other city in the world. From the Horse-Guards to the Regent’s Park alone, there is more magnificence in architecture than in the whole of any other metropolis in Europe, and I have seen the most and the best of them. Yet this, though a walk of more than two miles, is but a small part even of the fashionable extremity of London. I am not easily tired in a city; but I walked till I could scarcely lift my feet from the ground, and still the parks and noble streets extended before and around me as far as the eye could reach; and, strange as they were in reality, the names were as familiar to me as if my childhood had been passed among them. “Bond Street;” “Grosvenor Square;” “Hyde Park;” look new to my eye, but they sound very familiar to my ear.

The equipages of London are much talked of, but they exceed even description. Nothing could be more perfect, or apparently more simple, than the gentleman’s carriage that passes you in the street. Of a modest colour, but the finest material, the crest just

visible on the panels ; the balance of the body upon its springs true and easy ; the hammer-cloth and liveries of the neatest and most harmonious colours ; the harness slight and elegant, and the horses " the only splendid thing " in the establishment—is a description that answers for the most of them. Perhaps the most perfect thing in the world, however, is a St. James's Street stanhope or cabriolet, with its dandy owner on the whip-seat, and the " tiger " beside him. The attitudes of both the gentleman and the " gentleman's gentleman " are studied to a point, but nothing could be more knowing or exquisite than either. The whole affair, from the angle of the bell-crowned hat, (the prevailing fashion on the steps of Crockford's at present,) to the blood legs of the thorough-bred creature in harness, is absolutely faultless. I have seen many subjects for study in my first day's stroll, but I leave the men and women, and some other less important features of London, for maturer observation.

In the evening I kept my appointment with Lady B——. She had deserted her exquisite library for the drawing-room, and sat, in fuller dress, with six or seven gentlemen about her. I was presented immediately to all ; and when the conversation was resumed, I took the opportunity to remark the distinguished co-terie with which she was surrounded.

Nearest me sat S——, the author of " Rejected Addresses "—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone—small, and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and, though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India-rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying doubtless for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an *aside* in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or a witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker.

On the opposite side of Lady B. stood Henry B——, the brother of the novelist, very earnestly engaged in a discussion of some speech of O'Connell's. He is said by many to be as talented as his brother, and has lately published a book on the present state of France. He is a small man; very slight and gentleman-like; a little pitted with the small-pox, and of very winning and persuasive manners. I liked him at the first glance.

A German prince, with a star on his breast, trying with all his might—but, from his embarrassed look, quite unsuccessfully—to comprehend the drift of the argument, the Duke de Richelieu; a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople, and the splendid person of Count D'O—— in a careless attitude upon the ottoman, completed the *cordon*.

I fell into conversation after awhile with S——, who, supposing I might not have heard the names of the others, in the hurry of an introduction, kindly took the trouble to play the dictionary, and added a graphic character of each as he named him. Among other things, he talked a great deal of America, and asked me if I knew our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. "You have lost a great deal," he said, "for never was so delightful a fellow. I was once taken down with him into the country by a merchant to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. 'I make it a principle,' said Irving, 'never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves.'" The rest of the company had turned their attention to S—— as he began his story, and there was a universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed the first question on the lips

of every one to whom I am introduced as an American, are of him and Cooper. The latter seems to me to be admired as much here as abroad, in spite of a common impression that he dislikes the nation. No man's works could have higher praise in the general conversation that followed, though several instances were mentioned of his having shown an unconquerable aversion to the English when in England. Lady B—— mentioned Mr. Bryant, and I was pleased at the immediate tribute paid to his delightful poetry by the talented circle around her.

Toward twelve o'clock, "Mr. L—— B——" was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr. B—— in my mind and the real Mr. B—— who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady B—— with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "how d'ye, B——?" went round, as he shook hands with every body, in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady B—— introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

B——'s head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully my impression.

I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to



be more agreeable than B——'s. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from every body else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected every body with his spirits. I cannot give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal.

B——'s voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

It is quite impossible to convey, in a letter scrawled literally between the end of a late visit and a tempting pillow, the evanescent and pure spirit of a conversation of wits. I must confine myself, of course, in such sketches, to the mere sentiment of things that concern general literature and ourselves.

'The Rejected Addresses' got upon his crutches about three o'clock in the morning, and I made my exit with the rest, thanking Heaven, that, though in a strange country, my mother-tongue was the language of its men of genius.

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## LETTER LXV.

I CALLED ON M—— with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentleman-like to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could

see M—— without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady B——'s at eight. M—— had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the "observed of all observers," Count D'O——, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady B——, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite M——, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only

at table, you would not think him a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall*, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that befits it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady B—— led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William G——, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the "Wizard of the North" was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. "No, no," said he, "I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come. He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, "Who was that you said wanted to see me?" The Doctor explained. "I'll go," said he; "they shall see me if they wish it:" and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed

him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed; kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on; but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to M——, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. "Scott," he said, "was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt, when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whisky at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system: his constitution was Herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at another place. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of every thing. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs.

M—— a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, ‘Oh, I never write poetry now.’ I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible.”

Some one remarked that Scott’s ‘Life of Napoleon’ was a failure.

“I think little of it,” said M——; “but after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.”

“It will not live,” said some one else; “as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.”

“But *what* an individual!” M—— replied. “Voltaire’s Life of Charles the Twelfth was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?”

O’C—— was mentioned.

“He is a powerful creature,” said M——; “but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of ‘*thinking on his legs*,’ is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord A—— is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. P—— is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the House. O’C—— would be irresistible, were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still willing to attack. They may say what they will of duelling: it is the great preserver of the

decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'C——'s case, he had not made his vow against duelling when P—— challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and P—— went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'C—— pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

‘Some men, with a horror of slaughter  
Improve on the Scripture command,  
And ‘honour their’—wife and daughter—  
‘That their days may be long in the land.’

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, ‘Be always ready with the pistol!’ He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the House between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as, if he would reach across the House, said, ‘for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer *here* is, *they are false!* elsewhere it would be a *blow!*’ They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, ‘No! let the curs fight it out!’ and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard, ‘Fight *him!*’ said he, ‘I would sooner

go to my grave without a fight! Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, is *dead*! You can scarcely reckon S—— of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'C——, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'"

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of M——'s language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

M——'s head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike any body else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *soubriquet* of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a Champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is

a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half-diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates—every thing but *feels*. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, M—— looks like a worldling.

This discussion may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady B—— retired from the table; for, with her, vanished M——'s excitement, and every body else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than any body else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and M—— brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is



well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of M——'s; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat round the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady B——'s choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady B——'s hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart—

"Here is a health to thee, Tom M——!"

## LETTER LXVI.

## LONDON.

Visit to a race-course—Gipsies—The Princess Victoria—Splendid appearance of the English nobility—A breakfast with ELIA and Bridget Elia—Mystification—Charles Lamb's opinion of American authors.

I HAVE just returned from *Ascot races*. Ascot Heath, on which the course is laid out, is a high platform of land, beautifully situated on a hill above Windsor Castle, about twenty-five miles from London. I went down with a party of gentlemen in the morning and returned at evening, going the distance with relays of horses in something less than three hours. This, one would think, is very fair speed, but we were passed continually by the "bloods" of the road, in comparison with whom we seemed getting on rather at a snail's pace.

The scenery on the way was truly English—one series of finished landscapes, of every variety of combination. Lawns, fancy-cottages, manor-houses, groves, roses, and flower-gardens, make up England. It surfeits the eye at last. You could not drop a poet out of the clouds upon any part of it I have seen, where, within five minutes' walk, he could not find himself a Paradise.

We flew past Virginia Water, and through the sun-flecked shades of Windsor Park, with the speed of the

wind. On reaching the heath, we dashed out of the road, and cutting through fern and brier, our experienced whip put his wheels on the rim of the course, as near the stands as some thousands of carriages arrived before us would permit, and then, cautioning us to take the bearings of our position, lest we should lose him after the race, he took off his horses, and left us to choose our own places.

A thousand red and yellow flags were flying from as many snowy tents in the midst of the green heath; ballad-singers and bands of music were amusing their little audiences in every direction; splendid marquees, covering gaming-tables, surrounded the winning-post; groups of country people were busy in every bush, eating and singing; and the great stands were piled with row upon row of human heads waiting anxiously for the exhilarating contest.

Soon after we arrived, the king and royal family drove up the course with twenty carriages, and scores of postillions and outriders in red and gold, flying over the turf as majesty flies in no other country; and, immediately after, the bell rang to clear the course for the race. *Such* horses! The earth seemed to fling them off as they touched it. The lean jockeys, in their parti-coloured caps and jackets, rode the fine-limbed, slender creatures up and down together, and then, returning to the starting-post, off they shot like so many arrows from the bow.

*Whiz!* you could tell neither colour nor shape as they passed across the eye. Their swiftness was incredible. A horse of Lord C——'s was rather the favourite; and, for the sake of his great-grandfather, I had backed him with my small wager. "Glaucus is losing," said some one on the top of a carriage above me, but round they swept again, and I could just see that one glorious creature was doubling the leaps of every other horse, and in a moment Glaucus and Lord C—— had won.

The course between the races is a promenade of some

thousands of the best dressed people in England. I thought I had never seen so many handsome men and women, but particularly *men*. The nobility of this country, unlike every other, is by far the manliest and finest-looking class of its population. The *contadini* of Rome, the *lazoroni* of Naples, the *paysans* of France, are incomparably handsomer than their superiors in rank, but it is strikingly different here. A more elegant and well-proportioned set of men than those pointed out to me by my friends as the noblemen on the course, I never saw, except only in Greece. The Albanians are seraphs to look at.

Excitement is hungry, and after the first race our party produced their baskets and bottles, and spreading out the cold pie and Champagne upon the grass, between the wheels of the carriages, we drank Lord C——'s health and ate for our own, in an *al fresco* style, worthy of Italy. Two veritable Bohemians, brown, black-eyed gipsies, the models of those I had seen in their wicker tents in Asia, profited by the liberality of the hour, and came in for an upper crust to a pigeon-pie, that, to tell the truth, they seemed to appreciate.

Race followed race, but I am not a contributor to the 'Sporting Magazine,' and could not give you their merits in comprehensible terms, if I were.

In one of the intervals, I walked under the king's stand, and saw her majesty the queen, and the young Princess Victoria, very distinctly. They were listening to a ballad-singer, and leaning over the front of the box with an amused attention, quite as sincere, apparently, as any beggar's in the ring. The princess is much better-looking than the pictures of her in the shops, and, for the heir to such a crown as that of England, quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting.

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Invited to breakfast with a gentleman in the Temple to meet Charles Lamb and his sister—'Elia' and 'Bridget Elia.' I never in my life had an invitation more

to my taste. The essays of Elia are certainly the most charming things in the world, and it has been for the last ten years my highest compliment to the literary taste of a friend to present him with a copy. Who has not smiled over the humorous description of Mrs. Battle? Who that has read 'Elia' would not give more to see him than all the other authors of his time put together?

I arrived a half hour before Lamb, and had time to learn some of his peculiarities. He lives a little out of London, and is something of an invalid. Some family circumstances have tended to depress him considerably of late years, and, unless excited by convivial intercourse, he scarce shows a trace of what he was. He was very much pleased with the American reprint of his 'Elia,' though it contains several things which are not his—written so in his style, however, that it is scarce a wonder the editor should mistake them. If I recollect right, they were 'Valentine's Day,' the 'Nuns of Caverswell,' and 'Twelfth Night.' He is excessively given to mystifying his friends, and is never so delighted as when he has persuaded some one into the belief of one of his grave inventions. His amusing biographical sketch of Liston was in this vein, and there was no doubt in any body's mind that it was authentic, and written in the most perfect good faith. Liston was highly enraged with it, and Lamb was delighted in proportion.

There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humour or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain.

His sister, whose literary reputation is associated very closely with her brother's, and who, as the ori-

ginal of 'Bridget Elia,' is a kind of object for literary affection, came in after him. She is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to ill health, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one, and her bright gray eye is still full of intelligence and fire. They both seemed quite at home in our friend's chambers; and as there was to be no one else, we immediately drew round the breakfast-table. I had set a large arm chair for Miss Lamb. "Don't take it, Mary," said Lamb, pulling it away from her very gravely, "it looks as if you were going to have a tooth drawn."

The conversation was very local. Our host and his guest had not met for some weeks, and they had a great deal to say of their mutual friends. Perhaps in this way, however, I saw more of the author, for his manner of speaking of them, and the quaint humour with which he complained of one, and spoke well of another, was so in the vein of his inimitable writings, that I could have fancied myself listening to an audible composition of new Elia. Nothing could be more delightful than the kindness and affection between the brother and the sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her with the most singular gravity upon every topic that was started. "Poor Mary!" said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point." "What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked. "Mr. Willis," said he, raising his voice, "adores *your Confessions of a Drunkard* very much, and I was saying it was no merit of yours that you understood the subject." We had been speaking of this admirable essay (which is his own) half an hour before.

The conversation turned upon literature after a while, and our host could not express himself strongly enough in admiration of Webster's speeches, which he said were exciting the greatest attention among the politicians and lawyers of England. Lamb said, "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there,

devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite, with which I have no sympathy. The only American book I ever read twice, was the 'Journal of Edward Woolman,' a quaker preacher and tailor, whose character is one of the finest I ever met with. He tells a story or two about negro slaves, that brought the tears into my eyes. I can read no prose now, though Hazlitt sometimes, to be sure—but then Hazlitt is worth all modern prose-writers put together.

Mr. R. spoke of buying a book of Lamb's a few days before, and I mentioned my having bought a copy of 'Elia' the last day I was in America, to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in our country.

"What did you give for it?" said Lamb.

"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted out the money upon the table.

"I never yet wrote any thing that would sell," he continued. "I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?"

I had not.

"It's only eighteen pence, and I'll give you sixpence towards it;" and he described to me where I should find it sticking up in a shop window in the Strand.

Lamb ate nothing, and complained in a querulous tone of the veal-pie. There was a kind of potted fish (of which I forget the name at this moment) which he had expected our friend would procure for him. He inquired whether there was not a morsel left perhaps in the bottom of the last pot. Mr. R. was not sure.

"Send and see," said Lamb, "and if the pot has been cleaned, bring me the cover. I think the sight of it would do me good."

The cover was brought, upon which there was a picture of the fish. Lamb kissed it with a reproach-

ful look at his friend, and then left the table and began to wander round the room with a broken, uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one leg before the other. His sister rose after awhile, and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner on the opposite side of the table, and in the course of half an hour they took their leave.

To any one who loves the writings of Charles Lamb with but half my own enthusiasm, even these little particulars of an hour passed in his company will have an interest. To him who does not, they will seem dull and idle. Wreck as he certainly is, and must be, however, of what he was, I would rather have seen him for that single hour, than the hundred-and-one sights of London put together.

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## LETTER LXVII.

### JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

Immensity of London—Voyage to Leith—Society of the steam-packet—Analogy between Scotch and American manners—Strict observance of the Sabbath on board—Edinburgh.

ALMOST giddy with the many pleasures and occupations of London, I had outstayed the last fashionable lingerer; and, on appearing again, after a fortnight's confinement with the epidemic of the season, I found myself almost without an acquaintance, and was driven to follow the world. A preponderance of letters and friends determined my route towards Scotland.

One realizes the immensity of London when he is compelled to measure its length on a single errand. I took a cab at my lodgings at nine in the evening, and drove six miles through one succession of crowded and



blazing streets to the East India Docks, and with the single misfortune of being robbed on the way of a valuable cloak, secured a birth in the Monarch steamer, bound presently for Edinburgh.

I found the drawing-room cabin quite crowded, cold supper on the two long tables, every body very busy with knife and fork, and whisky-and-water and broad Scotch circulating merrily. All the world seemed acquainted, and each man talked to his neighbour, and it was as unlike a ship's company of dumb English as could easily be conceived. I had dined too late to attack the solids, but imitating my neighbour's potation of whisky and hot water, I crowded in between two good-humoured Scotchmen, and took the happy colour of the spirits of the company. A small centre table was occupied by a party who afforded considerable amusement. An excessively fat old woman, with a tall scraggy daughter and a stubby little old fellow, whom they called "Pa;" and a singular man, a Major Somebody, who seemed showing them up, composed the quartette. Noisier women I never saw, nor more hideous. They bullied the waiter, were facetious with the steward, and talked down all the united buzz of the cabin. Opposite me sat a pale, severe-looking Scotchman, who addressed one or two remarks to me; and, upon an uncommon burst of uproariousness, he laughed with the rest, and remarked that the ladies were excusable, for they were doubtless Americans, and knew no better.

"It strikes me," said I, "that both in manners and accent they are particularly Scotch."

"Sir!" said the pale gentleman.

"Sir!" said several of my neighbours on the right and left.

I repeated the remark.

"Have you ever been in Scotland?" asked the pale gentleman, with rather a ferocious air.

"No, sir! Have you ever been in America?"

"No, sir! but I have read Mrs. Trollope."

“And I have read Cyril Thornton; and the manners delineated in Mrs. Trollope, I must say, are rather elegant in comparison.”

I particularized the descriptions I alluded to, which will occur immediately to those who have read the novel I have named; and then confessing I was an American, and withdrawing my illiberal remark, which I had only made to show the gentleman the injustice and absurdity of his own, we called for another tass of whisky, and became very good friends. Heaven knows I have no prejudice against the Scotch, or any other nation—but it is extraordinary how universal the feeling seems to be against America. A half hour incog. in any mixed company in England I should think would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject.

We got under weigh at eleven o'clock, and the passengers turned in. The next morning was Sunday. It was fortunately of a “Sabbath stilness;” and the open sea through which we were driving, with an easy south wind in our favour, graciously permitted us to do honour to as substantial a breakfast as ever was set before a traveller, even in America. (Why *we* should be ridiculed for our breakfasts, I do not know.)

The “Monarch” is a superb boat, and, with the aid of sails and a wind right aft, we made twelve miles in the hour easily. I was pleased to see an observance of the sabbath, which had not crossed my path before in three years’ travel. Half the passengers at least took their Bibles after breakfast, and devoted an hour or two evidently to grave religious reading and reflection. With this exception, I have not seen a person with the Bible in his hand, in travelling over half the world.

The weather continued fine, and smooth water tempted us up to breakfast again on Monday. The wash-room was full of half-clad men, but the week-day manners of the passengers were perceptibly gayer. The captain honoured us by taking the head of the

table, which he had not done on the day previous, and his appearance was hailed by three general cheers. When the meats were removed, a gentleman rose, and, after a very long and parliamentary speech, proposed the health of Captain B——. The company stood up, ladies and all, and it was drank with a tremendous “hip-hip-hurrah,” in bumpers of whisky!

We rounded St. Abb's Head into the Forth at five in the afternoon, and soon dropped anchor off Leith. The view of Edinburgh, from the water, is, I think, second only to that of Constantinople. The singular resemblance, in one or two features, to the view of Athens, as you approach from the Piræus, seems to have struck other eyes than mine; and an imitation Acropolis is commenced on the Calton-hill, and has already, in its half-finished state, much the effect of the Parthenon. Hymettus is rather loftier than the Pentland-hills, and Pentelicus farther off and grander than Arthur's seat; but the Old Castle of Edinburgh is a noble and peculiar feature of its own, and soars up against the sky, with its pinnacle-placed turrets, superbly magnificent. The Forth has a high shore on either side, and, with the island of Inchkeith in its broad bosom, it looks more like a lake than an arm of the sea.

It is odd what strange links of acquaintance will develope between people thrown together in the most casual manner, and in the most out-of-the-way places. I have never entered a steamboat in my life without finding, if not an acquaintance, some one who should have been an acquaintance, from mutual knowledge of friends. I thought, through the first day, that the Monarch would be an exception. On the second morning, however, a gentleman came up and called me by name. He was an American, and had seen me in Boston. Soon after, another gentleman addressed some remark to me, and, in a few minutes, we discovered that we were members of the same club in London, and bound to the same hospitable roof in Scotland. We went on, talking together, and I happened

to mention having lately been in Greece, when one of a large party of ladies, overhearing the remark, turned, and asked me, if I had met Lady —— in my travels. I had met her at Athens, and this was her sister. I found I had many interesting particulars of the delightful person in question which were new to them, and, *sequitur*, a friendship struck up immediately between me and a party of six. You would have never dreamed, to have seen the *adieux* on the landing, that we had been unaware of each other's existence forty-four hours previous.

Leith is a mile or more from the town, and we drove into the new side of Edinburgh—a splendid city of stone—and, with my English friend, I was soon installed in a comfortable parlour at Douglas's—a hotel to which the Tremont, in Boston, is the only parallel. It is built of the same stone and is smaller, but it has a better situation than the Tremont, standing in a magnificent square, with a column and statue to Lord Melville in the centre, and a perspective of a noble street stretching through the city from the opposite side.

We dined upon *grouse*, to begin Scotland fairly, and nailed down our sherry with a tass o' Glenlivet, and then we had still an hour of daylight for a ramble.

## LETTER LXVIII.

## EDINBURGH.

A Scotch breakfast—The Castle—Palace of Holyrood—Queen Mary—Rizzio—Charles the Tenth.

It is an odd place, Edinburgh. The Old Town and the new are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. "Auld Reekie" itself looks built on the backbone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented Castle, whose base is literally on a mountain-top in the midst of the city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood House; and between this and the Castle runs a single street, part of which is the Old Canongate. Princes' Street, the Broadway of the New Town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Canongate, and from every part of Edinburgh these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a

succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well paved streets, columns, statues, and clean side-walks, thinly promenaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population;—and on the other, an antique wilderness of streets and “wynds,” so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of Heaven; a thronging, busy, and particularly dirty population; side-walks almost impassable from children and other respectable nuisances: and, altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinburgh is unlike the other. Nature has properly placed “a great gulf” between them.

We toiled up to the Castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinburgh, to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the Campagna. We looked down on the surging sea of architecture below us; and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy, Glenlivet-born, in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war-horses rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive *lift* of its towering architecture into the sky, give it altogether a look of pride and warlikeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at “Auld Reekie.”

My friend had determined to have what he called a “flare-up” of a Scotch breakfast, and we were set down the morning after our arrival, at nine, to cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, tea, and toast; and I am by no means sure that this is all. It

is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of "breakfast at nine."

We parted after having achieved it, my companion going before me to Dumbartonshire; and, with a "wee callant" for a guide, I took my way to Holyrood.

At the very foot of Edinburgh stands this most interesting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at the first view rather disappointing. It might have been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might have been in the melancholy story most prominent in its history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A rosy cicerone in petticoats stepped out from the porter's lodge, and rather brightened my mood with her smile and courtesy, and I followed on to the chapel-royal, built, Heaven knows when, but in a beautiful state of Gothic ruin. The girl went on with her knitting and her well-drilled recitation of the sights upon which those old fretted and stone traceries had let in the light; and I walked about feeding my eyes upon its hoar and touching beauty, listening little till she came to the high altar, and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over something about the Queen of Scots. Mary was married to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The mechanical guide was accustomed evidently to an interruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary! I had the common feeling, and made probably the same ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but I had never before realized the melancholy romance of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that recorded it—now it was, as it were, a pity and a grief for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it had happened yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly a scene of living story.

"And through this door they dragged the murdered favourite; and here, under this stone, he was buried!"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor Rizzio!"

"I'm thinkin' that's a', sir!"

It was a broad hint, but I took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder and the grave of the victim.

"And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?"

"Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!"

I paid my shilling, and exit.

On inquiry for the private apartments, I was directed to another Girzy, who took me up to a suite of rooms appropriated to the use of the Earl of Bredalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a week in London.

"And which was Queen Mary's chamber?"

"Ech! sir! It's t'ither side. I dinna show that."

"And what am I brought here for?"

"Ye cam' yoursel'!"

With this wholesome truth, I paid my shilling again, and was handed over to another woman, who took me into a large hall containing portraits of Robert Bruce, Baliol, Macbeth, Queen Mary, and some forty other men and women famous in Scotch story; and nothing is clearer than that one patient person sat to the painter for the whole. After "doing" these, I was led with extreme deliberativeness through a suite of unfurnished rooms,—twelve, I think,—the only interest of which was their having been tenanted of late by the royal exile of France;—as if any body would give a shilling to see where Charles X. slept and breakfasted!

I thanked Heaven that I stumbled next upon the right person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fire-place like that of a country inn—the state-chamber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet, where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate in the chimney that she had sat before—the mir-



ror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all, save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room—her chamber. A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience-chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it. Again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarce larger than your hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back, upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected!

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## LETTER LXIX.

### A VISIT TO D—— CASTLE.

Romance and reality—Dalkeith Railway—Reception at D——  
Castle—Comparisons—D—— "Policies"—Family Legends—  
The Warlock Pear.

EDINBURGH has extended to St. Leonards, and the home of Jeanie Deans is now the commencement of

the rail-way! How sadly is romance ridden over by the march of intellect!

With twenty-four persons and some climbers behind, I was drawn ten miles in the hour by a single horse upon the Dalkeith rail-road, and landed within a mile of D—— Castle. Two "wee callants" here undertook my portmanteau, and in ten minutes more I was at the rustic lodge in the park, the gate of which swung hospitably open with the welcome announcement that I was expected. An avenue of near three-quarters of a mile of firs, cedars, laburnums and larches, wound through the park to the castle; and, dipping over the edge of a deep and wild dell, I found the venerable old pile below me, its round towers and battlemented turrets frowning among the trees, and forming with the river, which swept round its base, one of the finest specimens imaginable, of the feudal picturesque.\* The nicely-gravelled terraces, as I approached; the plate-glass windows and rich curtains, diminished somewhat of the romance; but I am not free to say that the promise they gave of the luxury within did not offer a succedaneum.

I was met at the threshold by the castle's noble and distinguished master; and as the light modern Gothic door swung open on its noiseless hinges, I looked up at the rude armorial scutcheon above, and at the slits for the portcullis chains and the rough hollows in the walls which had served for its rest, and it seemed to me that the kind and polished earl, in his velvet cap, and the modern door on its patent hinges, were pleasant substitutes even for a raised drawbridge and a helmeted knight. I beg pardon of the romantic, if this be treason against Della Crusca.

The gong had sounded its first summons to dinner, and I went immediately to my room to achieve my

\* "The castle of D—— upon the South Esk is a strong and large castle, with a large wall of ashure work going round about the same, with a tower upon ilk corner thereof."—*Grose's Antiquities*.

toilet. I found myself in the south wing, with a glorious view up the valley of the Esk, and comforts about me such as are only found in a private chamber in England. The nicely-fitted carpet; the heavy curtains; the well-appointed dressing-table; the patent grate and its blazing fire, (for where is a fire not welcome in Scotland?) the tapestry, the books, the boundless bed, the bell that *will* ring, and the servants that anticipate the pull—oh, you should have ~~been~~ <sup>known</sup> for comfort in France and Italy to know what this catalogue is worth.

After dinner, Lady D——, who is much of an invalid, mounted a small pony to show me the grounds. We took a winding path away from the door, and descended at once into the romantic dell over which the castle towers. It is naturally a most wild and precipitous glen, through which the rapid Esk pursues its way almost in darkness; but, leaving only the steep and rocky shelves leaning over the river with their crown of pines, the successive lords of D—— have cultivated the banks and hills around for a park and a paradise. The smooth gravel-walks cross and interweave; the smoother lawns sink and swell with their green bosoms; the stream dashes on murmuring below, and the lofty trees shadow and overhang all. At one extremity of the grounds are a flower and fruit garden, and beyond it the castle farm; at the other, a little village of the family dependants, with their rose-embowered cottages; and, as far as you would ramble in a day, extend the woods and glades; and hares leap across your path, and pheasants and partridges whirr up as you approach, and you may fatigue yourself in a scene that is formed in every feature for the gentle-born and the refined. The labour and the taste of successive generations can alone create such an Eden.

The various views of the castle from the bottom of the dell are perfectly beautiful. With all its internal refinement, it is still the warlike fortress at a little dis-

tance: and bartizan and battlement bring boldly back the days when Bruce was at Hawthornden, (six miles distant,) and Lord D——'s ancestor defended the ford of the Esk, and made himself a name in Scottish story in the days of Wallace and the Douglasses. D—— was besieged by Edward the First and by John of Gaunt, among others, and being the nearest of a chain of castles from the Esk to the Pentland Hills, it was the scene of some petty fighting in most of the wars of Scotland.

Lord D—— showed me a singular old bridle-bit, the history of which is thus told in Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather:"—

"Sir Alexander Ramsay having taken by storm the strong castle of Roxburgh, the king bestowed on him the office of sheriff of the county, which was before engaged by the knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another person in his room, the knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from the hands of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered; and, being wounded, was hurried away to the lonely castle of the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, with his horse, where he had no other sustenance than some grain which fell down from a granary above; and, after lingering awhile in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1412. Nearly four hundred and fifty years afterward—that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging among the ruins of Hermitage Castle, broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones, and a bridle-bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle-bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant Earl of D——, a

brave soldier, like his ancestor, Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended."

There is another singular story connected with the family which escaped Sir Walter, and which has never appeared in print. Lady D—— is of the ancient family of C——, one of the ancestors of which married the daughter of the famous Warlock of Gifford, described in "Marmion." As they were proceeding to the church, the wizard lord stopped the bridal procession beneath a pear-tree, and plucking one of the pears, he gave it to his daughter, telling her that he had no dowry to give her, but that as long as she kept that gift, good fortune would never desert her or her descendants. This was in 1270, and the pear is still preserved in a silver box. About two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation—the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the C——'s in six centuries—thanks, perhaps, to the *Warlock pear*!

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## LETTER LXX.

### D—— CASTLE.

Sporting and its Equipments—Roslin Castle, and Chapel—A Cicerone.

THE nominal attraction of Scotland, particularly at this season, is the shooting. Immediately on your arrival, you are asked whether you prefer a flint or a

percussion lock, and (supposing that you do *not* travel with a gun, which all Englishmen *do*,) a double-barrelled Manton is appropriated to your use, the gamekeeper fills your powder and shot-pouches, and waits with the dogs in a leash till you have done your breakfast; and the ladies leave the table, wishing you a good day's sport,—all as matters of course.

I would rather have gone to the library. An aversion to walking, except upon smooth flag-stones, a poetical tenderness on the subject of "putting birds out of misery," as the last office is elegantly called, and hands much more at home with a goose-quill than a gun, were some of my private objections to the "order of the day." Between persuasion and a most truant sunshine, I was overruled, however, and with a silent prayer that I might not destroy the hopes of my noble host, by shooting his only son, who was to be my companion and instructor, I shouldered the proffered Manton and joined the gamekeeper in the dark.

Lord R—— and his man looked at me with some astonishment as I approached, and I was equally surprised at the young nobleman's metamorphosis. From the elegant Oxonian I had seen at breakfast, he was transformed to a figure something rougher than his Highland dependant, in a woollen shooting-jacket, that might have been cut in Kentucky; pockets of any number and capacity; trousers of the coarsest plaid; hob-nailed shoes and leathern gaiters, and a manner of handling his gun that would have been respected on the Mississippi. My own appearance in high-heeled French boots and other corresponding gear for a tramp over stubble and marsh, amused them equally; but my wardrobe was exclusively metropolitan, and there was no alternative.

The dogs were loosed from their leash, and bounded away, and, crossing the Esk under the castle walls, we found our way out of the park, and took to the open fields. A large patch of stubble was our first ground,

and with a "hie away!" from the game-keeper, the beautiful setters darted on before, their tails busy with delight, and their noses to the ground, first dividing, each for a wall-side, and beating along till they met, and then scouring towards the centre, as regularly as if every step were guided by human reason. Suddenly, they both dropped low into the stubble, and with heads eagerly bent forward, and the intensest gaze upon a spot, a yard or more in advance, stood as motionless as stone. "A covey, my lord!" said the game-keeper, and with our guns cocked, we advanced to the dogs, who had crouched, and lay as still, while we passed them, as if their lives depended upon our shot. Another step, and whirr! whirr! a dozen partridges started up from the furrow; and while Lord R—— cried "Now!" and reserved his fire to give me the opportunity, I stood stock-still in my surprise, and the whole covey disappeared over the wall. My friend laughed, the gamekeeper smiled, and the dogs hied on once more.

I mended my shooting in the course of the morning, but it was both exciting and hard work. A heavy shower soaked us through, without extracting the slightest notice from my companion; and on we trudged through peas, beans, turnips, and corn, muddled to the knees, and smoking with moisture, excessively to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the productions of Monsieur Clerx, of the Rue Vivienne, which were reduced to the consistency of brown paper, and those of my London tailor, which were equally entitled to some surprise at the use they were put to. It was quite beautiful, however, to see the ardour and training of the dogs; their caution, their obedience, and their perfect understanding of every motion of their master. I found myself interested quite beyond fatigue; and it was only when we jumped the park-paling and took it once more leisurely down the gravel-walks, that I realized at what an expense of mud, water, and weariness, my

day's sport had been purchased.—*Mem.* Never to come to Scotland again without hob-nailed shoes and a shooting-jacket.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rode over to Roslin Castle. The country between D—— Castle and Roslin, including the village of Lasswade, is of uncommon loveliness. Lasswade itself clings to the two sides of a small valley, with its village-church buried in trees, and the country-seat of Lord Melville looking down upon it from its green woods; and away over the shoulder of the hill swell the forests and rocks which imbosom Hawthornden, (the residence of Drummond, the poet, in the days of Ben Jonson,) and the Pentland Hills, with their bold outline, form a background that completes the picture.

We left our horses at the neighbouring inn, and walked first to Roslin chapel. This little gem of florid architecture is scarcely a ruin, so perfect are its arches and pillars, its fretted cornices, and its painted windows. A whimsical booby undertook the cicerone, with a long cane-pole, to point out the beauties. We entered the low side-door, whose stone threshold the feet of Cromwell's church-stabled troopers assisted to wear, and walked at once to a singular column of twisted marble, most curiously carved, standing under the choir. Our friend with the cane-pole, who had condescended to familiar Scotch on the way, took his distance from the base, and, drawing up his feet like a soldier on drill, assumed a most extraordinary elevation of voice, and recited its history in a declamation of which I could only comprehend the words "Abraham and Isaac." I saw, by the direction of the pole, that there was a bas-relief of the Father of the Faithful, done on the capital, but for the rest I was indebted to Lord R——, who did it into English as follows: "The master-mason of this chapel, meeting with some difficulties in the execution of his design, found it necessary to go to Rome for information, during which time his apprentice carried on the work, and



even executed some parts concerning which his master had been most doubtful; particularly this fine fluted column, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers twisting spirally round it. The master, on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior abilities of his apprentice, slew him by a blow of his hammer."

The whole interior of the chapel is excessively rich. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves are covered with sculptures. On the architrave adjoining the apprentice's pillar to a smaller one, is graved the sententious inscription, "*Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*" It has been built about four hundred years, and is, I am told, the most perfect thing of its kind in Scotland.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are a few minutes' walk beyond. They stand on a kind of island rock, in the midst of one of the wildest glens of Scotland, separated from the hill nearest to the base by a drawbridge, swung over a tremendous chasm. I have seen nothing so absolutely picturesque in my travels. The North Esk runs its dark course, unseen, in the ravine below; the rocks on every side frown down upon it in black shadows; the woods are tangled, and apparently pathless; and were it not for a most undeniable two-story farmhouse, built directly in the court of the old castle, you might convince yourself that foot had never approached it since the days of Wallace.

The fortress was built by William St. Clair, of whom Grose writes: "He kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master-house-hold; Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer; and Lord Fleming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend,—viz.: Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig; Tweddie, Laird of Drumerline; and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was

served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding-gentlemen in all her journeys; and, if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Black Friar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

With a scrambling walk up the glen, which is, as says truly Mr. Grose, "inconceivably romantick," we returned to our horses, and rode back to our dinner at D——, delighted with Roslin Castle, and uncommonly hungry.

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## LETTER LXXI.

### EDINBURGH.

"Christopher North"—Mr. Blackwood—The Ettrick Shepherd—Lockhart—"Noctes Ambrosianæ"—Wordsworth—Southey—Captain Hamilton and his book on America.

ONE of my most valued letters to Scotland was an introduction to Professor W——, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, and the well known poet. The acknowledgment of the reception of my note came with an invitation to breakfast the following morning, at the early hour of nine.

The professor's family were at a summer residence in the country, and he was alone in his house in Gloucester-place, having come to town on the melancholy errand of a visit to poor Blackwood—(since dead.) I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat-skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with

a manner and face of high good-humour, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying civil things of the noble friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and descriptions, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample, his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character; and his hair, of a very light sandy colour, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a Highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking, and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but (I know not whether the impression is common) I expected in Christopher North a finished and rather over-refined man of the world, of the old school, and I was so far disappointed.

The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to remind him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence it certainly was. His accent is very broadly

Scotch, but his words are singularly well chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with. He spoke of Blackwood; returning to the subject repeatedly, and always with a softened tone of voice and a more impressive manner, as if his feelings were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of his illness. "Poor Blackwood!" he said, setting his hands together, and fixing his eyes on the wall, as if he were soliloquizing with the picture of the sick man vividly before him; "There never was a more honest creature or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much, and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a part of your existence almost;—to have the share he took in your thoughts thrown back upon you—and his aid and counsel and company with you no more! His own mind is in a very singular state. He knows he is to die, and he has made every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet, the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself up in his remarks on the future, as if he were to be here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantage for years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life—standing on the edge of the grave, and turning, first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back upon the familiar and pleasant world, yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life beyond the day over our head!"

I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste.

"Yes," he said, "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish every thing he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and, therefore, there are perhaps many authors who would complain of him; but, if his opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was right, and give up my own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

I spoke of the 'Noctes.'

He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said, "Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor H—— comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there, and said every thing that is put down for him."

"How does the Shepherd take it?"

"Very good-humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good humour, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the 'Noctes.'"

"What do you think of his 'Life of Sir Walter,' which Lockhart has so butchered in Fraser?"

"*Did* Lockhart write that?"

"I was assured so in London."

"It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so yesterday to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think, from his manner, he *must* have written it."

"Will H—— forgive him?"

\*Never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie—oh, it was not right!"

"Do you think H—— misrepresented facts wilfully?"

"No, oh no! he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a colouring to his conversations with Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore H—— must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?"

"No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the 'Quarterly,' and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend."

"Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men, and so he appears in private life always."

"Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray don't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that

we are not considered a polite nation in France.' Nothing certainly could be more ill-bred and insulting.

"Still it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinburgh a great while; and when he was writing 'Valerius,' we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the 'Noctes.'"

"At Ambrose's?"

"At Ambrose's."

"But is there such a tavern, really?"

"Oh, certainly. Any body will show it to you. It is a small house; kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the 'Noctes.' We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that same short-hand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper!' The next day he produced a paper called 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and that was the first. I continued them afterward."

"Have you no idea of publishing them separately? I think a volume or two should be made of the more poetical and critical parts, certainly. Leaving out the

politics, and the merely local topics of the day, no book could be more agreeable."

"It was one of the things pending when poor Blackwood was taken ill. But, will you have some breakfast?"

The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition. Without rising, he, leaned back, with his chair still toward the fire, and, seizing the tea-pot as if it were a sledge-hammer, he poured from one cup to the other without interrupting the stream, overrunning both cup and saucer, and partly flooding the tea-tray. He then set the cream toward me with a carelessness which nearly upset it, and, in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness, but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on talking of the 'Noctes,' and Lockhart, and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation. After awhile he digressed to Wordsworth and Southey, and asked me if I was going to return by the Lakes. I proposed doing so.

"I will give you letters to both, if you haven't them. I lived a long time in that neighbourhood, and know Wordsworth perhaps as well as any one. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which of course filled my mind completely at the time, and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imitation of Wordsworth's."

"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?"

"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Every thing ministers to it. Every thing is done with reference to it. He is all and only a poet.

"What is Southey's manner of life?"



"Walter Scott said of him, that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly. He has great genius, and is a most estimable man."

"Hamilton lives on the Lakes, too—does he not?"

"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the 'North American!' Who wrote it?"

I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius.

"It was excessively clever, but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office. But what a strange thing it is that nobody can write a good book on America! The ridiculous part of it seems to me that men of common sense go there as travellers, and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world, and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope, any day or night, here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think, between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

"I can promise you a hearty welcome, if you should be inclined to try."

"I have thought seriously of it. It is, after all, not more than a journey to Switzerland or Italy, of which we think nothing, and my vacation of five months would give me ample time, I suppose, to run through the principal cities. I shall do it, I think,"

I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years.

"No, though I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place, I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the Isle of Palms and any thing of Wordsworth's. I think I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn*, I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers, and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry was another inducement for not writing."

I expressed my surprise at what he said, for, as far as I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favourite.

"Yes, out of this immediate sphere, perhaps—but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort oneself with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in

the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family, than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in towns require a constant phantasmagoria, to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"

My letter is getting too long, and I must make it shorter, as it is vastly less agreeable than the visit itself. Wilson went on to speak of his family, and his eyes kindled with pleasure in talking of his children. He invited me to stop and visit him at his place near Selkirk, in my way south, and promised me that I should see Hogg, who lived not far off. Such inducement was scarce necessary, and I made a half-promise to do it, and left him, after having passed several hours of the highest pleasure in his fascinating society.

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## LETTER LXXII.

### SCOTLAND.

Lord J—— —Lord B—— —Politics—The "Grey" Ball—Aberdeen—Gordon Castle.

I WAS engaged to dine with Lord J—— on the same day that I had breakfasted with Wilson, and the opportunity of contrasting so closely these two distinguished men, both editors of leading Reviews, yet of different politics, and no less different minds, persons, and manners, was highly gratifying.

At seven o'clock I drove to Moray Place, the Grosvenor Square of Edinburgh. I was not sorry to be early, for never having seen my host, I had some little advantage over the awkwardness of meeting a large party of strangers. After a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. J——, the door was thrown quickly open, and the celebrated editor of the "Edinburgh," the distinguished lawyer, the humane and learned judge, and the wit of the day, *par excellence*, entered with his daughter. A frank, almost merry smile; a perfectly unceremonious, hearty manner; and a most playful and graceful style of saying the half-apologetic, half-courteous things incident to a first meeting after a letter of introduction, put me at once at my ease, and established a partiality for him *impromptu*, in my feelings. J—— is rather below the middle size, slight, rapid in his speech and motion, never still, and glances from one subject to another with less abruptness and more quickness than any man I had ever seen. His head is small, but compact and well-shaped; and the expression of his face, when serious, is that of quick and discriminating earnestness. His voice is rather thin, but pleasing; and if I had met him incidentally, I should have described him, I think, as a most witty and well-bred gentleman of the School of Wilkes and Sheridan. Perhaps as distinguishing a mark as either his wit or his politeness, is an honest goodness of heart; which, however it makes itself apparent, no one could doubt, who had been with J—— ten minutes.

To my great disappointment, Mrs. J—— informed me that Lord B——, who was their guest at the time, was engaged to a dinner given by the new Lord Advocate to Earl Grey. I had calculated much on seeing two such old friends and fellow-wits as J—— and B—— at the same table, and I could well believe what my neighbour told me at dinner, that it was more than a common misfortune to have missed it.

The great "Grey dinner" had been given the day before, and politics were the only subject at table. It

had been my lot to be thrown principally among Tories (*Conservatives* is the new name) since my arrival in England, and it was difficult to rid myself at once of the impressions of a fortnight just passed in the castle of a Tory earl. My sympathies in the "great and glorious" occasion were slower than those of the company, and much of their enthusiasm seemed to me over-strained. Then I had not even dined with the two thousand Whigs under the Pavilion, and, as I was incautious enough to confess it, I was rallied upon having fallen into bad company, and altogether entered less into the spirit of the hour than I could have wished. Politics are seldom witty or amusing, and though I was charmed with the good sense and occasional eloquence of Lord J——, I was glad to get up stairs after dinner to *chasse-café* and the ladies.

We were all bound to the public ball that evening, and at eleven I accompanied my distinguished host to the Assembly Room. Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord B——'s ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to every body, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotch nobility were there, but Whiggism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with "porcelain." I danced till three o'clock, without finding my partners better or worse for their politics; and having aggravated a temporary lameness by my exertions, went home with a leg like an elephant to repent my abandonment of Tory quiet.

Two or three days under the hands of the doctor, with the society of a Highland crone, of whose ceaseless garrulity over my poultices and plasters I could not understand two consecutive words, fairly finished my patience, and, abandoning with no little regret a

charming land-route to the north of Scotland, I had myself taken "this side up" on board the steamer for Aberdeen.

We steamed the hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, paying about three dollars for our passage. I mention it for the curiosity of a cheap thing in this country.

I lay at Aberdeen four days, getting out but once, and then for a drive to the "Mareschal College," the *alma mater* of Dugald Dalgetty. It is a curious and rather picturesque old place, half in ruins, and is about being pulled down. A Scotch gentleman, who was a fellow-passenger in the steamer, and who lived in the town, called on me kindly twice a day, brought me books and papers, offered me the use of his carriage, and did every thing for my comfort that could have been suggested by the warmest friendship. Considering that it was a casual acquaintance of a day, it speaks well, certainly, for the "Good Samaritanism" of Scotland.

I took two places in the coach at last, (one for my leg,) and bowled away seventy miles across the country, with the delightful speed of these admirable conveyances, for G—— Castle. I arrived at Fochabers, a small town on the estate of the Duke of G——, at three in the afternoon, and immediately took a post-chaise for the Castle, the gate of which was a stone's-throw from the inn.

The immense iron gate, surmounted by the G—— arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk; the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful

blood-horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups; and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the Castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings; and, in another moment, I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

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## LETTER LXXIII.

### G—— CASTLE.

Company there—The Park—Duke of G—— —Personal beauty of the English aristocracy.

THE last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that His Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"Who is at the Castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.

"Oh, a great many, sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. "There's Lord A——, and Lord C—— H——, and the Duchess of R——, and Lord A——, and Lord S—— and Lady S——, and Lord M—— and Lady M——, and—and—and—twenty more, sir."

"Twenty more lords and ladies?"

"No, sir! that's all the nobility."

"And you can't remember the names of the others?"

"No, sir."

He was a proper page. He could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners.

"And how many sit down to dinner?"

"Above thirty, sir, besides the Duke and Duchess."

"That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman, with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the Castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with a flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the



next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a game-keeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the Castle. Soon after, a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly, to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the Duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with a broad red riband across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the Castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The Duchess, a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in

so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour, to the modern dukes in kilt of the G—— plaid; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The Duke probably anticipated as much, and, as I took my seat, he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had, upon my right; Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

I have been struck every where in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and, as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen "Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble," so unequivocally clear. There were two young men, and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found; the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thorough-bred." There is a striking difference, in this respect, between England and the countries of the Continent—the *paysans* of France, and the *contadini* of Italy, being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of

English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressment*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian, in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his most dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dereglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentleman-like" and Indian-like. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate, and smile, as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house; and to discover, that at the very moment he bowed so coldly, he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him, or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in, when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and, at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music, filled up the time

till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening, which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

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## LETTER LXXIV.

### G—— CASTLE.

English breakfasts—Salmon-fishery—Lord A———Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Lane—  
Sporting establishment of G—— Castle.

I AROSE late on the first morning after my arrival at G—— Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck, on entering, with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the Duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the Duchess was in a plain morning-dress, and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels, and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness.

The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before; faultless in costume, and distinguished in his appearance—in the full force of the term—was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes, (for shooting,) and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and eat his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

Breakfast in England is a confidential and uncere-  
monious hour, and servants are generally dispensed  
with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over  
every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fel-  
lows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch  
me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast,  
muffins, oat-cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the  
paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the side-  
board stood cold meats for those who liked them, and  
they were expected to go to it and help themselves.  
Nothing could be more easy, uncere-  
monious, and affable than the whole tone of the meal. One after another  
rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up  
and down the long room, and, with one or two others,  
I joined the Duke at the head of the table, who gave  
us some interesting particulars of the salmon-fisheries  
of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within  
his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight  
thousand pounds a year! A salmon was brought in  
for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not  
more than half the weight of our common American  
salmon.

The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks.

in the park, and other avocations: those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard room, and I was left with Lord A—— in the breakfast-room alone. The Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Wellington Cabin, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped to enjoy his friendship. He wished he might return as our Minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the President very much as a man.

Lord A—— has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trousers very ill-made; a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies

of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.

Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting-parties, who started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a phrensy of delight, and accepted the Duchess's kind offer of a pony phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The Duke's breed, both of setters and hounds, is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle enclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable poor-house. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a game-keeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the small enclosure with a dozen gigantic blood-hounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that, without it, they would "hae the life oot o' me in a crack." They came around me very quietly, and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thorough-bred heads,—large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. "Dinna tak' pains to caress 'em, sir," said the huntsman, "they'll only be hangit for it!" I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed signs of superior sagacity. In coursing the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valua-

ble only as they obey their mere natural instinct; and if they leave the track of the hare, either in their own sagacity, or to follow their master in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of course, to preserve them, what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The Duchess told me afterwards that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face and caressing fondness, (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in *his* family!) quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the Duke's would as soon ask him for a church-living as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged and perfectly white little wretches) the keeper seemed particularly proud. I evidently sunk in his opinion for not admiring them.

I passed the remainder of the morning in threading the lovely alleys and avenues of the park, miles after miles of gravel-walk extending away in every direction, with every variety of turn and shade, now a deep wood, now a sunny opening upon a glade, here along the bank of a stream, and there around the borders of a small lagoon, and the little ponies flying on over the smoothly-rolled paths, and tossing their mimicking heads as if they too enjoyed the beauty of the princely domain. This, I thought to myself, as I sped on through light and shadow, is very like what is called happiness; and this (if to be a Duke were to enjoy it



as I do with this fresh feeling of novelty and delight) is a condition of life it is not quite irrational to envy. And giving my little steeds the rein, I repeated to myself Scott's graphic description, which seems written for the park of G—— Castle, and thanked Heaven for one more day of unalloyed happiness.

“ And there soft swept in velvet green,  
The plain with many a glade between,  
Whose tangled alleys far invade  
The depths of the brown forest shade;  
And the tall fern obscured the lawn,  
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn.  
There, tufted close with copse-wood green,  
Was many a swelling hillock seen,  
And all around was verdure meet  
For pressure of the fairies' feet.  
The glossy valley loved the park,  
The yew-tree lent its shadows dark,  
And many an old oak worn and bare  
With all its shyer'd boughs was there.”

## LETTER LXXV.

### G—— CASTLE.

Scotch hospitality—Duchess' infant school—Manners of high life—  
The tone of conversation in England and America contrasted.

THE aim of Scotch hospitality seems to be, to convince you that the house and all that is in it is your own, and you are at liberty to enjoy it as if you were, in the French sense of the French phrase, *chez vous*. The routine of G—— Castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch, the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At 2 o'clock, a

dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and every body came in for a kind of lounging half-meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, outriders, footmen, and saddle horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chase to a phaeton-and-four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the sea-side—some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were every where at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red-deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers lifting their hats in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of your privileges, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel what perhaps would be more poetical and republican, that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste.

The second afternoon of my arrival, I took a seat in the carriage with Lord A——, and we followed the Duchess, who drove herself in a pony-chaise, to visit a school on the estate. Attached to a small Gothic chapel, a few minutes' drive from the Castle, stood a building in the same style, appropriated to the instruction of the children of the Duke's tenantry. There were a hundred and thirty little creatures, from two years to five or six, and, like all infant-schools in these days of im-

proved education, it was an interesting and affecting sight. The last one I had been in was at Athens; and though I missed here the dark eyes and Grecian faces of the *Ægean*, I saw health and beauty of a kind which stirred up more images of home, and promised, perhaps, more for the future. They went through their evolutions, and answered their questions with an intelligence and cheerfulness that were quite delightful; and I was sorry to leave them, even for a drive in the loveliest sunset of a lingering day of summer.

People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the President has destroyed the bank, or the bank the President, or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not, will be very much interested to know if the pine tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America, if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I would recommend a little study of trees particularly, and of vegetation generally, as valuable knowledge for an American coming abroad. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned. The Duchess led the way to a plantation of American trees, at some distance from the Castle, and stopping beneath some really noble firs, I was asked if our forest trees were often larger. They were shrubs, however, to the gigantic productions of the West. Whatever else we may see abroad, we must return home to find the magnificence of nature.

The number at the dinner-table of G—— Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, "Who is arrived?" You are sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half

a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in any thing. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the Duke and Duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase, or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or *ennui* found its way into the Castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased,—the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail-coach at all.

The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so "odd" (a word, by the way, that in England means every thing disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to "a scene." The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word "capital" suffices; for all ordinary praise the word "nice;" for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word "odd." To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and stamp yourself under-bred or a foreigner.

This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding, but of the true philosophy of

social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an "overpowering person," is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called "amusing." He is considered here as a monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been "a scene," and the repose of the company would have been disturbed. You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease. Society on this footing is delightful to all, and the diffident man, or the dull man, or the quiet man, enjoys it as much as another. For violent sensations you must go elsewhere. Your escape-valve is not at your neighbour's ear.

There is a great advantage in this in another respect. Your tongue never gets you into mischief. The "unsafeness of Americans" in society (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises wholly from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to trifles. I can tell one of my countrymen abroad by his first remark. Ten to one his first sentence contains a superlative that would make an Englishman imagine he had lost his senses. The natural consequence is—continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended, words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and gentlemen are shy of us. A good-natured young nobleman, whom I sat next at dinner on my first arrival at G—— Castle, told me he was hunting with Lord A——, when two very gentleman-like young men rode up and request-

ed leave to follow the hounds, but in such extraordinary language, that they were not at first understood. The hunt continued for some days, and at last the strangers, who rode well and were seen continually, were invited to dine with the principal nobleman of the neighbourhood. They turned out to be Americans, and were every way well-bred and agreeable, but their extraordinary mode of expressing themselves kept the company in continual astonishment. They were treated with politeness, of course, while they remained, but no little fun was made of their phraseology after their departure; and the impression on the mind of my informant was very much against the purity of the English language as spoken by Americans. I mention it for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

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## LETTER LXXVI.

### THE HIGHLANDS.

Departure from G—— Castle—The Pretender—Scotch character misapprehended—Observance of Sunday—Highland chieftains.

TEN days had gone by like the “Days of Thalaba,” and I took my leave of G—— Castle. It seemed to me, as I looked back upon it, as if I had passed a separate life there—so beautiful had been every object on which I had looked in that time, and so free from every mixture of *ennui* had been the hours from the first to the last. I have set them apart in my memory, those ten days, as a bright ellipse in the usual

procession of joys and sorrows. It is a little world walled in from rudeness and vexation, in which I have lived a life.

I took the coach for Elgin, and visited the fine old ruins of the cathedral, and then kept on to Inverness, passing over the "Blasted Heath," the tryst of Macbeth and the witches. We passed within sight of Culloden Moor at sunset, and the driver pointed out to me a lonely castle where the Pretender slept the night before the battle. The interest with which I had read the romantic history of Prince Charlie in my boyhood, was fully awakened, for his name is still a watchword of aristocracy in Scotland; and the jacobite songs, with their half-warlike, half-melancholy music, were favourites of the Duchess of G——, who sung them in their original Scotch, with an enthusiasm and sweetness that stirred my blood like the sound of a trumpet. There certainly never was a cause so indebted to music and poetry as that which was lost at Culloden.

The hotel at Inverness was crowded with livery-servants, and the door inaccessible for carriages. I had arrived on the last day of a county meeting, and all the chieftains and lairds of the north and west of Scotland were together. The last ball was to be given that evening, and I was strongly tempted to go by four or five acquaintances whom I found in the hotel, but the gout was peremptory. My shoe would not go on, and I went to bed.

I was limping about in the morning with a kind old baronet, whom I had met at G—— Castle, when I was warmly accosted by a gentleman whom I did not immediately remember. On his reminding me that we had parted last on Lake Lemán, however, I recollected a gentleman-like Scotchman, who had offered me his glass opposite Copet, to look at the house of Madame de Stael, and whom I had left afterward at Lausanne, without even knowing his name. He invited me immediately to dine, and in about an

hour or two after called in his carriage, and drove me to a charming country-house, a few miles down the shore of Loch Ness, where he presented me to his family, and treated me in every respect as if I had been the oldest of his friends. I mention the circumstance for the sake of a comment on what seems to me a universal error with regard to the Scotch character. Instead of a calculating and cold people, as they are always described by the English, they seem to me more a nation of impulse and warm feeling than any other I have seen. Their history certainly goes to prove a most chivalrous character in days gone by, and as far as I know Scotchmen, they preserve it still with even less of the modification of the times than other nations. The instance I have mentioned above is one of many that have come under my own observation, and in many inquiries since, I have never found an Englishman, *who had been in Scotland*, who did not confirm my impression. I have not traded with them, it is true, and I have seen only the wealthier class; but still I think my judgment a fair one. The Scotch in England are, in a manner, what the Yankees are in the southern states, and their advantages of superior quickness and education have given them a success which is ascribed to meaner causes. I think (common prejudice *contradicente*) that neither the Scotch nor the English are a cold or an unfriendly people, but the Scotch certainly the farther removed from coldness of the two.

Inverness is the only place I have ever been in where no medicine could be procured on a Sunday. I did not want, indeed, for other mementoes of the sacredness of the day. In the crowd of the public room of the hotel half the persons, at least, had either bible or prayer-book, and there was a hush through the house, and a gravity in the faces of the people passing in the street, that reminded me more of New England than any thing I have seen. I had wanted some linen washed on Saturday. "Impossible!" said



the waiter, "no one does up linen on Sunday." Toward evening I wished for a carriage to drive over to my hospitable friend. Mine host stared, and I found it was indecorous to drive out on Sunday. I must add, however, that the apothecary's shop was opened after the second service, and that I was allowed a carriage on pleading my lameness.

Inverness is a romantic-looking town, charmingly situated between Loch Ness and the Moray Firth, with the bright river Ness running through it, parallel to its principal street, and the most picturesque eminences in its neighbourhood. There is a very singular elevation on the other side of the Ness, shaped like a ship, keel up, and rising from the centre of the plain, covered with beautiful trees. It is called, in Gaelic, Tonnaheurick, or the Hill of the Fairies.

It has been in one respect like getting abroad again, to come to Scotland. Nothing seemed more odd to me on my first arrival in England than having suddenly ceased to be a "foreigner." I was as little at home myself, as in France or Turkey, (much less than in Italy,) yet there was that in the manner of every person who approached me which conveyed the presumption that I was as familiar with every thing about me as himself. In Scotland, however, the Englishman is the "Sassenach," and a stranger; and, as I was always taken for one, I found myself once more invested with that agreeable consequence which accompanies it, my supposed prejudices consulted, my opinion about another country asked, and comparisons referred to me as an *ex-parte* judge. I found here, as abroad too, that the Englishman was expected to pay more for trifling services than a native, and that he would be much more difficult about his accommodations, and more particular in his chance company. I was amused at the hotel with an instance of the want of honour shown "the prophet in his own country." I went down to the coffee-room for my breakfast about noon, and found a re-

markably fashionable, pale, "Werter-like" man, excessively dressed, but with all the air of a gentleman, sitting with the newspaper on one side of the fire. He offered me the paper after a few minutes, but with the cold, half-supercilious politeness which marks the dandy tribe, and strolled off to the window. The landlord entered presently, and asked me if I had any objection to breakfasting with that gentleman, as it would be a convenience in serving it up. "None in the world," I said, "but you had better ask the other gentleman first." "Hoot!" said Boniface, throwing up his chin with an incredulous expression, "it's honour for the like o' him! He's joost a laddie born and brought up i' the toon. I kenn'd him weel." And so enter breakfast for two. I found my companion a well-bred man; rather surprised, however, if not vexed, to discover that I knew he was of Inverness. He had been in the civil service of the East India Company for some years, (hence his paleness,) and had returned to Scotland for his health. He was not the least aware that he was known, apparently, and he certainly had not the slightest trace of his Scotch birth. The landlord told me afterward that his parents were poor, and he had raised himself by his own cleverness alone, and yet it was "honour for the like o' him" to sit at table with a common stranger! The world is really very much the same all over.

In the three days I passed at Inverness, I made the acquaintance of several of the warm-hearted Highland chiefs, and found great difficulty in refusing to go home with them.

There was a peculiar style about all these young men, something very like the manner of our high-bred Virginians—a free, gallant, self-possessed bearing, fiery and prompt, yet full of courtesy. I was pleased with them altogether.

I had formed an agreeable acquaintance, on my passage from London to Edinburgh in the steamer, with a gentleman bound to the Highlands for the

shooting season. He was engaged to pay a visit to Lord L——, with whom I had myself promised to pass a week, and we parted at Edinburgh in the hope of meeting again. On my return from Dalhousie, a fortnight after, we met by chance at the hotel in Edinburgh, he having arrived the same day, and having taken a passage, like myself, for Aberdeen. We made another agreeable passage together, and he left me at the gate of G—— Castle, proceeding north on another visit. I was sitting in the coffee-room at Inverness, when, enter again my friend, to my great surprise, who informed me that Lord L—— had returned to England. Disappointed alike of our visit, we took a passage together once more in the steamer from Inverness to Fort William for the following morning. It was a singular train of coincidences, but I was indebted to it for one of the most agreeable chance acquaintances I have yet made.

## LETTER LXXVII.

## THE HIGHLANDS.

Caledonian canal—Dogs—English exclusiveness—English insensibility of fine scenery—Flora Macdonald and the Pretender—Highland travelling.

WE embarked early in the morning in the steamer which goes across Scotland from sea to sea, by the half-natural, half-artificial passage of the Caledonian canal. One long glen, as the reader knows, extends quite through this mountainous country, and in its bosom lies a chain of the loveliest lakes, whose extremities so nearly meet, that it seems as if a blow of a spade should have run them together. Their different elevations, however, made it an expensive work in locks, and the canals altogether cost ten times the original calculation.

I went on board with my London friend, who, from our meeting so frequently, had now become my established companion. The boat was crowded, yet more with dogs than men; for every one, I think, had his brace of terriers or his pointers, and every lady her hound or poodle, and they were chained to every leg of a sofa, chair, portmanteau, and fixture in the vessel. It was like a floating kennel, and the passengers were fully occupied in keeping the peace between their own dog and their neighbour's. The same thing would have been a much greater annoy-

ance in any other country; but in Scotland the dogs are all of beautiful and thorough-bred races, and it is a pleasure to see them. Half as many French pugs would have been insufferable.

We opened into Loch Ness immediately, and the scenery was superb. The waters were like a mirror; and the hills draped in mist, and rising one or two thousand feet directly from the shore, and nothing to break the wildness of the crags but the ruins of the constantly-occurring castles, perched like eyries upon their summits. You might have had the same natural scenery in America, but the ruins and the thousand associations would have been wanting; and it is this, much more than the mere beauty of hill or lake, which makes the pleasure of travel. We ran close in to a green cleft in the mountains on the southern shore, in which stands one of the few old castles, still inhabited by the chief of his clan—that of Fraser of Lovat, so well-known in Scottish story. Our object was to visit the Fall of Foyers, in sight of which it stands, and the boat came to off the point, and gave us an hour for the excursion. It was a pretty stroll up through the woods, and we found a cascade very like the Turtman in Switzerland, but with no remarkable feature which would make it interesting in description.

I was amused after breakfast with what has always struck me on board English steamers—the gradual division of the company into parties of congenial rank or consequence. Not for conversation—for fellow-travellers of a day seldom become acquainted—but, as if it was a process of crystallization, the well-bred and the half-bred and the vulgar, each separating to his natural neighbour, apparently from a mere fitness of propinquity. This takes place sometimes, but rarely and in a much less degree, on board an American steamer. There are, of course, in England, as with us, those who are presuming and impertinent, but an instance of it has seldom fallen under my observation.

The English seem to have an instinct of each other's position in life. A gentleman enters a crowd, looks about him, makes up his mind at once from whom an advance of civility would be agreeable or the contrary, gets near the best set without seeming to notice them, and if any chance accident brings on conversation with his neighbours, you may be certain he is sure of his man.

We had about a hundred persons on board, and I could see no one who seemed to notice or enjoy the lovely scenery we were passing through. I made the remark to my companion, who was an old stager in London fashion: fifty, but still a beau, and he was compelled to allow it, though piqued for the taste of his countrymen. A baronet with his wife and sister sat in the corner opposite us, and one lady slept on the other's shoulder, and neither saw a feature of the scenery except by an accidental glance in changing her position. Yet it was more beautiful than most things I have seen that are celebrated, and the ladies, as my friend said, looked like "nice persons."

I had taken up a book while we were passing the locks at the junction of Loch Ness and Loch Oich, and was reading aloud to my friend the interesting description of Flora Macdonald's heroic devotion to Prince Charles Edward. A very lady-like girl, who sat next me, turned around as I laid down the book, and informed me, with a look of pleased pride, that the heroine was her grandmother. She was returning from the first visit she had ever made to the Isle, (I think of Skye,) of which the Macdonalds were the hereditary lords, and in which the fugitive prince was concealed. Her brother, an officer, just returned from India, had accompanied her on her pilgrimage, and as he sat on the other side of his sister he joined in the conversation, and entered into the details of Flora's history with great enthusiasm. The book belonged to the boat, and my friend had brought it

from below, and the coincidence was certainly singular.

We had decided to leave the steamer at Fort William, and cross through the heart of Scotland to Loch Lomond. My companion was very fond of London hours, and slept late, knowing that the cart—the only conveyance to be had in that country—would wait our time. I was lounging about the inn, and amusing myself with listening to the Gaelic spoken by every body who belonged to the place, when the pleasant family with whom we had passed the evening, drove out of the yard, (having brought their horses down in the boat,) intending to proceed by land to Glasgow. We renewed our adieus, on my part, with the sincerest regret, and I strolled down the road and watched them till they were out of sight, feeling that (selfish world as it is) there are some things that *look* at least like impulse and kindness—so like, that I can make out of them a very passable happiness.

We mounted our cart at eleven o'clock; and with a bright sun; a clear, vital air; a handsome and good-humoured callant for a driver, and the most renowned of Scottish scenery before us, the day looked very auspicious. I could not help smiling at the appearance of my fashionable friend sitting, with his well-poised hat and nicely-adjusted curls, upon the springless cross-board of a most undisguised and unscrupulous market-cart, yet in the highest good-humour with himself and the world. The boy sat on the shafts, and talked Gaelic to his horse; the mountains and the lake, spread out before us, looked as if human eye had never profaned their solitary beauty, and I enjoyed it all the more, perhaps, that our conversation was of London and its delights; and the racy scandal of the distinguished people of that great Babel amused me in the midst of that which is most unlike it—pure and lovely nature. Every thing is seen so much better by contrast!

We crossed the head of Loch Linnhe, and kept down its eastern bank, skirting the water by a winding road directly under the wall of the mountains. We were to dine at Ballyhulish, and just before reaching it we passed the opening of a glen on the opposite side of the lake, in which lay, in a green paradise shut in by the loftiest rocks, one of the most enviable habitations I have ever seen. I found on inquiry that it was the house of a Highland chief, to whom Lord D—— had kindly given me a letter, but my lameness and the presence of my companion induced me to abandon the visit; and, hailing a fishing-boat, I despatched my letters which were sealed, across the loch, and we kept on to the inn. We dined here; and I just mention, for the information of scenery-hunters, that the mountain opposite Ballyhulish sweeps down to the lake with a curve which is even more exquisitely graceful than that of Vesuvius in its far-famed descent to Portici. That same inn of Ballyhulish, by the way, stands in the midst of a scene, altogether, that does not pass easily from the memory—a lonely and sweet spot that would recur to one in a moment of violent love or hate, when the heart shrinks from the intercourse and observation of men.

We found the travellers' book, at the inn, full of records of admiration, expressed in all degrees of doggerel. People on the road write very bad poetry. I found the names of one or two Americans, whom I knew, and it was a pleasure to feel that my enjoyment would be sympathized in. Our host had been a nobleman's travelling valet, and he amused us with his descriptions of our friends, every one of whom he perfectly remembered. He had learned to use his eyes, at least, and made very shrewd guesses at the condition and tempers of his visitors. His life, in that lonely inn, must be in sufficient contrast with his former vocation.

We had jolted sixteen miles behind our Highland horse, but he came out fresh for the remaining twen-



ty of our days' journey, and with cushions of dried and fragrant fern, gathered and put in by our considerate landlord, we crossed the ferry and turned eastward into the far-famed and much-boasted valley of Glencoe.

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## LETTER LXXVIII.

### THE HIGHLANDS.

Invarerden—Tarbet—Cockney tourists—Loch Lomond—Invernaid—Rob Roy's Cave—Discomfiture—The birth-place of Helen M'Gregor.

WE passed the head of the valley near Tyndrum, where M'Dougal of Lorn defeated the Bruce, and were half way up the wild pass that makes its southern outlet, when our Highland driver, with a shout of delight, pointed out to us a red deer, standing on the very summit of the highest mountain above us. It was an incredible distance to see any living thing, but he stood clear against the sky, in a relief as strong as if he had been suspended in the air, and with his head up, and his chest toward us, seemed the true monarch of the wild.

At Invarerden, Donald M'Phee begged for the discharge of himself and his horse and cart from our service. He had come with us eighty miles, and was afraid to venture farther on his travels, having never before been twenty miles from the Highland village where he lived. It was amusing to see the curiosity with which he looked about him, and the caution

with which he suffered the hostler at the inn to take the black mare out of his sight. The responsibility of the horse and cart weighed heavily on his mind, and he expressed his hope "to get ta beast back safe," with an apprehensive resolution that would have become a knight-errant guiding himself for his most perilous encounter. Poor Donald! how little he knew how wide is the world, and how very like one part of it is to another!

Our host of Invarerden supplied us with another cart to take us down to Tarbet, and having dined with a waterfall looking in at each of our two opposite windows, (the inn stands in a valley between two mountains,) we were committed to the care of his eldest boy, and jolted off for the head of Loch Lomond.

I have never happened to see a traveller who had seen Loch Lomond in perfectly good weather. My companion had been there every summer for several years, and believed it always rained under Ben Lomond. As we came in sight of the lake, however, the water looked like one sheet of gold-leaf, trembling as if by the motion of fish below, but unruffled by wind; and if paradise were made so fair, and had such waters in its midst, I could better conceive, than before, the unhappiness of Adam when driven forth. The sun was just setting, and the road descended immediately to the shore, and kept along under precipitous rocks, and slopes of alternate cultivation and heather, to the place of our destination. And a lovely place it is! Send me to Tarbet when I would retreat from the world! It is an inn buried in a grove at the foot of the hills, and set in a bend of the lake shore, like a diamond upon an "orbed brow;" and the light in its kitchen, as we approached in the twilight, was as interesting as a ray of the "first water" from the same. We had now reached the route of the cockney tourists; and while we perceived it agreeably in the excellence of the hotel, we perceived it disagreeably in

the price of the wines, and the presence of what my friend called "unmitigated vulgarians" in the coffee-room. That is the worst of England. The people are vulgar, but not vulgar enough. One dances with the lazzaroni at Naples, when he would scarce think of handing the newspaper to the "person" on a tour at Tarbet.

Well—it was moonlight. The wind was south and affectionate, and the road in front of the hotel "fleck'd with silver;" and my friend's wife, and the corresponding object of interest to myself, being on the other side of Ben Lomond and the Tweed, we had nothing for it after supper but to walk up and down with one another, and talk of the past. In the course of our ramble, we walked through an open gate, and, ascending a gravel-walk, found a beautiful cottage, built between two mountain streams, and ornamented with every device of taste and contrivance. The mild pure torrents were led over falls, and brought to the thresholds of bowers; and seats and bridges and winding-paths were distributed up the steep channels, in a way that might make it a haunt for Titania. It is the property, we found afterward, of a Scotch gentleman, and a great summer retreat of the celebrated Jeffrey, his friend. It was one more place to which my heart clung in parting.

Loch Lomond still sat for its picture in the morning, and, after an early breakfast, we took a row-boat, with a couple of Highlanders, for Inversnaid, and pulled across the lake with a kind of drowsy delightfulness in the scene and air which I have never before found out of Italy. We overshot our destination a little to look into Rob Roy's Cave, a dark den in the face of the rock, which has the look of his vocation; and then, pulling back along the shore, we were landed, in the spray of a waterfall, at a cottage occupied by the boatmen of this Highland ferry. From this point across to Loch Katrine, is some five miles, and the scene of Scott's novel of "Rob Roy." It has been

"done" so often by tourists, that I leave all particular description of the localities, and scenery to the well-hammered remembrance of readers of magazines, and confine myself to my own private adventures.

The distance between the lakes is usually performed by ladies on donkeys, and by gentlemen on foot; but being myself rather tender-toed with the gout, my companion started off alone, and I lay down on the grass at Inversnaid to wait the return of the long-eared troop, who were gone across with an earlier party. The waterfall and the cottage just above the edge of the lake; a sharp hill behind, closely wooded with birch and fir, and, on a green sward platform in the rear of the house, two Highland lasses and a laddie, treading down a stack of new hay, were not bad circumstances in which to be left alone with the witcheries of the great enchanter.

I must narrate here an adventure in which my own part was rather a discomfiture, but which will show somewhat the manners of the people. My companion had been gone half an hour, and I was lying at the foot of a tree, listening to the waterfall and looking off on the lake, and watching, by fits, the lad and lasses I have spoken of, who were building a haystack between them, and chattering away most unceasingly in Gaelic. The eldest of the girls was a tall, ill-favoured damsel, merry as an Oread, but as ugly as Donald Bean; and, after awhile, I began to suspect, by the looks of the boy below, that I had furnished her with a new theme. She addressed some remark to me presently, and a skirmish of banter ensued, which ended in a challenge to me to climb up on the stack. It was about ten feet high, and shelving outward from the bottom, and my Armida had drawn up the ladder. The stack was built, however, under a high tree, and I was soon up the trunk, and, swinging off from a long branch, dropped into the middle of the stack. In the same instant, I was raised in a grasp to which I could offer no resistance, and, with a fling to which I should

have believed few men equal, thrown clear off the stack to the ground. I alighted on my back, with a fall of, perhaps, twelve feet, and felt seriously hurt. The next moment, however, my gentle friend had me in her arms, (I am six feet high in my stockings,) and I was carried into the cottage, and laid on a flock-bed, before I could well decide whether my back was broken or no. Whisky was applied externally and internally; and the old crone, who was the only inhabitant of the hovel, commenced a lecture in Gaelic, as I stood, once more sound upon my legs, which seemed to take effect upon the penitent, though her victim was no wiser for it. I took the opportunity to look at the frame which had proved itself of such vigorous power; but, except arms of extraordinary length, she was like any other equally ugly, middle-sized woman. In the remaining half hour, before the donkeys arrived, we became the best of friends, and she set me off for Loch Katrine, with a caution to the ass-driver to take care of me, which that sandy-haired Highlander took as an excellent joke. And no wonder!

The long mountain-glen between these two lakes was the home of Rob Roy, and the Highlanders point out various localities, all commemorated in Scott's incomparable story. The house where Helen MacGregor was born lies a stone's-throw off the road to the left, and Rob's gun is shown by an old woman who lives near by. He must have been rich in arms by the same token; for, beside the well-authenticated one at Abbotsford, I have seen some dozen guns, and twice as many daggers and shot-pouches, which lay claim to the same honour. I paid my shilling to the old woman not the less. She owed it to the pleasure I had received from Sir Walter's novel.

The view of Loch Lomond back from the highest point of the pass is incomparably fine; at least when I saw it; for sunshine and temperature, and the effect of the light vapours on the hills, were at their loveliest and most favourable. It looks more like the haunt of

a robber and his caterans, probably, in its more common garb of Scotch mist; but, to my eye, it was a scene of the most Arcadian peace and serenity. I dawdled along the five miles upon my donkey, with something of an ache in my back, but a very healthful and sunny freedom from pain and impatience at my heart. And so did *not* Bailie-Nicol-Jarvie make the same memorable journey.

## LETTER LXXIX.

Highland hut, its furniture and inmates—Highland amusement and dinner—"Rob Roy," and scenery of the "Lady of the Lake."

THE cottage-inn at the head of Loch Katrine was tenanted by a woman who might have been a horse-guardsman in petticoats, and who kept her smiles for other cattle than the Sassenach. We bought her whisky and milk, praised her butter, and were civil to the little Highlandman at her breast; but neither mother nor child were to be mollified. The rocks were bare around: we were too tired for a pull in the boat, and three mortal hours lay between us and the nearest event in our history. I first penetrated, in the absence of our Hecate, to the inner room of the shieling. On the wall hung a broadsword, two guns, a trophy or two of deers' horns, and a Sunday suit of plaid, philibeg and short red coat, surmounted by a gallant bonnet and feather. Four cribs, like the berths in a ship, occupied the farther side of the chamber, each large enough to contain two persons; a snow-white table stood between the windows; a sixpenny glass, with an eagle's feather stuck in the frame, hung at such a height that, "though tall of my hands," I could just see my nose; and just under the ceiling on the left was a broad and capacious shelf, on which reposed apparently the old clothes of a century—a sort of place where the gude-wife would have

hidden Prince Charlie, or might rummage for her grand-mother's baby-linen.

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The view of Loch Lomond back from the highest point of the pass is incomparably fine; at least when I saw it; for sunshine and temperature, and the effect of the light vapours on the hills, were at their loveliest and most favourable. It looks more like the haunt of

a robber and his caterans, probably, in its more common garb of Scotch mist; but, to my eye, it was a scene of the most Arcadian peace and serenity. I dawdled along the five miles upon my donkey, with something of an ache in my back, but a very healthful and sunny freedom from pain and impatience at my heart. And so did *not* Bailie-Nicol-Jarvie make the same memorable journey.



## LETTER LXXIX.

Highland hut, its furniture and inmates—Highland amusement and dinner—"Rob Roy," and scenery of the "Lady of the Lake."

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## LETTER LXXIX.

Highland hut, its furniture and inmates—Highland amusement and dinner—"Rob Roy," and scenery of the "Lady of the Lake."

THE cottage-inn at the head of Loch Katrine was tenanted by a woman who might have been a horse-guardsman in petticoats, and who kept her smiles for other cattle than the Sassenach. We bought her whisky and milk, praised her butter, and were civil to the little Highlandman at her breast; but neither mother nor child were to be mollified. The rocks were bare around: we were too tired for a pull in the boat, and three mortal hours lay between us and the nearest event in our history. I first penetrated, in the absence of our Hecate, to the inner room of the shieling. On the wall hung a broadsword, two guns, a trophy or two of deers' horns, and a Sunday suit of plaid, philibeg and short red coat, surmounted by a gallant bonnet and feather. Four cribs, like the berths in a ship, occupied the farther side of the chamber, each large enough to contain two persons; a snow-white table stood between the windows; a sixpenny glass, with an eagle's feather stuck in the frame, hung at such a height that, "though tall of my hands," I could just see my nose; and just under the ceiling on the left was a broad and capacious shelf, on which reposed apparently the old clothes of a century—a sort of place where the gude-wife would have

hidden Prince Charlie, or might rummage for her grand-mother's baby-linen.

The heavy steps of the dame came over the threshold, and I began to doubt, from the look in her eyes, whether I should get a blow of her hairy arm or a "persuader" from the butt of a gun for my intrusion.

"What are ye wantin' here?" she *speered* at me, with a Helen MacGregor-to-Bailie-Nicol-Jarvie-sort-of-an-expression.

"I was looking for a potato to roast, my good woman."

"Is that a? Ye'll find it ayont, then;" and, pointing to a bag in the corner, she stood while I substracted the largest, and then followed me to the general kitchen and receiving-room, where I buried my *improvisa* dinner in the remains of the peat fire, and congratulated myself on my ready apology.

What to do while the potato was roasting! My English friend had already cleaned his gun for amusement, and I had looked on. We had stoned the pony till he had got beyond us in the morass, (small thanks to us, if the dame knew it.) We had tried to make a chicken swim ashore from the boat; we had fired away all my friend's percussion-caps, and there was nothing for it but to converse a *rigueur*. We lay on our backs till the dame brought us the hot potato on a shovel, with oat-cake and butter, and, with this Highland dinner, the last hour came decently to its death.

An Englishman, with his wife and lady's-maid, came over the hills with a boat's crew; and a lassie who was not very pretty, but who lived on the lake and had found the means to get "Captain Rob" and his men pretty well under her thumb. We were all embarked, the lassie in the stern-sheets with the captain; and ourselves, though we "paid the Scot," of no more consideration than out portmanteaus. I was amused, for it was the first instance I had seen in any

country, (my own not excepted,) of thorough emancipation from the distinction of superiors and inferiors. Luckily the girl was bent on showing the captain to advantage, and by ingenious prompting and catechism she induced him to do what probably was his custom when he could not better amuse himself—point out the localities as the boat sped on, and quote the “Lady of the Lake,” with an accent which made it a piece of good fortune to have “crammed” the poem beforehand.

The shores of the lake are flat and uninteresting at the head, but, toward the scene of Scott’s romance, they rise into bold precipices, and gradually become worthy of their celebrity. The Trosachs are a cluster of small, green mountains, strewn, or rather piled, with shrubs of mossy verdure, and from a distance you would think only a bird, or Randal of the Mist, could penetrate their labyrinthine recesses. Captain Rob showed us successively the Braes of Balquidder, Rob Roy’s birth and burial place, Benledi, and the crag from which hung, by the well-woven skirts of “braid-claith,” the worthy bailie of Glasgow; and, beneath a precipice of remarkable wildness, the half-intoxicated steersman raised his arm and began to repeat, in the most unmitigated gutturals:

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"Heaven forbid!" was the universal cry; and, in fear of our ears, we put the bower between us and Captain Rob's lungs, and followed the Highland girl back to the boat.

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the price of the wines, and the presence of what my friend called "unmitigated vulgarians" in the coffee-room. That is the worst of England. The people are vulgar, but not vulgar enough. One dances with the lazzaroni at Naples, when he would scarce think of handing the newspaper to the "person" on a tour at Tarbet.

Well—it was moonlight. The wind was south and affectionate, and the road in front of the hotel "fleck'd with silver;" and my friend's wife, and the corresponding object of interest to myself, being on the other side of Ben Lomond and the Tweed, we had nothing for it after supper but to walk up and down with one another, and talk of the past. In the course of our ramble, we walked through an open gate, and, ascending a gravel-walk, found a beautiful cottage, built between two mountain streams, and ornamented with every device of taste and contrivance. The mild pure torrents were led over falls, and brought to the thresholds of bowers; and seats and bridges and winding-paths were distributed up the steep channels, in a way that might make it a haunt for Titania. It is the property, we found afterward, of a Scotch gentleman, and a great summer retreat of the celebrated Jeffrey, his friend. It was one more place to which my heart clung in parting.

Loch Lomond still sat for its picture in the morning, and, after an early breakfast, we took a row-boat, with a couple of Highlanders, for Inversnaid, and pulled across the lake with a kind of drowsy delightfulness in the scene and air which I have never before found out of Italy. We overshot our destination a little to look into Rob Roy's Cave, a dark den in the face of the rock, which has the look of his vocation; and then, pulling back along the shore, we were landed, in the spray of a waterfall, at a cottage occupied by the boatmen of this Highland ferry. From this point across to Loch Katrine, is some five miles, and the scene of Scott's novel of "Rob Roy." It has been

"done" so often by tourists, that I leave all particular description of the localities, and scenery to the well-hammered remembrance of readers of magazines, and confine myself to my own private adventures.

The distance between the lakes is usually performed by ladies on donkeys, and by gentlemen on foot; but being myself rather tender-toed with the gout, my companion started off alone, and I lay down on the grass at Inversnaid to wait the return of the long-eared troop, who were gone across with an earlier party. The waterfall and the cottage just above the edge of the lake; a sharp hill behind, closely wooded with birch and fir, and, on a green sward platform in the rear of the house, two Highland lasses and a laddie, treading down a stack of new hay, were not bad circumstances in which to be left alone with the witcheries of the great enchanter.

I must narrate here an adventure in which my own part was rather a discomfiture, but which will show somewhat the manners of the people. My companion had been gone half an hour, and I was lying at the foot of a tree, listening to the waterfall and looking off on the lake, and watching, by fits, the lad and lasses I have spoken of, who were building a haystack between them, and chattering away most unceasingly in Gaelic. The eldest of the girls was a tall, ill-favoured damsel, merry as an Oread, but as ugly as Donald Bean; and, after awhile, I began to suspect, by the looks of the boy below, that I had furnished her with a new theme. She addressed some remark to me presently, and a skirmish of banter ensued, which ended in a challenge to me to climb up on the stack. It was about ten feet high, and shelving outward from the bottom, and my Armida had drawn up the ladder. The stack was built, however, under a high tree, and I was soon up the trunk, and, swinging off from a long branch, dropped into the middle of the stack. In the same instant, I was raised in a grasp to which I could offer no resistance, and, with a fling to which I should

have believed few men equal, thrown clear off the stack to the ground. I alighted on my back, with a fall of, perhaps, twelve feet, and felt seriously hurt. The next moment, however, my gentle friend had me in her arms, (I am six feet high in my stockings,) and I was carried into the cottage, and laid on a flock-bed, before I could well decide whether my back was broken or no. Whisky was applied externally and internally; and the old crone, who was the only inhabitant of the hovel, commenced a lecture in Gaelic, as I stood once more sound upon my legs, which seemed to take effect upon the penitent, though her victim was no wiser for it. I took the opportunity to look at the frame which had proved itself of such vigorous power; but, except arms of extraordinary length, she was like any other equally ugly, middle-sized woman. In the remaining half hour, before the donkeys arrived, we became the best of friends, and she set me off for Loch Katrine, with a caution to the ass-driver to take care of me, which that sandy-haired Highlander took as an excellent joke. And no wonder!

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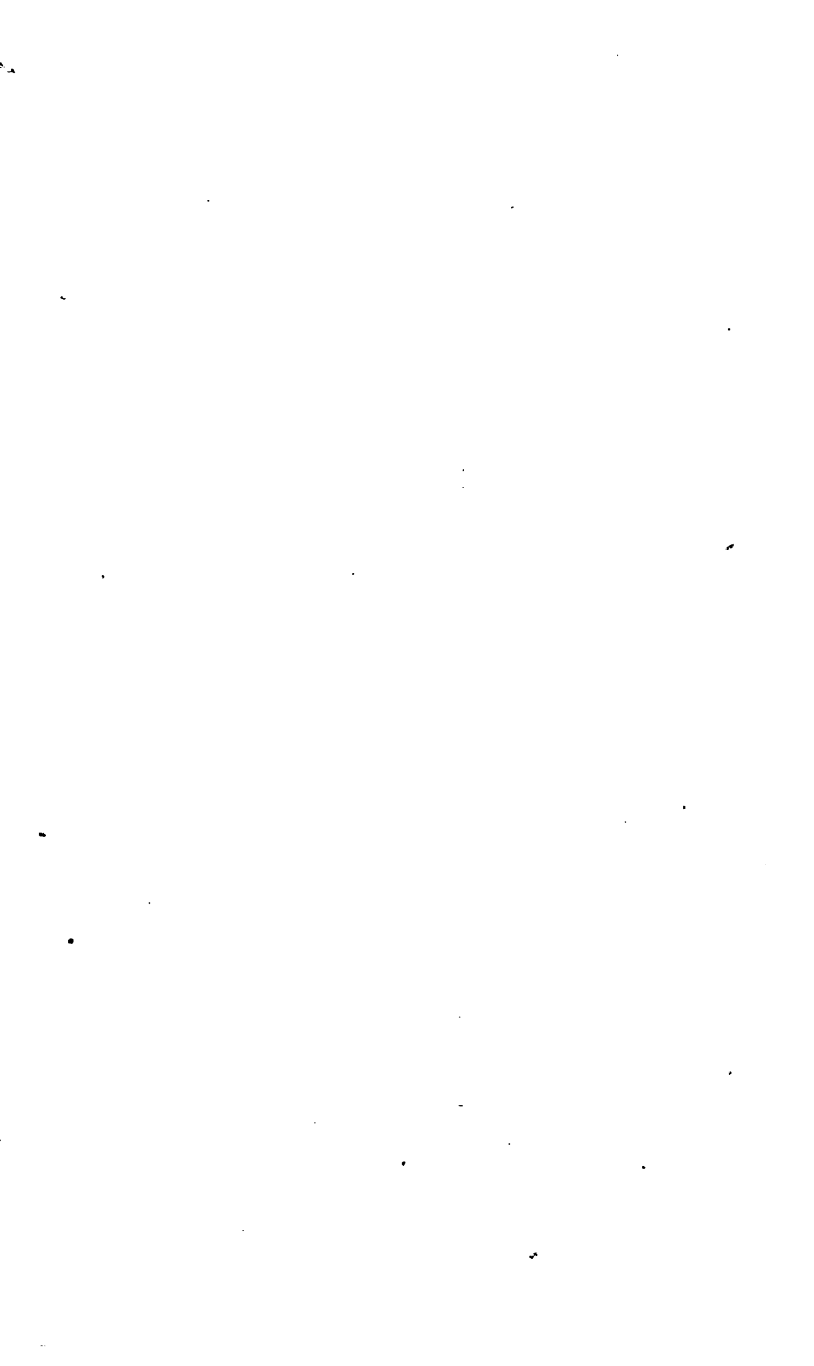
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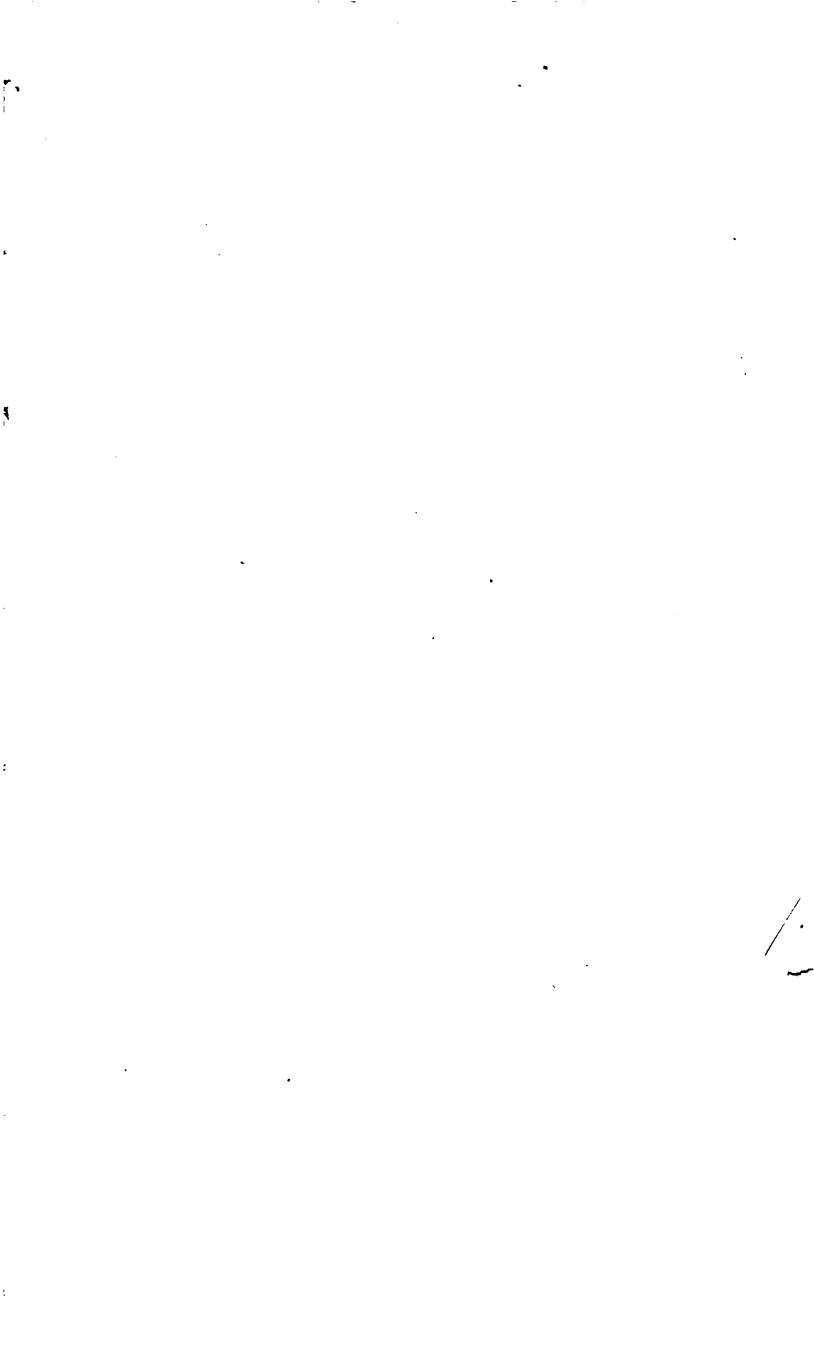
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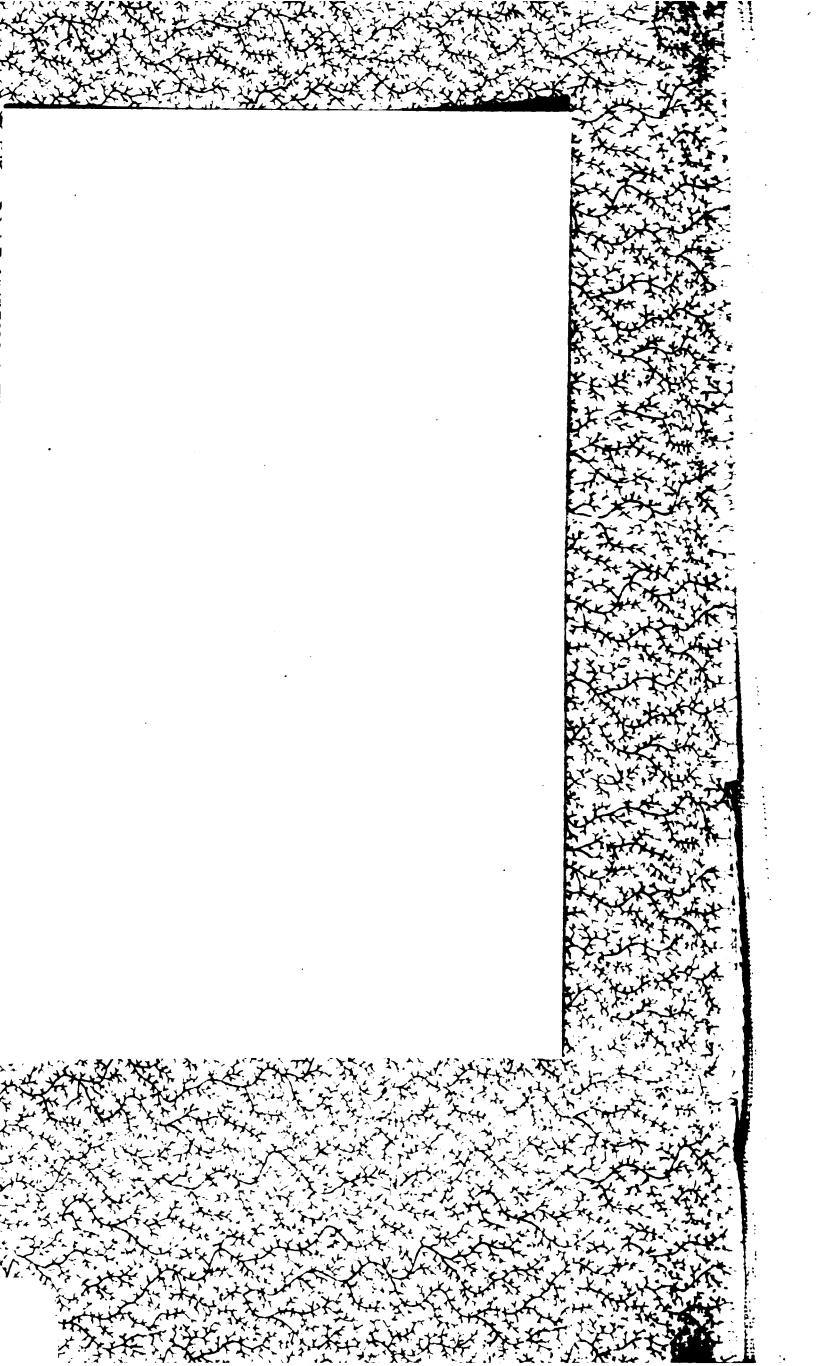


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